



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

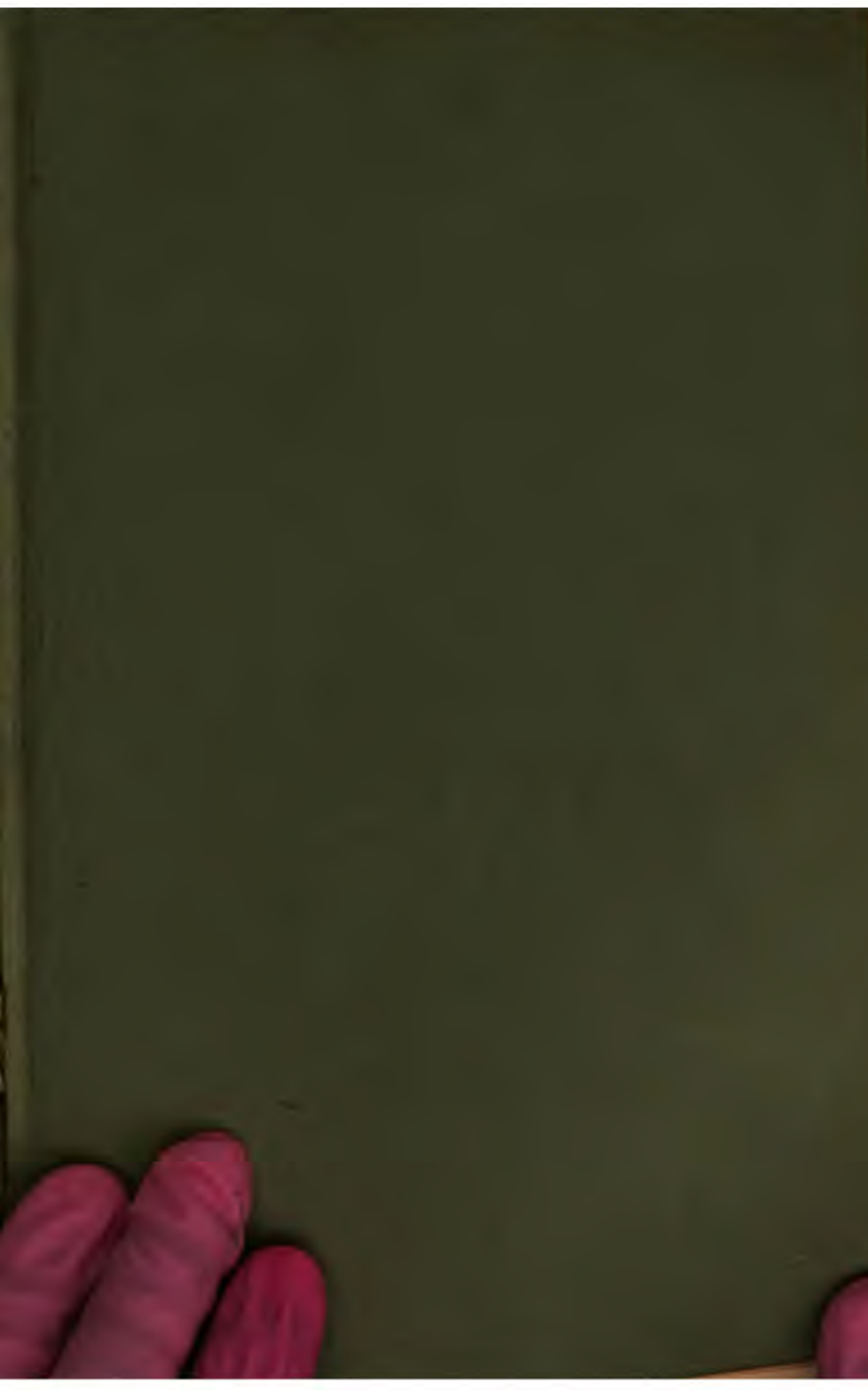


P281.16

**HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY**



**TRANSFERRED
FROM THE
GRADUATE SCHOOL
OF
BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION**













THE NATIONAL:

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.

EDITED BY W. J. LINTON.

Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.

And now the time in special is, to write and speak what may help to the further discussing of matters in agitation. The temple of Janus with his two controversial faces might now not unsignificantly be set open. And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple: who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?—*Milton*.

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.—1 *Thessalonians*, chap. 5, ver. 21.

London:

J. WATSON, 16, CITY ROAD, FINSBURY;

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1839.

P 281.16

✓

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
DEPOSITED BY THE LIBRARY OF THE
GRADUATE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

OCT 21 1939

J. Watson, Printer, 18, City Road, Finsbury.

WILLIAM JAMES LINTON.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

It will interest collectors to learn that a Book of Poems has been written, illustrated, engraved, and printed by that veteran artist—and at one time Chartist—poet, and engraver on wood, W. J. Linton. There are only 100 signed copies issued, at ten dollars a copy.* I have just received mine, accompanied by the following interesting letter:—

I am glad to have the book in your hands. Aged almost eighty-four, I suppose it will be my last work; the printing is by my own hands. You see by the copy I send (No 83) there are but few left.

The head and tail pieces illustrating the book show the wonderful power of an engraved line that only a Bewick or Linton could demonstrate, and the delicate fancy of the letterpress may be indicated by the accompanying quotation from "Love lore":—

FAIREST.

What the earth has of most fair,
Tell me!

—'Tis the Rose.
When her young buds first uncloze
In the dew-sweet air.
Nay! not so: for I know
One more fair than fairest rose.
What most pure as well as fair?
Tell me!

—'Tis the Sleet,
Treading swiftly with fine feet
The light floor of air.
Nay! not so: for I know
One as pure as driven sleet.
What has life of joy most rare?
Tell me!

—It must be
Love as glad as mine for the
Lady pure and fair!
Nay! not so: for I know
Greater joy—thy love for me.

* Address—W. J. Linton, P.O. Box 1,132, New Haven, Conn.
nected, U.S.

Daily Graphic
Nov. 10. 1896.

IS INSCRIBED.

P 281.16
✓

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
DEPOSITED BY THE LIBRARY OF THE
GRADUATE SCHOOL

whose magnificence excited the good-tempered
back criticism of the crowd. "Wish you luck"
"Hope you'll have a bumper year," were some of the
cries which met the new Lord Mayor as the gilded
and painted vehicle, with its six fine horses and
their gay trappings of crimson satin, moved out of the
yard, the Scots Greys closing up in the rear at once.
Then the cordons of police relaxed attention, and
everyone remarked to the next bystander, "The best
Lord Mayor's Show I can remember," to which the
assent on all hands was unqualified.

THROUGH THE HEART OF THE CITY.

After leaving the Guildhall the course of the procession was almost a complete square by way of Gresham, Wood, Fore, and Moorgate Streets to the Bank. Here in the narrow space along Princes Street between the wall of the Bank and the railings was packed a privileged crowd securely fenced in and free from the struggle of the maddening crowd on the pavement. Everywhere along this route the streets were thronged with the usual patient, orderly crowd, content to wait for hours in the chill November air so long as they got good places to see the Show. Doubtless there were a few who gave a thought—if they knew the circumstances—to the special interest which attaches to the Lord Mayor of 1896 from the fact that Charles Dickens himself wrote a description of the Lord Mayor's Day thirty-one years ago, when Faudel Phillips's father, Sir Benjamin Phillips, the principal figure, and when the present Lord Mayor no doubt met the great novelist. Then, again, there is the fact that it has been reserved for the Jewish race, once debarred from all possibility of any honour, to create a new record in the annals of the City in thus providing a father and a son for the throne. The great majority of the crowd cared for none of these things, but only for the Show, pure and simple; the soldiers and the bands and the firemen; the emblematic ones with their quaint Tudor

TO THE

SPIRIT

THAT FIRST TAUGHT AND EVER TEACHETH

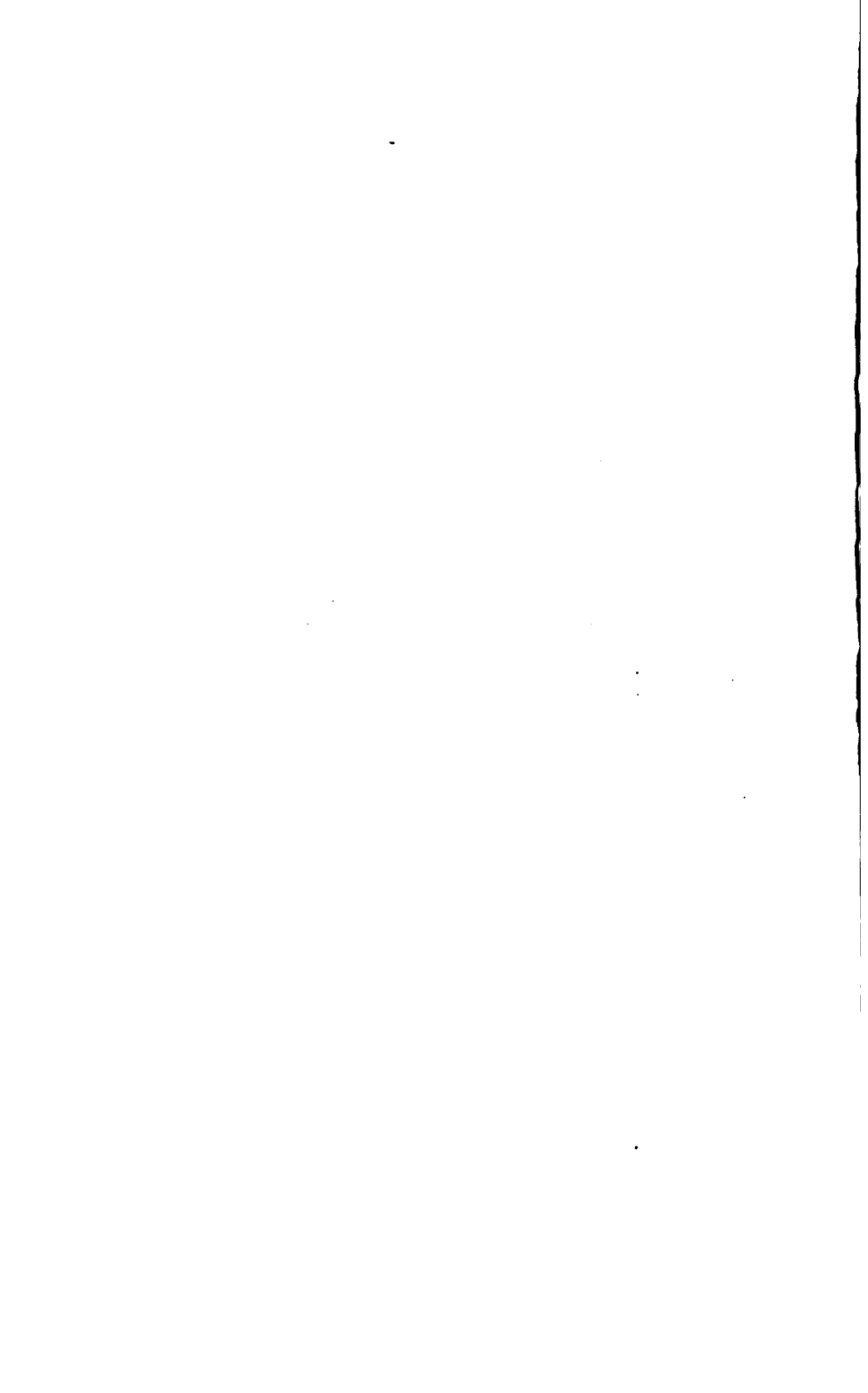
TO CHOOSE GOOD OUT OF THE PRESS OF EVIL—

TO THE

BEAUTIFUL AND LOVING—

THIS WORK

IS INSCRIBED.



CONTENTS.

	Page
Introduction	3
About Ben Adhem and the Angel, <i>Leigh Hunt</i>	16
Abuse of Words, <i>Voltaire</i>	338
The Academia	307
The Accursed	73
Advice to the People	361
Age of Gold, <i>R. H. Horne</i>	64
All things whatsoever ye would	31
An Ambassador, <i>Sir Henry Wotton</i>	343
And this place my forefathers made for man, <i>Coleridge</i>	312
Are we justified	78
Aristocracy, the Origin of, <i>Paine</i>	119
Arms, <i>Sir W. Jones</i>	237
A State has no right to punish, <i>Barlow</i>	312
Assumption	307
Atheism, <i>Sir James Mackintosh</i>	75
A Thing of Beauty, <i>Keats</i>	100
Authenticity of the Scriptures	243
 Badness of the Times, <i>Zimmerman</i>	 218
Beauty, <i>Victor Hugo</i>	24
The Beautiful, <i>Schlegel</i>	338
Before Christ, <i>Confucius</i>	78
Belief, Nature of, <i>Shelley</i>	86
Believers, <i>Bishop Shipley</i>	344
Belphebe, <i>Spenser</i>	276
Black and White, <i>Hazlitt</i>	159
British Amusements, <i>Coleridge</i>	194
Brutus, <i>Rousseau</i>	340
But one Prejudice	326
 Cause of Social Evil, <i>Vo'ney</i>	 30
Capital, Nature of, <i>Hodgskin</i>	218
Castles, Old Feudal	191
Chastity and Celibacy	156
Children, <i>Pestalozzi</i>	354
Chorus, <i>Shelley</i>	97
The Christian Creed	241
The Christian Faith, <i>Milton</i>	245
The early Christians, <i>Gibbon</i>	245
Christianity of the Present Time	52
The Church	254
Church Hirelings, <i>Milton</i>	255
Church Establishments, <i>W. J. Fox</i>	283
Church Revenues, <i>Eagle</i>	254
A Churchman's Faith, <i>Paley</i>	241

	Page.
Knowledge, <i>Frances Wright</i>	297
Self-Knowledge, <i>Socrates</i>	297
Knowledge of the World, <i>Leigh Hunt</i>	326
Knowledge and Belief, <i>Frances Wright</i>	346
Labour, Division of, <i>Helvetius</i>	219
Law as it is, <i>Bentham</i>	26
Law, <i>Swift</i>	201
Laws of England, <i>Landor</i>	176
The Law, <i>Blackstone</i>	227
Leaders	52
Lebanon and Balbec	269
Legislating for Posterity, <i>Rousseau</i>	36
Legislation, <i>Helvetius</i>	119
Legislating upon Love	327
Legal Wigs	165
Lewd and Wicked Custom, <i>Hooker</i>	325
Libel, <i>W. J. Fox</i>	343
Liberty, <i>Salkust</i>	119
Liberty, <i>Locke</i>	119
Liberty, <i>Frances Wright</i>	356
Life of Flowers, <i>Wade</i>	170
Life in the West	210
Life of Rousseau	9
—— Paine	38
—— Shelley	76
—— Eliot	122
—— Mary Wollstonecraft	139
—— Heloise	146
—— Toussaint L'Ouverture	158
—— Jesus Christ	267
—— Shakspeare	277
—— Pestalozzi	302
Like a rootless rose or lily, <i>Ebenezer Elliot</i>	176
Lines, <i>Shelley</i>	179
A Look into Church pews, <i>Jerrold</i>	257
Love, <i>Shelley</i>	259
Lowther Castle	199
Lutrece, <i>Shakspeare</i>	277
Lucy, <i>Wordsworth</i>	308
Luxury, <i>Rousseau</i>	16
Mal-appropriation of Duties, <i>Harriet Martineau</i>	144
Mahmoud, <i>Leigh Hunt</i>	339
Man	262
Man a necessary agent, <i>D' Holbach</i>	346
Manifestations of Tyranny	180
Margaret, <i>Wordsworth</i>	7, 17
Mariana, <i>Tennyson</i>	269
Marriage, <i>Shelley</i>	132
Martin Luther, <i>Carlyle</i>	314
Medical Orthodoxy, <i>Sir Thomas Browne</i>	249
The Mind, <i>Milton</i>	273
Miracles, <i>Hume</i>	243
Miranda, <i>Shakspeare</i>	150
Missionary Morality	286
Modesty of the "Fathers," <i>Gibbon</i>	242
Monarchy, The Spirit of, <i>Hazlitt</i>	171
Monarchy, The Expense of, <i>Milton</i>	174
Money, <i>Butler</i>	216
Money, Abolition of, <i>Sir W. Drummond</i>	215
The Monk of Tintern	4
Monopolies, <i>Harrington</i>	124
Moral Power, <i>W. J. Fox</i>	94

CONTENTS.

	v
	Page.
Morals, <i>Frances Wright</i>	129
Moral Truth	326
Necessity, Doctrine of, <i>Voltaire</i>	82
New Moral World, <i>Robert Owen</i>	310
Niagara	106
Noah Worcester, <i>Harriet Martineau</i>	193
A Noble Heart, <i>Barrow</i>	214
Nobles, <i>Montesquieu</i>	234
Noble Gaoler, <i>Harriet Martineau</i>	313
Notes of the Month	58, 114, 184, 240, 296, 367
Noxious Gasometers	102
Oaths, <i>Shakspeare</i>	44
Obedience, <i>Lord Bacon</i>	297
Obstinacy, <i>Butler</i>	63
One Hour, <i>Cobbett</i>	227
Our Opinions, <i>Frances Wright</i>	298
Original Sin, <i>Dr. Southwood Smith</i>	325
O World, <i>Gordon</i>	292
Paid Teachers, <i>Frances Wright</i>	299
A Parable, <i>Franklin</i>	259
Parisina	79
Penal Laws, <i>Goldsmith</i>	316
Pension, <i>Dr. Johnson</i>	343
The People, <i>Rousseau</i>	12
Perfectibility of Man, <i>Godwin</i>	94
Personality of the Deity, <i>Paley</i>	82
Petitioning, <i>Southey</i>	128
Philosophical Charity, <i>Dr. Southwood Smith</i>	24
Philosophical Spirit, <i>Sir Thomas Browne</i>	86
Philosophy of Love, <i>Leigh Hunt</i>	352
Pleasure, <i>Montaigne</i>	325
Our Political Creed	27
Political Necessity, <i>Swift</i>	187
Political Suggestions	357
Poor, Cry of the, <i>Dr. Doyle</i>	218
Poor, Last argument of the, <i>Junius</i>	218
Poor-Laws	228
Popular Fitness for Freedom	39
Porto Rico	176
Power of a Nation's Will, <i>Godwin</i>	45
Power of Sound, <i>Wordsworth</i>	305
Powers, <i>Wordsworth</i>	308
Power and Gentleness, <i>Leigh Hunt</i>	311
Prayer	257
A Precedent	218
Predestination, <i>Shelley</i>	258
Preliminary Inquiries for the Student in History, <i>Volney</i>	45
The Press, <i>Ebenezer Elliot</i>	31
— Morality of, <i>W. J. Fox</i>	353
Prevention, not Punishment, <i>Robert Owen</i>	324
Pride, <i>Butler</i>	330
Principle, <i>Hazlitt</i>	96
Principles, <i>Zimmerman</i>	344
The Prioress, <i>Chaucer</i>	149
A Prison, <i>Mynshul</i>	312
Prohibition, <i>Gregorius Leti</i>	326
Progress of Error, <i>Montaigne</i>	160
Property, <i>Paley</i>	356
Property	223
— Chapter for the orthodox creatures of	212

	Page.
Property, "Glorious" effects of a dispute about	207
— Unequal distribution of, <i>W. J. Fox</i>	285
— Evil of, <i>Rousseau</i>	94
Public Property	106
A Proprietor, <i>Ben Johnson</i>	206
Prostitution, <i>Mary Wollstonecraft</i>	132
Protestantism, <i>Martin Luther</i>	75
Public History, <i>Paley</i>	234
Punishment of Death, <i>Robespierre</i>	32
Punishment	258
Pyramus	330
 The Qualification, <i>Frances Wright</i>	 325
Reasoning, <i>Locke</i>	12
Reason for Union, <i>Paley</i>	175
Reasons for a standing Army, <i>W. J. Fox</i>	197
Reason and Faith, <i>Locke</i>	247
Records of the World's Justice :—	
The Pauper	25
The Respectable	34
The Free-Servant	66
The Infidel	74
The Patriot	120
The Outcast	129
The Reverend	167
The Man of the World	221
The Sincere Christian	279
The Evangelical Preacher	299
Record of all the monuments of antiquity, <i>Plutarch</i>	162
Reform, <i>Andrew Marvel</i>	174
Religion	263
— An Atheist's, <i>Shelley</i>	262
— The Poet's, <i>Schiller</i>	258
Trading Religion, <i>Milton</i>	14
Religious Ideas, Origin of, <i>Volney</i>	83
Religious Worship, <i>Voltaire</i>	248
Religious Appliances	290
Remedial Measures	358
Revelation	242
Revelation, <i>Paine</i>	242
Revelations of Truth . . . 15, 29, 43, 55, 71, 85, 99, 111, 126, 141, 155, 169, 181, 195, 211, 225, 237, 253, 266, 281, 293, 309, 323, 337, 351	50
Revolt, <i>Leigh Hunt</i>	87
Revolt of Islam, From the, <i>Shelley</i>	292
Revolutions, <i>Carlyle</i>	213
A Reward offered to Indolence, <i>Bentham</i>	213
Riches, <i>Erasmus</i>	214
The Rich Man's Policy, <i>Fonblanque</i>	227
Rich and Poor, <i>Burke</i>	28
Right of Individual Opinion, <i>Condorcet</i>	135
Right of Woman	271
A Roundelay, <i>Keats</i>	142
Rulers, <i>Plato</i>	
 Salamis	64
Science, The true object of, <i>Cuvier</i>	92
The Scriptures, <i>Pascal</i>	166
Sedition, <i>Bacon</i>	53
Self-Deceit, <i>Rousseau</i>	92
Self-Sufficiency, <i>Bentham</i>	160
The Seraglio	134
The Sexual Law, <i>Robert Owen</i>	145
A Shopkeeper, <i>Butler</i>	207

CONTENTS.

vii

	Page.
Sierra Morena	22
Slave-Owners and Slaves, <i>Channing</i>	60
Slavery, Remarks on Channing's,	62
Slavery	71
Mental Slavery, <i>Frances Wright</i>	143
Slavery, <i>Algernon Sydney</i>	214
White Slaves, <i>The Savage</i>	214
Society, <i>Voltaire</i>	234
Society, State of, <i>Shelley</i>	140
Solution of the Problem of Contradictions, <i>Volney</i>	162
Song of the People, <i>Wade</i>	46
Sonnets—	
The Enthusiast	6
Life's Defilement	11
The Licensed	11
The Desecrated	23
Life's Hypocrisy	23
The "Leaders"	23
The Gentleman	37
A Prophecy	37
The Slandered	37
The Fallers-Short	53
Woman	65
The Slave	65
The Mystery	65
Shelley, <i>Wade</i>	76
The Crucifixion	78
The Labour of Folly	93
Light and Gloom	93
The One Thing Needful	93
To Three Barber's-Blocks	105
To My Country	115
These Times strike monied worldlings with dismay, <i>Wordsworth</i>	119
Pale Roamer thro' the Night, <i>Coleridge</i>	129
Let me not to the marriage of true minds, <i>Shakspeare</i>	139
The world is too much with us, <i>Wordsworth</i>	219
To the Commons, at their Squabbles, <i>Wade</i>	233
The Man—"God"	241
The Atonement	254
Vespers	257
The Moon-Worshipper	263
Loveliness	268
To the Hierarchy, <i>Wade</i>	292
Personal Talk, <i>Wordsworth</i>	338
The Storm-Light	345
The Wail of the Impatient	345
Faith—the Comforter	345
Political Greatness, <i>Shelley</i>	353
Source of Sympathy, <i>Pascal</i>	94
Space, <i>Watts</i>	274
Speaking Out, <i>Garrison</i>	171
Speech from the Throne	108
Sphere of Woman, <i>Harriet Martineau</i>	236
Spies	343
Stanzas on the birth-day of Burns, <i>Robert Nicoll</i>	36
The Stimulus, <i>Bentham</i>	53
Submission to Evil, <i>Milton</i>	329
Tell	226
Tenure of Kings and Magistrates, <i>Milton</i>	175
There can be no Injury, <i>Locke</i>	96
There was a Power in this sweet place, <i>Shelley</i>	152
The grand Contention, <i>Defoe</i>	236

	Page
There was no such Book, <i>Paine</i>	245
There is no Danger, <i>Chapman</i>	326
Thebes	157
Thieves, <i>W. Cole</i>	218
Thinking justly, <i>Hazlitt</i>	12
Timoleon, <i>Plutarch</i>	340
'Tis Pity she's a Whore, <i>Forde</i>	331
Tithes	213
Tithes, <i>Paley</i>	256
Toleration, <i>Paine</i>	161
To the Unenfranchised, <i>Southey</i>	58
To the People, <i>Shelley</i>	124
To a Young Ass, <i>Coleridge</i>	166
To the Lovers of Truth, <i>Bishop Watson</i>	241
Treason, <i>Vane</i>	124
The Triad, <i>Wordsworth</i>	153
The True Foundation, <i>Jefferson</i>	119
Truth, <i>Watts</i>	24
Truth and Error, <i>Godwin</i>	73
Truth, <i>C. C. Colton</i>	165
The Two Principles, <i>Dr Southwood Smith</i>	287
Tyranny, <i>Blackstone</i>	124
The Unconquered	89
Union, Want of, <i>Dr Johnson</i>	219
Universal Suffrage	70
Universal Suffrage, <i>Robespierre</i>	103
The Universal Right, <i>Godwin</i>	218
Virtue, <i>Seneca</i>	12
Volunteers, <i>Clarendon</i>	187
Vulgarity, <i>Leigh Hunt</i>	343
The Vultures' Friend, <i>Dr. Johnson</i>	188
War, <i>Godwin</i>	220
— Plague of, <i>Voltaire</i>	185
— Most Successful, <i>Colton</i>	187
— Philosophy of, <i>R. H. Horne</i>	190
— Art of, <i>Swift</i>	285
Wealth, <i>Godwin</i>	220
— Men of, <i>Keats</i>	60
— Source of nearly all Evils, <i>The Savage</i>	213
— Monopoly of, <i>Godwin</i>	213
— Hereditary, <i>Godwin</i>	234
We have offended, <i>Coleridge</i>	198
We have too long, <i>Southey</i>	240
We trust	54
Where is the giant of the sun, <i>Tennyson</i>	157
Where riches are in few hands, <i>Hume</i>	218
Why is it, <i>W. J. Fox</i>	227
Winchester Cathedral	252
Woman's Honour, <i>Mary Wollstonecraft</i>	144
Womanly Virtues	148
Words, <i>Dean Swift</i>	166
World's Toleration	347
World's Tyranny, <i>Sterne</i>	70
Worst of all fallen Angels, <i>Leigh Hunt</i>	262
Worth above Wealth or Station, <i>Cobbett</i>	33
Wrongs, <i>Coleridge</i>	30

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.

2



TINTERN ABBEY, MONMOUTHSHIRE.

B



INTRODUCTION.

GENTLE FRIENDS!—We entreat your careful attention to our exposition of the objects of *THE NATIONAL*. We purpose that it shall most fully justify its title; that it shall indeed be a Library for the People, a Magazine of popular information. We well know how to appreciate the struggles of the Unmonied in their pursuit of knowledge. Our design is—to assist them in their difficulties, to aid the inquirer, to encourage the learner, to cultivate moral and intellectual power,—be it understood that we assert the supremacy of morality, to which the intellect should ever be subservient—to disseminate and aid the fructification of Truth, to assist to the uttermost the progression of humanity. Many of the noblest productions of our best writers are sealed books to the People: their scarcity or high price is an effectual bar to their general appreciation. The grandest and profoundest thoughts of our master intellects are as yet utterly unknown to a vast majority of the People. We would remedy this by presenting to them, at a price within the reach of all, choicest gems from the treasure-houses of our best authors, giving to the millions for a sure possession the thoughts and opinions of the noblest spirits of the world, more especially those of our own country, whether of the bygone or of the present time. In addition to these *THE NATIONAL* will contain original articles in prose and verse—Tales, Essays, Poetry, History, political and theological Criticisms, and Reviews of literature and art. We shall endeavour in all cases to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth: considering no subject above inquiry, nothing too sacred for investigation. We would enlighten the people, we would respond to their feelings and consult their interests, we would assist their inquiries, we would supply their wants, and reason with them on their errors. To the tender-conscienced we would say—we wish not to insult or wound your feelings, we acknowledge your illimitable right of opinion as we claim to possess the same right ourselves, and on this principle wherever we see error we shall strive, even for own conscience' sake, persuasively to controvert it, whatever we deem prejudice we shall endeavour to overthrow, though it wear the most antiquated dress, though it should appear in the guise of Divinity. Our political opinions may be briefly yet comprehensively stated:—The equal rights of all, the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and the never-ceasing improvement of humanity. We trust to render *THE NATIONAL* interesting to the Millions, not only by introducing them to a companionship with the brightest geniuses of the world, not only by filling their homes with the purest and most ennobling delights, the mighty aids and comforts of a beneficent intelligence, but also by our thorough identification with them, the at-present degraded class, in all their hopes and exertions for the attainment of liberty and happiness. Our choice of illustration will be directed by the same desire of advantaging the community, having ever reference to our one great object, moral and intellectual improvement. We are of opinion that to accustom the eye to the study of beauty is one way, and no inconsiderable way, of ennobling and beautifying the mind. “The mind becomes that which it contemplates.” We therefore intend that every illustration shall bear the impress of Beauty and convey some useful lesson. Our first number shall not be our best—on the usual principle of samples, but we promise much after-improvement, and hope to make every number better than the one preceding it. We also request contributions from all those who as faithful ministers of Love and Truth seek earnestly for the overthrow of ignorance and poverty by the removal of all monopolies, who dare unflinchingly advocate the full acknowledgment of universal rights, and who are determined to employ their most strenuous and untiring exertions to hasten the consummation of universal morality and happiness.

We beg of our readers not to pass over the shortest of our extracts: we promise they shall never be mere make-weights; but often the one line may contain as much wisdom as all the rest of the number.

THE MONK OF TINTERN.

A TALE OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

It was on a bright autumnal morning that a solitary figure in the habit of the White Friars, or Monks of the Cistercian Order, was rapidly threading his way along the narrow path that skirting the noble eminence on the west bank of the Wye, now known by the name of the Windcliff, was the directest communication between the hamlets of Tintern and Chepstow. The traveller was proceeding towards the latter place. He was a man rather above the middle height, and apparently of slender make; his age might be about thirty; his features were noble and expressive:—his eyes of a rich hazel, deepset and telling of intense feeling, and his mouth slightly compressed, with the subdued and saddened manner of one who habitually represses his thoughts, yet whose mind revolts from the compelled insincerity. A sudden turn brought him from among the trees, which for great part of the way completely shrouded the narrow path, to the very edge of the cliff, giving him an extensive and uninterrupted view across the Wye and Severn over the rich county of Gloucester. Behind him rose abruptly to the height of some two or three hundred feet the thickly-wooded cliff, before him descending less precipitously to the river's edge. The Monk stood, and gazed upon the scene for some time in silence, but his eyes were moist and his breast heaved tumultuously. At length his words broke passionately forth—"O God! how long shall this beautiful land be the prey of the spoiler? How long shall the native owner be the slave of the alien and the oppressor, a bondman in the place of his birth, tilling with the toil of his villanage his own inheritance to pamper the pride and luxury of the robber tyrant? How long must the Saxon remain the serf?"—He paused suddenly and looked anxiously around, as if fearful of being overheard: then, dashing away the tear that trembled upon his eyelid, he continued his course, melancholy and in silence. Chepstow was soon reached, and another hour's walk brought him to the ferry where he might cross the Severn into Gloucestershire. From the opposite bank it was yet far to the little village of Thornbury, whither he was bound; and it was considerably past noon when the Monk halted at the door of a small cottage belonging to one of the peasants then known by the appellation of villeins.

After the Conquest of England, by the Normans, the far greater part of the Saxon population became the bondmen of their conquerors. They were either attached to the soil or to the person: the former class being like the fixtures of a freehold, their persons and goods belonging to the estate; and the latter being the personal property of their lord. Neither of these classes were permitted to leave the lands of their owner; and on flight or settlement elsewhere could be pursued and reclaimed. The villeins—for this was their legal name—might not marry against the will of their lord; and a bondwoman, who became free by marrying a freeman, returned to bondage on the death of her husband. A fine was also paid on their marriage.

"Peace be with all here!" said the Monk, entering the cottage. He was welcomed by its only inmate, a fair girl whose deep blue eyes were dim with recent tears. "You have been unsuccessful in your suit," he added, observing her agitation.

"Father, I have," replied the girl—"The Baron will not listen to me, and commands that I shall marry Fitzallan."

"It may not, it shall not be!" exclaimed the Monk—"Fear not, Edith! this tyranny shall be prevented: I will see the Lord De Bracy: he will not compel this unnatural union."

"It is too late, Father! the Baron refuses to hear any intercession, and has sworn that he will himself witness the wedding of his squire, no later than to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" hastily repeated the Monk.

"Even to-morrow, Father!—I have no hope but in you."

"Where is Harold?"

"He will be here anon."

There was a pause; and the Monk paced rapidly to and fro in the little room, with knit brows and set teeth, like one who resolves upon a fearful venture, till his reverie was disturbed by the entrance of Harold, the accepted lover of Edith. After a brief parley the Father departed, leaving the lovers together.

The next morning there was a goodly assemblage in the Castle Chapel, though it was but to witness the marriage of a squire and bondwoman, and though such unequal matches were as far as possible discouraged: but the Baron was willing to grace his favourite, at the same time rendering honour to his own obstinacy. Death-pale and shrinking with fear, the maiden was rather dragged than led to the altar. Her evident reluctance was all unnoticed by the Baron's subservient chaplain. She had not time however to ascend the steps, when a deep-toned and stern voice exclaimed, "I forbid this marriage!"—and stepping forth from the crowd of retainers whom curiosity had drawn to witness the ceremony, the Monk of Tintern stood between Fitzallan and the maiden.

"Lord De Bracy, in the name of that God who joineth not those whom Love hath not brought together, I forbid this union of the unloving!"

"Insolent Priest!" fiercely exclaimed De Bracy—"how darest thou to interfere to thwart my will—to stand between the serf and his master?"

"Proud man!" calmly replied the Monk, though his eyes flashed indignantly—"I stand between the oppressed and the oppressor. Thou hast no authority over the soul of the bond. Thou canst not make this maiden to love yonder man; nor may the Church unite those who hate. Hear me, Lord De Bracy!"—as the Baron attempted to interrupt him—"Thou hast no right to oppress thy fellow-man, serf though he be: nor hast thou any right to enslave thy fellow. God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell together upon the face of the earth. He made not some to be lords and some slaves, but He hath declared that he who loveth not his brother is a murderer."

"Expel this foul-mouthed shaveling,"—shouted the furious lord—"and proceed with the ceremony!"

"Oppressor and injurer of thy brethren, this marriage shall *not* proceed! Answer me not!—In the name of our holy Church I say, it *shall not* proceed!" He took the hand of Edith, and leading her forward added, "She is already married: whom God hath joined man cannot sunder!"—then with a calm mien and commanding look passed through the opening crowd and left the chapel with the maiden, none daring to obey De Bracy's orders to intercept them.

Infuriated at this defeat, the Baron immediately commanded the imprisonment of Harold and that his cottage should be razed to the ground: but on the return of Fitzallan to the castle with his prisoner, he was attacked by the bondmen, excited by the eloquent denunciations of the Monk, and Harold was rescued.

"And now, my Son, whither goest thou?" said the Monk to Harold as the young man knelt for his blessing:—

"To Sherwood Forest, Father!—Edith shall be an outlaw's wife: but better an outlaw than a slave. Will you absolve me, Father?"

"I may not blame thee, my Son! Better to be a denizen of the wild woods than to crawl upon the desert paths of tyranny: but keep thy hand from wrong; and know that evil may not justify revenge!—but you will hardly reach Sherwood before the hue and cry."

"I do not fear—Leigh Woods will be safe covert for a while; and friends are there who hate the yoke of the stranger and will assist us. But there is danger for you too:—Will you not escape with us? We shall lead a merry life in the green-wood; and no evil shall come nigh you there."

"It may not be:" said the Monk firmly—"Bless you, my children! In

the hour of your happiness think sometimes of me!"—He turned hastily away, and bent his steps toward the Abbey.

Scarcely was he within the walls when he received a summons to attend the Abbot. "Whence comest thou?" inquired the Abbot, as with a collected look and calm demeanour the Monk stood before him.

"From Thornbury, my Lord!"

"And what good service has so long detained you there?"

"I have defended the lamb from the ravening wolf: I have maintained the sacredness of the priestly character."

"Unworthy Son of the Church! is it the office of thy ministry to sow dissensions between the rulers and the people?"

"My lord! I deemed it my duty to protect the injured."

"And in so doing you have attacked the civil power: You have brought the church into ill odour by your pernicious doctrines of the equality of the gentle and the base-born. Retire to your cell! Seven days are given you to repent of your errors: if they are not then renounced—"

"Spare the threat, my lord!" replied the Monk with dignity yet emotion—

"I know that my days are numbered: but neither menaces, nor punishment, nor bribes shall tempt me to betray my conscience. I have taught that which Holy Scripture teaches—I have taught the equality of man: I have taught men to love rather than to hate:—and even hereafter I cannot teach otherwise. I may not obey man rather than God. O, beware how ye sell the Church's good name, beware how ye stay her advocacy of the cause of the feeble and the wronged, for the sake of temporal power and possession! Surely if ye sell impunity to wrong, ye yourselves shall suffer injury. Ay, the time is coming wherein the Church must take a decided part, as the friend of the high-born tyrant or of the base-born slave! Beware how ye prefer wealth to justice: for in the day that ye desert the people will ye lose your influence with the people: ye will become the prey of the princely spoiler; and in the day of the people's redemption ye shall be forgotten!"

From that hour the Monk was no more seen. Repeated inquiries were made by Harold, but no tidings of the father could be obtained. It was many years after the dissolution of the Monasteries by the rapacious power of the eighth Henry, that in the vaults of Tintern Abbey was discovered the skeleton of a man of rather more than the middle height. It stood bowed against a niche in the wall, the front of which had been built up; and a broken pitcher was at its feet. It was the Monk of Tintern.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

ONE—whose strong hope had foiled the tyranny
Of prejudice and doubt and evil fears;
Who, Love-sustained, had passed unblenchingly
Thorough the labyrinthine Agony,
Seeking the Beautiful—after long years
Of patient conflict with great injury,
Did penetrate unto Life's sanctuary;
Lifted the veil which the Mysterious wears;
And looked on—the Ubiquitous Misery.—
Vacant amid the rush of business,
Among the revellers a silent One,
A pilgrim wandered through the world, alone,
The only solace of his wretchedness
The iteration of a plaintive moan.

THE STORY OF MARGARET.

"Many a passenger
 Hath blessed poor Margaret for her gentle looks,
 When she upheld the cool refreshment drawn
 From that forsaken spring; and no one came
 But he was welcome; no one went away
 But that it seemed she loved him. She is dead,
 The light extinguished of her lonely hut,
 The hut itself abandoned to decay,
 And she forgotten in the quiet grave!

"I speak," continued he, "of One whose stock
 Of virtues-bloomed beneath this lowly roof.
 She was a Woman of a steady mind,
 Tender and deep in her excess of love;
 Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy
 Of her own thoughts: by some especial care
 Her temper had been framed, as if to make
 A Being, who by adding love to peace
 Might live on earth a life of happiness.
 Her wedded Partner lacked not on his side
 The humble worth that satisfied her heart:
 Frugal, affectionate, sober, and withal
 Keenly industrious. She with pride would tell
 That he was often seated at his loom,
 In summer, ere the mower was abroad
 Among the dewy grass,—in early spring,
 Ere the last star had vanished.—They who passed
 At evening, from behind the garden fence
 Might hear his busy spade, which he would ply,
 After his daily work, until the light
 Had failed, and every leaf and flower were lost
 In the dark edges. So their days were spent
 In peace and comfort; and a pretty boy
 Was their best hope, next to the God in heaven.

Not twenty years ago, but you I think
 Can scarcely bear it now in mind, there came
 Two blighting seasons, when the fields were left
 With half a harvest. It pleased Heaven to add
 A worse affliction in the plague of war;
 This happy Land was stricken to the heart!
 A Wanderer then among the cottages
 I, with my freight of winter raiment, saw
 The hardships of that season: many rich
 Sank down, as in a dream, among the poor;
 And of the poor did many cease to be,
 And their place knew them not. Meanwhile, abridged
 Of daily comforts, gladly reconciled
 To numerous self-denials, Margaret
 Went struggling on through those calamitous years
 With cheerful hope, until the second autumn,
 When her life's Helpmate on a sick-bed lay,
 Smitten with perilous fever. In disease
 He lingered long; and when his strength returned,
 He found the little he had stored, to meet
 The hour of accident or crippling age,
 Was all consumed. A second infant now

Was added to the troubles of a time
 Laden, for them and all of their degree,
 With care and sorrow : shoals of artisans
 From ill-requited labour turned adrift
 Sought daily bread from public charity,
 They, and their wives and children—happier far
 Could they have lived as do the little birds
 That peck along the hedge-rows, or the kite
 That makes her dwelling on the mountain rocks

A sad reverse it was for him who long
 Had filled with plenty, and possessed in peace
 This lonely Cottage. At the door he stood,
 And whistled many a snatch of merry tunes
 That had no mirth in them ; or with his knife
 Carved uncouth figures on the heads of sticks—
 Then, not less idly, sought, through every nook
 In house or garden, any casual work
 Of use or ornament ; and with a strange,
 Amusing, yet uneasy, novelty,
 He mingled where he might, the various tasks
 Of summer, autumn, winter, and of spring.
 But this endured not ; his good humour soon
 Became a weight in which no pleasure was :
 And poverty brought on a petted mood
 And a sore temper : day by day he drooped,
 And he would leave his work—and to the town,
 Would turn, without an errand, his slack steps ;
 Or wander here and there among the fields.
 One while he would speak lightly of his babes,
 And with a cruel tongue : at other times
 He tossed them with a false unnatural joy :
 And 'twas a rueful thing to see the looks
 Of the poor innocent children. ' Every smile,'
 Said Margaret to me, beneath these trees,
 ' Made my heart bleed.'

While thus it fared with them,
 To whom this cottage, till those hapless years,
 Had been a blessed home, it was my chance
 To travel in a country far remote ;
 And when these lofty elms once more appeared,
 What pleasant expectations lured me on
 O'er the flat Common !—With quick step I reached
 The threshold, lifted with light hand the latch ;
 But, when I entered, Margaret looked at me
 A little while ; then turned her head away
 Speechless,—and, sitting down upon a chair,
 Wept bitterly. I wist not what to do,
 Nor how to speak to her. Poor wretch ! at last
 She rose from off her seat, and then,—O Sir !
 I cannot *tell* how she pronounced my name :—
 With fervent love, and with a face of grief
 Unutterably helpless, and a look
 That seemed to cling upon me, she enquired
 If I had seen her husband. As she spake,
 A strange surprise and fear came to my heart,
 Nor had I power to answer ere she told
 That he had disappeared—not two months gone.

He left his house : two wretched days had past,
 And on the third, as wistfully she raised
 Her head from off her pillow, to look forth,
 Like one in trouble, for returning light,
 Within her chamber-casement she espied
 A folded paper, lying as if placed
 To meet her waking eyes. This tremblingly
 She opened—found no writing, but beheld
 Pieces of money carefully enclosed,
 Silver and gold. ‘ I shuddered at the sight,’
 Said Margaret, ‘ for I knew it was his hand
 That must have placed it there ; and ere that day
 Was ended, that long anxious day, I learned
 From one who by my husband had been sent
 With the sad news, that he had joined a troop
 Of soldiers, going to a distant land.
 He left me thus—he could not gather heart
 To take a farewell of me ; for he feared
 That I should follow with my babes, and sink
 Beneath the misery of that wandering life.’”

Wordsworth.

[To be continued.]

THE LIFE OF ROUSSEAU,

TAKEN PRINCIPALLY FROM HIS OWN “CONFESSIONS.”

JOHN JAMES ROUSSEAU, born at Geneva, in 1712, was the son of a watch-maker of that city. Before he was seven years old, his father, to improve him in reading, would read romances with him, in which they would become so interested, that they alternately read whole nights together. At the usual age he was apprenticed to a watch-case-engraver, but seems to have neglected his business. His great delight was in reading. In less than a-year he had exhausted the scanty library within his reach : he then amused himself by recalling to mind the various situations in the books he had read, and applying them to himself ; living, as it were, in an ideal world. At length, weary of his situation and the severity of his master, he ran away from his servitude. After rambling some days in the environs of Geneva, a proselyting priest sent him to Annecy, to Madame de Warrena, a new convert to Catholicism. Thence he was recommended to a convent at Turin, where he was driven into the bosom of the Catholic church, and then turned adrift upon the world. He was now about seventeen. After serving as footman in two families, he resought Madame de Warrena, who received him into her house, more as a son than a servant. He now studied Latin and music: the first to very little purpose. At the age of twenty he obtained the employment of registering land for the King of Sardinia, but, at the end of two years, threw it up to teach singing. It was now that a closer connection commenced between him and Madame de Warrena, the advances being made by her, to save him from the arts of two or three designing women. In 1738, his health being in a very wretched state, he visited Montpellier ; and on his return found a new favourite established at Madame de Warrena's. From that moment he no longer saw this beloved woman but with the eyes of a real son. After losing a year as tutor in a family, he returned to her ; but soon left her to seek his fortune in Paris, where he arrived in 1741, with fifteen louis in his purse, his comedy of *Narcissus*, and his “project”—a new method of noting music. His project, though unsuccessful, procured him the society of the most distinguished men in Paris. Soon after he obtained the

office of secretary to the French ambassador at Venice, where he was very generally esteemed, but was compelled to resign at the end of eighteen months, the ambassador being jealous of his talents and probity. He returned to Paris, and united himself to Thérèse le Vasseur, a young girl poor but respectable, who lived with him till his death, but whom he did not marry till 1760. She had five children by him, all of whom were sent to the Foundling Hospital, as he had not the means of supporting them, and believed they would be taken better care of there. In 1749, he wrote a paper "On the effects of cultivating the Arts and Sciences," which gained the prize at the Academy of Dijon. In 1752, his opera of the "Village Conjuror" brought him completely into vogue. In the midst of his popularity, he gave up his laced clothes and sword, declined visiting, and determined to lead a life free from the caprices of others, depending only upon himself, and earning his subsistence by copying music. Of course he met with opposition from every body. Next year he wrote his essay "On the Inequality of Mankind," which he published in 1754, after visiting Geneva, where he re-entered the Protestant church. In the following spring he went to reside at a little Hermitage near the forest of Montmorency. Here, resigning himself to continual reveries, in the midst of a beautiful country, at the age of forty-three, he sketched the plan of the "New Eloisa." Here he had a visit from the Countess de Houdetot, with whom he had been slightly acquainted at Paris. She had been married very young, against her inclinations, and was at this time attached to one St. Lambert: the manners of the age allowing this freedom. Rousseau became enamoured of her. For the only time in his life, he was really in love. She resided about a league from the Hermitage. Almost every day for three months, Rousseau met her. Love was equal, but not reciprocal. Both were intoxicated with the passion: she for St. Lambert—Rousseau for her, yet loving her too well to wish to possess her at the price of her honour. It was not long before they were parted by the intrigues of self-called friends, who continually annoyed him, feeling their own lives rebuked by his singularity. In 1758, he finished the *Eloisa*; but it was not published till the end of 1760. The "Social Contract" and "Emilius" appeared in 1762. He was immediately assailed on all sides, and being threatened with arrest, quitted France for Geneva. On his way he wrote the "Levite of Ephraim," a poem. The *Emilius* was burned at Geneva; and nine days after the order of arrest was issued at Paris, another was determined on by the Swiss Republic. Rousseau took refuge at Motiers, in Neufchatel, in the dominions of Frederic of Prussia, who readily gave him an asylum. Here he assumed the Armenian habit, being subject to continual attacks of a cruel disorder; and, giving up literature, sought the repose of a quiet life. New cabals were raised against him; the clergy and his enemies excited the common people to such an extent that he was hooted and pelted in his walks, and even had his house attacked; and, after a residence of two years and a half, he was driven from Motiers to the little island of St. Peters, belonging to the Canton of Berne, where he gave himself up to botany, but was scarcely settled, when he was ordered to quit the territory of the republic in twenty-four hours. He retired to Straßburg; and thence proceeded to Paris, where he met Hume; and accompanied him to England in 1766; but returned to France the next year, and published his "Dictionary of Music." In 1770, notwithstanding the order of arrest, he re-appeared in Paris, where, allowed to remain on condition of not writing, he resided quietly, though in great popularity, till 1777, when he retired to Ermenonville (ten leagues from Paris), where he died of apoplexy, July 2, 1778. The following epitaph is on his tomb at Ermenonville.

HERE RESTS THE MAN OF NATURE AND OF TRUTH.

The Justice of Love.—A just man hateth the evil, but not the evil doer.
Sir Philip Sydney.

LIFE'S DEFILEMENT.

I stood in one of those tremendous chasms
 That sepulchre the Agonies of Time ;
 And, watching there, beheld a Thing of spasms
 And fitful breath, a Mystery sublime,
 With features tear-worn yet symmetrical,
 Like to man's Life, which horribly did wed
 Corruption, mingling till long use did pall
 Its monstrous lewdness :—I have witnessed
 On the Enthusiast's lips the venomous slime
 Of earthy forms ; and heard the cold blank laugh
 Of the fond poet mock the Miseries
 Whose frenzied curse thorn-wreathed his holy head.
 The many Woes from their lorn tombs arise,
 And in my grey heart dig their wordless epitaph.

THE LICENSED.

ADOWN the hallowed stairs, in quiet state
 Moveth, unostentatiously elate,
 The bridal pageantry : The rite is done ;
 And now in the eye of Law the twain are one.
 From the love-stricken maiden's passioned look,
 The divine joy there throned gloriously
 Poureth the utterance of a deep rebuke,
 Fronting that ceremonial mockery :
 Was not she wed by her great Love before ?
 O God ! it is a grievous tyranny
 When empty form thus mines in the very core
 Of natural affection's purity !
 The crawling Custom dwelleth in the gate
 Of our poor Being's dearest sanctity.

Z.

A degenerate Noble is like a turnip, there is nothing good of him but that which is under-ground,—or rhubarb, a contemptible shrub that springs from a noble root. He has no more title to the worth or virtue of his ancestors, than the worms that were engendered in their dead bodies, and yet he believes he has enough to exempt himself and his posterity from all things of that nature for ever. This makes him glory in the antiquity of his family, as if his nobility were the better the further off it is in time as well as desert from that of his predecessors. He supposes the empty title of honour sufficient to serve his turn, though he has spent the substance and reality of it,—like the fellow who sold his ass, but would not part with the shadow of it,—or like Apicius, that sold his house and kept the balcony to see and be seen in. And because he is privileged from being arrested for his debts, supposes he has the same freedom from all obligations he owes humanity and his country, because he is not punishable for his ignorance and want of honour, no more than poverty or unskilfulness is in other professions, which the law supposes to be punishment enough in itself: he is like a fanatic, that contents himself with the mere title of a saint, and makes that a privilege to act all manner of wickedness; or like the ruins of a noble structure, of which there is nothing left but the foundation, and that obscured and buried under the rubbish of the superstructure. The living honour of his ancestors is long ago

departed dead and gone, and his but the ghost and shadow of it that haunts the house where it once lived, with horror and disquiet. His nobility is truly descended from the glory of his fathers, and may be rightly said to fall to him, for it will never rise again by his means to the height it was in them; and he succeeds them as candles do the office of the sun. The confidence of nobility has rendered him ignoble, as the opinion of wealth makes some men poor: and as those who are born to estates neglect industry and have no business but to spend, so he, being born to honour, believes he is no further concerned than to consume and waste it. He is but a copy, and so ill done, that there is no line of the *original* in him, but the *sin* only. He is like a word that by ill custom and mistake has utterly lost the sense of that from which it was derived, and now signifies quite the contrary,—for the glory of noble ancestors will not permit the good or bad of their posterity to be obscure. He values himself only upon his title,—which, being only verbal, gives him a wrong account of his natural capacity; for the same words signify more or less according as they are applied to things,—as *ordinary* and *extraordinary* do at court; and sometimes the greater sound has the less sense,—as in accounts though four be more than three, yet a third in proportion is more than a fourth.—*Butler* (the author of *Hudibras*), 1660.

The People.—It is the people which composes the human species. All which is not the people is of so little consequence that it is not worth the trouble of counting.—*Rousseau*.

Virtue is the only nobility.—*Seneca*.

Thinking justly.—If we only think justly, we shall always easily foil all the advocates of tyranny.—*Hazlitt*.

REASONING.

BESIDES the want of determined ideas, and of sagacity and exercise in finding out and laying in order intermediate ideas, there are three miscarriages that men are guilty of in reference to their reason, whereby this faculty is hindered in them from that service it might do and was designed for. And he that reflects upon the actions and discourses of mankind, will find their defects in this kind very frequent, and very observable.

1. The first is of those who seldom reason at all, but do and think according to the example of others, whether parents, neighbours, ministers, or whom else they are pleased to make choice of to have an implicit faith in, for the saving of themselves the pains and trouble of thinking and examining for themselves.

2. The second is of those who put passion in the place of reason, and being resolved that shall govern their actions, and arguments, neither use their own nor hearken to other people's reason, any farther than it suits their humour, interest or party; and these one may observe commonly content themselves with words that have no distinct ideas to them, though, in other matters, that they come with an unbiassed indifferency to, they want not abilities to talk and hear reason, where they have no secret inclination that hinders them from being tractable to it.

3. The third sort is of those who readily and sincerely follow reason, but for want of having that which one may call large, sound, round-about sense, have not a full view of all that relates to the question, and may be of moment to decide it. We are all but short-sighted, and very often see but one side of the matter: our views are not extended to all that has a connection with it. From

this defect I think no man is free. We see but in part, and we know but in part, and therefore it is no wonder we conclude not right from our partial views. This might instruct the proudest esteemer of his own parts how useful it is to talk and consult with others, even such as come short of him in capacity, quickness, and penetration; for since no one sees all, and we generally have different prospects of the same thing, according to our different, as I may say, positions to it, it is not incongruous to think, nor beneath any man to try, whether another may not have notions of things which have escaped him, and which his reason would make use of if they came into his mind. The faculty of reasoning seldom or never deceives those who trust to it; its consequences from what it builds on are evident and certain, but that which it oftenest, if not only, misleads us in, is, that the principles from which we conclude, the grounds upon which we bottom our reasoning, are but a part, something is left out which should go into the reckoning to make it just and exact.

In this we may see the reason why some men of study and thought, that reason right, and are lovers of truth, do make no great advances in their discoveries of it. Error and truth are uncertainly blended in their minds; their decisions are lame and defective, and they are very often mistaken in their judgments: The reason whereof is, they converse with but one sort of men, they read but one sort of books, they will not come in the hearing but of one sort of notions; the truth is, they canton out to themselves a little Goshen in the intellectual world, where light shines, and, as they conclude, day blesses them; but the rest of that vast expanse they give up to night and darkness, and so avoid coming near it. They have a petty traffic with known correspondents in some little creek: within that they confine themselves, and are dexterous managers enough of the wares and products of that corner with which they content themselves: but will not venture out into the great ocean of knowledge, to survey the riches that nature hath stored other parts with, no less genuine, no less solid, no less useful, than what has fallen to their lot in the admired plenty and sufficiency of their own little spot, which to them contains whatsoever is good in the universe.

Let not men think there is no truth but in the sciences that they study, or the books that they read. To prejudice other men's notions before we have looked into them, is not to shew their darkness, but to put out our own eyes. *Try all things, hold fast that which is good*, is a Divine rule, coming from the Father of light and truth: and it is hard to know what other way men can come at truth, to lay hold of it, if they do not dig and search for it as for gold and hid treasure; but he that does so must have much earth and rubbish before he gets the pure metal: Sand, and pebbles, and dross usually lie blended with it, but the gold is nevertheless gold, and will enrich the man that employs his pains to seek and separate it. Neither is there any danger he should be deceived by the mixture. Every man carries about him a touchstone, if he will make use of it, to distinguish substantial gold from superficial glittering, truth from appearances. And indeed the use and benefit of this touchstone, which is natural reason, is spoiled and lost only by assumed prejudices, overweening presumption, and narrowing our minds. The want of exercising it in the full extent of things intelligible, is that which weakens and extinguishes this noble faculty in us. Here is one muffled up in the zeal and infallibility of his own sect, and will not touch a book, or enter into debate with a person, that will question any of those things which to him are sacred. Another surveys our differences in religion with an equitable and fair indifference, and so finds probably that none of them are in every thing unexceptionable. These divisions and systems were made by men, and carry the mark of fallible on them; and in those whom he differs from, and till he opened his eyes had a general prejudice against, he meets with more to be said for a great many things than before he was aware of, or could have imagined. Which of these two now is most likely to judge right in our religious controversies, and to be most stored with truth, the mark all pretend to aim at?

He that will inquire out the best books in every science, and inform himself of the most material authors of the several sects of philosophy and religion, will not find it an infinite work to acquaint himself with the sentiments of mankind concerning the most weighty and comprehensive subjects. Let him exercise the freedom of his reason and understanding in such a latitude as this, and his mind will be strengthened, his capacity enlarged, his faculties improved: and the light which the remote and scattered parts of truth will give to one another will so assist his judgment, that he will seldom be widely out, or miss giving proof of a clear head, and a comprehensive knowledge. At least, this is the only way I know to give the understanding its due improvement, to the full extent of its capacity, and to distinguish the two most different things I know in the world, a logical chicaner from a man of reason. Only he that would thus give the mind its flight, and send abroad his inquiries into all parts after truth, must be sure to settle in his heart determined ideas of all that he employs his thoughts about, and never fail to judge himself, and judge unbiassedly, of all that he receives from others, either in their writings or discourses. Reverence or prejudice must not be suffered to give beauty or deformity to any of their opinions.—*Locke's Conduct of the Understanding.*

Trading Religion.—A man may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believe things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy. There is not any burden, that some would gladlier post off to another, than the charge and care of their religion. There be, who knows not that there be of protestants and professors, who live and die in as errant and implicit faith, as any lay papist of Loretto. A wealthy man, addicted to his pleasure and to his profits, finds religion to be a traffic so entangled, and of so many piddling accounts, that of all mysteries he cannot skill to keep a stock growing upon that trade. What should he do? Fain he would have the name to be religious, fain he would bear up with his neighbours in that. What does he therefore, but resolves to give over toiling, and to find himself out some factor, to whose care and credit he may commit the whole managing of his religious affairs: some divine of note and estimation that must be. To him he adheres, resigns the whole warehouse of his religion, with all the locks and keys, into his custody; and indeed makes the very person of that man his religion; esteems his associating with him a sufficient evidence and commendatory of his own piety. So that a man may say his religion is now no more within himself, but is become a dividual moveable, and goes and comes near him, according as that good man frequents the house. He entertains him, gives him gifts, feasts him, lodges him; his religion comes home at night, prays, is liberally supped, and sumptuously laid to sleep; rises, is saluted, and after the malmsey, or some well-spiced brusage, and better breakfasted than he whose morning appetite would have gladly fed on green figs between Bethany and Jerusalem, his religion walks abroad at eight, and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop trading all day without his religion.—*Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, by Milton, (author of Paradise Lost, &c.)*

Equality is deemed by many a mere speculative chimera which can never be reduced to practice. But if the abuse is inevitable, does it follow that we ought not to try at least to mitigate it? It is precisely because the force of things tends always to destroy equality, that the force of the legislature must always tend to maintain it.—*Rousseau.*

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. I.

I HAVE considered the oppressions that are done under the sun: I have beheld the tears of such as were oppressed,—they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors was power; but they had no comforter.

Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labour.

For if they fall the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to lift him up.

Again, if two lie together they have heat: but how can one be warm alone?

And if one prevail against him, two shall withstand him: and a threefold cord is not quickly broken.

Hear ye the words of the Wise! even yet are ye isolated and divided.

And behold this is a great evil, and the root of many evils.

Continual repetition wearieth, yet without it the ignorant and slow-minded continually forget: this is yet more wearisome and a sore evil.

And moreover I saw under the sun the place of judgment, that wickedness was there; and the place of righteousness that iniquity was there.

I saw the ministers of religion inciting to strife and murder; and joined with the lawgivers of the earth in despoiling and oppressing the weak.

I have seen men claiming a property in their fellow-men; calling themselves freemen, yet possessing slaves: the republican excusing the despot. This is a most grievous evil.

I have seen young girls, and matrons in the presence of their husbands, stripped stark naked before the gaze of sensual men; examined to ascertain their capabilities for labour; bought and sold like brute beasts; scourged, and violated, and trampled to death.

I have seen the little children torn from the breast to be sold to slavery; families riven asunder; whole races chained to degradation: and the christian slaveholder justifieth the cannibal.

I have seen children wan and emaciated and disgustingly depraved; enfeebled and stunted and deformed by excessive labour: and their masters rendered thanks to God that the profit of their capital increased.

I have seen thousands of fertile acres belonging unto one man, who stored their product in a granary while the very labourers of his fields were starving around him, to the end that he might sell them one loaf, raised by their own toil, for the price of two.

Yet more, I have seen the lawgivers of a country bribed to forbid the importation of corn, necessary to preserve the life of the poor.

And not content with claiming an exclusive property in the fruit of the earth, the tyrant hath set his mark upon the wild animal, the fish, and the fowl of the air: and the famishing peasant may not take a rabbit or a partridge to satisfy his hunger.

I have heard little children calling a grey man, Father: and I understood the meaning of much misery.

I have seen young men without Love, heartless and bestial and most ignorantly selfish: and women beautiful and loving have I seen, some pining in loneliness, and others scorned and persecuted and most foully wronged because they belied not their own natures, because they believed in the humanity of man.

I have seen a woman hunted by reproach and scorn and incessant hatred into the depth of ignominy and vice: because she had loved well but not wisely.

And I have seen a man who had deceived many women, who had no feelings but those of a beast, courted and honoured and applauded by the world that had witnessed his depravity.

And behold Vengeance sitteth on the throne of Justice: the murderer is

murdered, that evil may be added unto evil, and sorrow be heaped upon sorrow, and repentance and redemption be buried in the grave of punishment.

I have seen a man reviled and persecuted and cast out from society, because he had not determined the place of his own birth; because he had not chosen his own parents; because he had not created and ordered his own mind.

I have seen men murdered with fire and sword, and even yet are they murdered with cruel words and unjust thoughts, because they do not believe that which is not strong enough to compel their belief.

The sum of evil is great, a man's life could not enumerate the many woes.

†

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold:
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so:"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
He came again, with a great wakening light,
And shewed their names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Leigh Hunt.

False Shame.—The shame of poverty—the shame of being thought poor—is a great and fatal weakness, though arising in this country from the fashion of the times themselves.—*Cobbett.*

Luxury may be necessary to furnish bread for the poor; but if there were no such thing as luxury, there would be no poor.

Before those horrid terms *mine* and *thine* were invented; before there existed in the world that species of cruel and brutal men, whom we call *masters*, and that other species of knavish, lying men, we call *slaves*; before there were men abominable enough to enjoy superfluities while their fellow-creatures were perishing with hunger; before a reciprocal dependence on each other obliged them all to become roguish, suspicious, and deceitful; I should be glad to know wherein consisted those vices and crimes, with which they are so earnestly reproached. I am assured that the world has long been convinced that the golden age was chimerical. Why do not they assure me also that the world has long been convinced that virtue also is chimerical?—

Rousseau.

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



PASS IN THE SIERRA MORENA.

THE STORY OF MARGARET.

(Continued from Page 9.)

"I roved o'er many a hill and many a dale,
 With my accustomed load; in heat and cold,
 Through many a wood and many an open ground,
 In sunshine and in shade, in wet and fair,
 Drooping or blythe of heart, as might befal;
 My best companions now the driving winds,
 And now the "trotting brooks" and whispering trees,
 And now the music of my own sad steps,
 With many a short-lived thought that passed between,
 And disappeared.

I journeyed back this way,
 When, in the warmth of midsummer, the wheat
 Was yellow; and the soft and bladed grass,
 Springing afresh, had o'er the hay-field spread
 Its tender verdure. At the door arrived,
 I found that she was absent. In the shade,
 Where now we sit, I waited her return.
 Her cottage, then a cheerful object, wore
 Its customary look,—only, it seemed,
 The honeysuckle, crowding round the porch,
 Hung down in heavier tufts; and that bright weed,
 The yellow stone-crop, suffered to take root
 Along the window's edge, profusely grew,
 Blinding the lower panes. I turned aside,
 And strolled into her garden. It appeared
 To lag behind the season, and had lost
 Its pride of neatness. Daisy-flowers and thrift
 Had broken their trim lines, and straggled o'er
 The paths they used to deck: carnations, once
 Prized for surpassing beauty, and no less
 For the peculiar pains they had required,
 Declined their languid heads, wanting support.
 The cumbrous bind-weed, with its wreaths and bells,
 Had twined about her two small rows of peas,
 And dragged them to the earth.

Ere this an hour
 Was wasted.—Back I turned my restless steps;
 A stranger passed; and, guessing whom I sought,
 He said that she was used to ramble far.—
 The sun was sinking in the west; and now
 I sate with sad impatience. From within
 Her solitary infant cried aloud;
 Then, like a blast that dies away self-stilled,
 The voice was silent. From the bench I rose;
 But neither could divert nor soothe my thoughts.
 The spot, though fair, was very desolate—
 The longer I remained, more desolate:
 And, looking round me, now I first observed
 The corner stones, on either side the porch,
 With dull red stains discoloured, and stuck o'er
 With tufts and hairs of wool, as if the sheep,
 That fed upon the Common, thither came
 Familiarly; and found a couching-place

Even at her threshold. Deeper shadows fell
 From these tall elms; the cottage-clock struck eight;—
 I turned, and saw her distant a few steps.
 Her face was pale and thin—her figure, too,
 Was changed. As she unlocked the door, she said,
 'It grieves me you have waited here so long,
 But, in good truth, I've wandered much of late;
 And, sometimes—to my shame I speak—have need
 Of my best prayers to bring me back again.'
 While on the board she spread our evening meal,
 She told me—interrupting not the work
 Which gave employment to her listless hands—
 That she had parted with her elder child;
 To a kind master on a distant farm
 Now happily apprenticed.—'I perceive
 You look at me, and you have cause; to-day
 I have been travelling far; and many days
 About the fields I wander, knowing this
 Only, that what I seek I cannot find;
 And so I waste my time: for I am changed;
 And to myself,' said she, 'have done much wrong
 And to this helpless infant. I have slept
 Weeping, and weeping have I waked; my tears
 Have flowed as if my body were not such
 As others are; and I could never die.
 But I am now in mind and in my heart
 More easy; and I hope,' said she, 'that God
 Will give me patience to endure the things
 Which I behold at home.'

It would have grieved
 Your very soul to see her: evermore
 Her eyelids drooped, her eyes were downward cast;
 And, when she at the table gave me food,
 She did not look at me. Her voice was low,
 Her body was subdued. In every act
 Pertaining to her house-affairs, appeared
 The careless stillness of a thinking mind
 Self-occupied; to which all outward things
 Are like an idle matter. Still she sighed,
 But yet no motion of the breast was seen,
 No heaving of the heart. While by the fire
 We sate together, sighs came on my ear,
 I knew not how, and hardly whence they came.

I took my rounds along this road again
 Ere on its sunny bank the primrose flower
 Peeped forth, to give an earnest of the spring.
 I found her sad and drooping: she had learned
 No tidings of her husband; if he lived,
 She knew not that he lived; if he were dead,
 She knew not he was dead. She seemed the same
 In person and appearance; but her house
 Bespake a sleepy hand of negligence;
 The floor was neither dry nor neat, the hearth
 Was comfortless, and her small lot of books,
 Which in the cottage-window, heretofore
 Had been piled up against the corner panes
 In seemly order, now, with straggling leaves

Lay scattered here and there, open or shut,
 As they had chanced to fall. Her infant Babe
 Had from its Mother caught the trick of grief,
 And sighed among its playthings. Once again
 I turned towards the garden-gate, and saw
 More plainly still, that poverty and grief
 Were now come nearer to her: weeds defaced
 The hardened soil, and knots of withered grass;
 No ridges there appeared of clear black mold,
 No winter greenness; of her herbs and flowers,
 It seemed the better part were gnawed away
 Or trampled into earth; a chain of straw,
 Which had been twined about the slender stem
 Of a young apple-tree, lay at its root,
 The bark was nibbled round by truant sheep.
 Margaret stood near, her infant in her arms,
 And, noting that my eye was on the tree,
 She said, 'I fear it will be dead and gone
 Ere Robert come again.' Towards the house
 Together we returned; and she inquired
 If I had any hope:—but for her babe
 And for her little orphan boy, she said,
 She had no wish to live, that she must die
 Of sorrow. Yet I saw the idle loom
 Still in its place; his Sunday garments hung
 Upon the self-same nail; his very staff
 Stood undisturbed behind the door.

And when,

In bleak December, I retraced this way,
 She told me that her little babe was dead,
 And she was left alone. She now, released
 From her maternal cares, had taken up
 The employment common through these wilds, and gained
 By spinning hemp, a pittance for herself;
 And for this end had hired a neighbour's boy
 To give her needful help. That very time
 Most willingly she put her work aside,
 And walked with me along the miry road,
 Heedless how far; and in such piteous sort
 That any heart had ached to hear her, begged
 That wheresoe'er I went, I still would ask
 For him whom she had lost. We parted then—
 Our final parting; for from that time forth
 Did many seasons pass ere I returned
 Into this tract again.

Nine tedious years;
 From their first separation, nine long years,
 She lingered in unquiet widowhood;
 A Wife and Widow. Needs must it have been
 A sore heart-wasting! I have heard, my Friend,
 That in yon arbour oftentimes she sate
 Alone, through half the vacant Sabbath day;
 And, if a dog passed by, she still would quit
 The shade, and look abroad. On this old bench
 For hours she sate; and evermore her eye
 Was busy in the distance, shaping things
 That made her heart beat quick. You see that path,

Now faint,—the grass has crept o'er its grey line ;
 There, to and fro, she paced through many a day
 Of the warm summer, from a belt of hemp
 That girt her waist, spinning the long drawn thread
 With backward steps. Yet ever as there passed
 A man whose garments showed the soldier's red,
 Or crippled mendicant in sailor's garb,
 The little child who sate to turn the wheel
 Ceased from his task ; and she with faltering voice
 Made many a fond inquiry ; and when they,
 Whose presence gave no comfort, were gone by,
 Her heart was still more sad. And by yon gate,
 That bars the traveller's road, she often stood,
 And when a stranger horseman came, the latch
 Would lift, and in his face look wistfully :
 Most happy, if, from aught discovered there
 Of tender feeling, she might dare repeat
 The same sad question. Meanwhile her poor Hut
 Sank to decay ; for he was gone, whose hand,
 At the first nipping of October frost,
 Closed up each chink, and with fresh bands of straw
 Chequered the green-grown thatch. And so she lived
 Through the long winter, reckless and alone ;
 Until her house by frost, and thaw, and rain,
 Was sapped ; and while she slept, the nightly damps
 Did chill her breast ; and in the stormy day
 Her tattered clothes were ruffled by the wind,
 Even at the side of her own fire. Yet still
 She loved this wretched spot, nor would for worlds
 Have parted hence ; and still that length of road,
 And this rude bench, one torturing hope endeared,
 Fast rooted at her heart : and here, my Friend,—
 In sickness she remained ; and here she died ;
 Last human tenant of these ruined walls !"

Wordsworth's Excursion.

WAR.

THE extent of the influence of political systems will be forcibly illustrated to us in a concise recollection of the records of political society.

It is an old observation, that the history of mankind is little else than a record of crimes. Though the evils that arise to us from the structure of the material universe are neither trivial nor few, yet the history of political society sufficiently shows that man is of all other beings the most formidable enemy to man. Among the various schemes that he has formed to destroy and plague his kind, war is the most terrible. Satiated with petty mischief and the nauseous detail of crimes, he rises in this instance to a project that lays nations waste, and thins the population of the world. Man directs the murderous engine against the life of his brother ; he invents with indefatigable care refinements in destruction ; he proceeds in the midst of gaiety and pomp to the execution of his horrid purpose ; whole ranks of sensitive beings, endowed with the most admirable faculties, are mowed down in an instant ; they perish by inches in the midst of agony and neglect, lacerated with every variety of method that can give torture to the frame.

This is indeed a tremendous scene ! Are we permitted to console ourselves under the spectacle of its evils, by the rareness with which it occurs, and the

forcible reasons that compel men to have recourse to this last appeal of human society? Let us consider it under each of these heads.

War has hitherto been considered as the inseparable ally of political institution. The earliest records of time are the annals of conquerors and heroes, a Bacchus, a Sesostris, a Semiramis and a Cyrus. These princes led millions of men under their standard, and ravaged innumerable provinces. A small number only of their forces ever returned to their native homes, the rest having perished of diseases, hardships and misery. The evils they inflicted, and the mortality introduced in the countries against which their expeditions were directed, were certainly not less severe than those which their countrymen suffered.

No sooner does history become more precise, than we are presented with the four great monarchies, that is, with four successful projects, by means of bloodshed, violence and murder, of enslaving mankind. The expeditions of Cambyzes against Egypt, of Darius against the Scythians, and of Xerxes against the Greeks, seem almost to set credibility at defiance by the fatal consequences with which they were attended. The conquests of Alexander cost innumerable lives, and the immortality of Cæsar is computed to have been purchased by the death of one million two hundred thousand men.

Indeed the Romans, by the long duration of their wars, and their inflexible adherence to their purpose, are to be ranked among the foremost destroyers of the human species. Their wars in Italy continued for more than four hundred years, and their contest for supremacy with the Carthaginians two hundred. The Mithridatic war began with a massacre of one hundred and fifty thousand Romans, and in three single actions five hundred thousand men were lost by the Eastern Monarch. Sylla, his ferocious conqueror, next turned his arms against his country, and the struggle between him and Marius was attended with proscriptions, butcheries and murders that knew no restraint from humanity or shame. The Romans, at length, suffered the penalty of their iniquitous deeds; and the world was vexed for three hundred years by the irruptions of Goths, Vandals, Ostrogoths, Huns, and innumerable hordes of barbarians.

I forbear to detail the victorious progress of Mahomet and the pious expeditions of Charlemagne. I will not enumerate the crusades against the infidels, the exploits of Aurungzebe, Gengiskan and Tamerlane, or the extensive murders of the Spaniards in the new world. Let us examine Europe, the most civilized and favoured quarter of the world, or even those countries of Europe which are thought most enlightened.

France was wasted by successive battles during a whole century, for the question of the Salic law, and the claim of the Plantagenets. Scarcely was this contest terminated, before the religious wars broke out, some idea of which we may form from the siege of Rochelle, where, of fifteen thousand persons shut up, eleven thousand perished of hunger and misery; and from the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in which the numbers assassinated were forty thousand. This quarrel was appeased by Henry the fourth, and succeeded by the thirty years' war in Germany for superiority with the house of Austria, and afterwards by the military transactions of Louis the fourteenth.

In England the war of Cressy and Agincourt only gave place to the civil war of York and Lancaster, and again after an interval to the war of Charles the first and his parliament. No sooner was the constitution settled by the revolution, than we were engaged in a wide field of continental hostilities by King William, the Duke of Marlborough, Maria Theresa and the King of Prussia.

And what are in most cases the pretexts upon which war is undertaken? What rational man could possibly have given himself the least disturbance for the sake of choosing whether Henry the sixth or Edward the fourth should have the style of king of England? What Englishman could reasonably have drawn his sword for the purpose of rendering his country an inferior dependency of France, as it must necessarily have been if the ambition of the Plan-

tagenets had succeeded? What can be more deplorable than to see us first engag'd eight years in war rather than suffer the haughty Maria Theresa to live with a diminished sovereignty or in a private station; and then eight years more to support the free-booter who had taken advantage of her helpless condition?

The usual causes of war are excellently described by Swift. "Sometimes the quarrel between two princes is to decide which of them shall dispossess a third of his dominions, where neither of them pretends to any right. Sometimes one prince quarrels with another, for fear the other should quarrel with him. Sometimes a war is entered upon because the enemy is too strong; and sometimes because he is too weak. Sometimes our neighbours want the things which we have, or have the things which we want; and we both fight, till they take ours, or give us theirs. It is a very justifiable cause of war to invade a country after the people have been wasted by famine, destroyed by pestilence, or embroiled by factions among themselves. It is justifiable to enter into a war against our nearest ally, when one of his towns lies convenient for us, or a territory of land that would render our dominions round and compact. If a prince sends forces into a nation where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put the half of them to death, and make slaves of the rest, in order to civilize and reduce them from their barbarous way of living. It is a very kingly, honourable and frequent practice, when one prince desires the assistance of another to secure him against an invasion, that the assistant, when he has driven out the invader, should seize on the dominions himself, and kill, imprison or banish the prince he came to relieve." (Gulliver's Travels, Part 4, Chap. 5.)

Certainly every man who takes a dispassionate survey of this picture, will feel himself inclined to pause respecting the necessity of the havoc which is thus made of his species, and to question whether the existing mode of protecting mankind against the caprices of each other is the best that can be devised. He will be at a loss which of the two to pronounce most worthy of regret, the misery that is inflicted, or the depravity by which it is produced. *If this be the unalterable allotment of our nature*, the eminence of our rational faculties must be considered as rather an abortion than a substantial benefit; and we shall not fail to lament that, while in some respects we are elevated above the brutes, we are in so many important ones destined for ever to appear their inferiors.—*Godwin's Political Justice.*

THE SIERRA MORENA.

THE Sierra Morena are mountains of Spain, dividing the province of Andalusia from Estremadura and New Castile. They are rendered famous by the wars of the Christians and Moors, for the possession of Spain, which ended in the expulsion of the latter; but are yet more memorable as the scene of the exploits of Cervantes' hero, Don Quixote.

(Is it just or desirable that a country so beautiful should become a land of murder, an accursed and a desolate place, to gratify the bigotry or ambition of one man, whether a Ferdinand or a Napoleon? What is it to the Millions whether Carlos or Isabella have the privilege of robbing and murdering them, under the courtly names of taxation and necessary war? Will the victory of either usurper be a fit subject for *national* gratulation? Slavish men! when will ye rid yourselves of these hereditary plagues?)

*

THE DESECRATED.

As I did wander through Life's wilderness,
 Plaining humanity's bewilderment,
 Mine eyes beheld a glorious monument—
 A temple of exceeding costliness,
 Such as might be the high God's treasure-house :—
 Sure, thought I, this must be the muniment
 Of this world-city's dearest holiness !
 But as I neared it many a flaw time-rent
 And wanton ruin grew conspicuous,
 Grimly defacing the far loveliness.
 Seeking therein, I saw the giant forms
 Of Divine Poetries, dead, marrowless,
 And trampled on and soiled by loathsome worms ;—
 And knew the Heart of Man, and the hid wretchedness.

LIFE'S HYPOCRISY

Cameleon-like, our life's complexion
 Hath various aspects, toned of many hues
 According fellowship, a base reflexion
 Staining the mirror in the soul. To choose
 One Image for heart-worship, nor be won
 By passing shadows weakly to unloose
 Our earnest gaze of Love—methinks that this
 Were nobler :—Doubt it not ! but, in this world
 Of the throned Hypocrite, 'tis treasonous
 To let the spirit's true thoughts be unfurled ;
 And there be some whose lips most poisonous
 Would trace foul lies on the fair scroll, thereon
 Emblazoning constructions hideous :
 Truth hath no beauty in their eyes, I wis.

THE "LEADERS."

Magnates of Knowledge, Leaders of "the Herd !"—
 What ! yonder wrangling idiots ?—purposeless
 And inconsistent, mockers of the Word
 Whose earnestness rebukes the foul impress
 Of the idol Custom on the littleness
 Of their smooth minds, whose only moral code
 Is but to wander from the beaten road
 Because it is the beaten, who no less
 Crawl deviously toward the old wilderness.—
 Blind railers at the blind, whose lessons earn
 Contempt, the full meed of your worthlessness—
 If better guerdon ye would compass, learn
 "To live, as if to love and live were one ;"
 Or, if ye must sneer, sneer at Vice alone !

PHILOSOPHICAL CHARITY.

THE philosophy of the human mind (and this is not the least of its excellences) will fill the soul with charity, and keep the sacred flame always alive, and always bright. His equable and complaisant feelings who understands it, will seldom be interrupted, and but for a moment. The errors of his fellow mortals will not sever the link which binds him to all of human kind. Willing to sacrifice on the altar of truth all that is dear in life and life itself, he will deeply lament whatever obstructs his progress, and will exert himself to the utmost of his ability to remove it; but even the grossest and most pernicious errors will excite in his bosom no resentment. He will bear in mind *that men's opinions result from circumstances over which they have themselves little or no control*: that if they are really and conscientiously believers in any doctrine, they must have such evidence of its truth, as appears to them solid and conclusive; that they cannot believe it without such evidence, and with it, if their discernment enable them to detect no fallacy in it, they cannot avoid believing it; that it is not in the power of the mind to adopt or reject what opinions it pleases; that the measure of knowledge possessed by the individual determines entirely, independently of volition, the conclusion in which he rests; and that to regard him with aversion because he rejects or receives a particular doctrine, is as absurd as to resent his thinking the colour of an object red which is red, or which, from some defect in his organ of vision, or some deception in the medium through which he views it, appears to him to be so. If he perceive that his own mind is better informed than those around him, he will avail himself of every means in his power, to impart the light of which they are destitute; but that he should regard them with ill will for this which is their misfortune, that he should exclude them from his society and heart, torture their bodies and enchain, as far as he can enchain, their minds, is as impossible as that he should seriously propose to amputate their hands or their feet in order to remedy a defect in their sight.

Not even on account of their crimes does he cherish the least degree of bitterness against them. Viewing them as placed in unfavourable circumstances for the cultivation of the better principle of their nature, either not knowing or not considering in what their true dignity, honour, and happiness consist, and accustomed to confound their immediate gratification with their ultimate felicity, and their direct gain with their final well being, he regards them with unfeigned compassion; and because these errors are productive of a deeper misery than any bodily maladies, he feels on their account a more profound sorrow. Never does he think of the prison, or the manacle, or the lash, or of the infliction of punishment in any shape, but as it may be the means of correcting their evil propensities, and of establishing better views and forming better dispositions. And the influence of these enlightened and generous principles extends to the closest and dearest connexions in life, imparting to the father, the husband, the friend, the master, a forbearance and benignity, which can be produced so fully and sustained so equally by no other means.—*Dr. Southwood Smith.*

Truth.—Sincerity is the truth of the heart, and veracity the truth of the lips.

What truth is to the mind, that is good to the will, that is, its most proper object.—*Watts' Ontology.*

Beauty.—Everything in creation is not, humanly speaking, beautiful; the ugly exists there beside the beautiful, the grotesque on the reverse of the sublime, deformity close to grace, evil with good, shade with light. What we call ugly harmonizes not with man, but with creation.—*Victor Hugo.*

RECORDS OF THE WORLD'S JUSTICE.

BY A HARDWAREMAN.

No. 1.—*The Pauper.*

"Albion's helots!"

"What home will then remain for (him)?
A trampled Workhouse-grave."

Ebenezer Elliott

"MR. ASHTON! we cannot excuse you your church-rate. The vestry has resolved to excuse none who live in a house worth six pounds a year: you must get a smaller house."

"I don't know, gentlemen! where I shall get a cheaper: it is my own house. I never applied before to be excused a rate; and would not now, but I am old, and can't work."

"Oh! your own house, is it? we cannot think of excusing a freeholder. The collector will call on you in a week."

"It is very hard, gentlemen! I was born in that house, and have lived nearly seventy years in it: it is hard that I should leave it now:" and a tear slid down the old man's shrunken cheek—"I have not many years to live."

"We must not be interrupted: the time of the vestry cannot be wasted in this way: the gentlemen are attending to another case." And Mr. Ashton was civilly thrust forth to join the crowd of miserable appellants outside the door.

Richard Ashton lived in one of those peculiarly favoured villages, wherein a certain number of the community, who take their opinions upon trust and dutifully *believe* whatever the government professes, enjoy a vested right of robbing all those who claim the extraordinary liberty of thinking for themselves. In other words, the parish of Newbury was blessed with church-rates. Moreover, there was an annuity-rate of thirty-five years standing: the *gentlemen* of the parish having very disinterestedly and religiously advanced money for building the parish church, on condition of receiving handsome interest, in the shape of annuities to be levied on the poor of the parish (who might, if consulted, have been content with a less magnificent edifice), and more especially on those who, being chapel-goers, never used the church.

Ashton had been, as long as his strength permitted, a regular and hard-working day-labourer—one of those men whose sinews are sold to make carriage-springs for the nobly-born. He had laid by money; but sickness and hard times had exhausted his little store, and left him destitute in his old age. His character was irreproachable. His family *had* consisted of two sons and two daughters. The eldest son was kidnapped by a recruiting serjeant; and, after being once or twice flogged like a dog for some trifling acts of insubordination, was torn to pieces by wild beasts, or heroes, at Waterloo. The second son went into the merchant service, but was pressed into a king's ship and died "*gloriously*" at Navarino. One of the daughters was nursemaid at the Hall; and was there seduced by the *Honourable* Mr. Euston, who kept her till he grew tired of her, and then turned her into the streets: she soon found her way to the hospital. The other daughter, a poor infirm creature, at the time Ashton applied to be excused the rate, lived with her father, and by close labour at her needle earned a scanty pittance for herself and the old man.

The collector called. Ashton had no money: his daughter's little work scarcely procured them bread.—No matter, the parish would not relieve him unless he went into the house; and the old man's heart revolted from being a prisoner. Truly there is no such great crime in the suffering of poverty, that a human being should be shut up for life only because Acts of Parliament have prohibited him from earning an honest livelihood:—but I ask pardon for digressing.

Summonses were issued against Ashton and others: yet he could not pay. The amount was now trebled by the necessary cost of *justice*. Ashton's goods were seized to pay the rate of three shillings, and *expenses*: and the poor old man was compelled to quit the bare walls of the home of his fathers, and reluctantly seek an asylum in the poor-house, where in a few weeks he died of a broken heart.

It may be said, this is an extreme case: what then? this is poor consolation to those who are the exceptions to the good rule. Be content, most miserable Pauper! few are so ill-used as thou art.

The reverend vicar demanded and received, eighteen pence for burying him—just half the amount of church-rate for which the pauper had been thus worried to death. My readers may like to know how this rate was applied. The items were much as follows:—£40 for the organist's yearly salary (Ashton was deaf): £20 for the pew-opener; and £10 for lining to the pews, cushions, &c. (Ashton always sate in the free seats): £15 for coals (which did not warm the gallery, and neither labourer nor tradesman was allowed to sit in the body of the church): £10 for bread and wine for the sacrament (whereat the poor man was always served last: the Lord's table is always laid first for the gentlefolk): with sundry other items as little to be complained of.

The Honourable Mr. Euston is now a Viscount with a pension of £5000 a year, his wife having been, with his consent, one of the king's mistresses. He has never done a real day's work in his life. His hardest work has been legislating—I mean picking the pockets of industrious folk and endeavouring to demoralize the people: the last I am sure is easy to him. Now I don't like to differ from the world, but this is what I should call a pauper: I may be wrong, for they say a pauper is one who lives on *charity*, and the *noble* Viscount lives by robbery. I am a rough plain man—some say I am as stiff and hard-hearted as one of my own steel pokers—yet I do wish for a somewhat better distribution of property, (to be made in a spirit of good-will, on the live-and-let-live system,) so as to prevent all kinds of pauperism, which must be very unpleasant (to say the least of it) even to a Viscount.

Law as it is.—Scarce any man has the means of knowing a twentieth part of the laws he is bound by. Both sorts of law are kept most happily and carefully from the knowledge of the people: statute law by its shape and bulk; common law by its very essence. It is the Judges that make the common law:—do you know how they make it? Just as a man makes laws for his dog. When your dog does anything you want to break him of, you wait till he does it, and then beat him for it. This is the way you make laws for your dog: and this is the way the Judges make laws for you and me. They won't tell a man beforehand what it is he *should not do*, they won't so much as allow of his being told: they lie by till he has done something which they say he *should not have done*, and then they hang him for it. What way, then, has any man of coming at this dog-law? Only by watching their proceedings; by observing in what *cases* they have hanged a man, in what *cases* they have sent him to jail, in what *cases* they have seized his goods, and so forth. These proceedings they won't publish themselves; and if anybody else publishes them, it is what they call a contempt of court, and a man may be sent to jail for it.

—The finer sort of law they call *equity*, a distinction as unheard of out of England, as it is useless here to every purpose but that of delaying justice, and plundering those who sue for it.—*Jeremy Bentham.*

OUR POLITICAL CREED.

Universal suffrage: No property qualification: Freedom of opinion: Injustice of Oaths; Tithes and Church-rates; Corn-laws and Poor-laws: Necessity of sustained exertion; and Certainty of continual improvement.

WE assert the equal rights of humanity: we believe in the perfectibility of Man. We have sure faith in the beneficence of Truth and Justice, which, in their full and unconventional meaning, are but other names for the great benefactor, Love. We have no faith in Falsehood, or Injustice, or Immorality, even though apparent in the *respectable* guise of Expediency.

We assert the natural equality of mankind: the universal equality of natural need and merit. We see no essential dissimilarity, at the time of their birth, between the child of the beggar and the child of the monarch: let them be changed in their cradle; their after-conduct will never betray their origin. Therefore we see no reason why the one should inherit dominion, and the other be the doomed slave of poverty and shame. It is gross injustice on the part of the community—or of that power which is suffered by the community to dictate its conduct—to deny to one member of the society those aids and advantages which are given to another. Is it my fault that I was born in poverty? Why then does society punish that which is no crime, with neglect and disadvantage?—Was it in consequence of any desert in me that I was the child of affluence? What title then have I to extraordinary care?—One man can have no right to infringe the rights of another; to compel the sacrifice of another's interest, for his own benefit: We denounce the injustice of that tyranny which deprives any of the right of their humanity—the right of an independent existence, of personal freedom, and power of conscientious action. Tell us not that we are free: *We are not free!* Is it an independent existence, when the Many are worn heart-bare with the long-ministering of their incessant toil to the selfishness and folly of the Few? Is there personal freedom, when a *king* may murder thousands and tens of thousands with impunity; when a *priest* may imprison a starving peasant, because the peasant is too poor to pay for the religious merchandize *which he cannot use*? Is there power of conscientious action, when sectarian forms, and conventional prejudices, and menaces of the Law, and fair-masked sophistries of interest, are all arrayed against the principled and pure-conscienced?—Ay, there is power—of dying in the truth. This is hardly enough. We would live, and yet be just.

We claim for every member of the community the right of freely thinking and freely stating his thoughts. We demand that neither merit nor demerit shall be attached to mere opinion; that men shall no longer be excluded from a participation in the management of their own affairs *because they have not obtained property at the expense of their probity, or because they have been too weak to prevent the spoliation of their birthright.*

We demand that men shall no more be compelled to forswear themselves before they shall be considered eligible to serve in the government of their country.

We are of opinion that man is not justified in dictating to God what homage he may receive, or in inflicting fines on those who even choose to worship the Universal Spirit without the intervention of a third party: nay, more, we denounce the blasphemous arrogance of those, who dare take upon themselves to punish the unbelieving or unworshipping, as if the Unknown needed them to be his purveyors or procurers.

We demand the overthrow of all monopolies: that the energies and talents of every individual shall be rendered to their utmost extent available for the general benefit of the community; and that the community shall impartially share the good thereby produced. More especially and immediately we require, that while the earth produces a sufficiency for all, none shall be destitute

of food. The mis-government of political and social errors deprives a certain portion of the community of the power of obtaining food by their own exertions; and society then punishes their misfortune with starvation, or grants them food, *as a gift*, on certain arbitrary conditions. In other words, one part of the community is allowed to rob the other part, of their share in the inheritance of the earth, and then to claim merit and gratitude for restoring to their victims a bare sufficiency to support muscular strength for the offices of their slavery. We seek, and we hold firm faith that we shall accomplish, the complete destruction of this slavery; and of all other oppression. We desire not to injure any: we would not even force from the Capitalist and Land-owner a restitution of their ill-gotten property;—ill-gotten, for is not all trade competition, which is over-reaching and fraud and selfishness; and were not the first proprietors of land the robber-chiefs of the old feudality, the violent appropriators of the common property?—We would not in anything imitate the tyranny that we condemn. By such means we will not take even our own. But we look with hope and confidence to the advent of that experience which shall convince all—ay, even the selfish monopolizer—that a fair division of the world's all-sufficient wealth, effected and continued in a spirit of love and sincerity—which is ever confident, which universal and impartial—the reverse of sectarian—education shall secure, will more conduce to the happiness of the world's children, than the prolongation of the miserable dissensions that have disgraced our desolated home since the common heritage was wrongfully entailed upon certain favourites of the family.

It is in this spirit of brotherhood that we expostulate with the evil doers:—we will not, in justice to our own hearts' truth we cannot, longer endure your injustice. For your own sakes, as well as our's, make restitution as far as possible. Let by-gones be by-gones. Let us forget the squabbles of our infancy, and, as brothers, unite in the great work of human advancement.

But, if the rulers of the world, the monopolizers of the earth's produce, will not hearken to reason, what shall the slave and the destitute do? *There is but one thing needful*: UNITED EXERTION. To be free, we have but to will it. The power of ignorant opinion has enthroned and consecrated our oppressors: the mightier power of enlightened and reasonable opinion shall unmask the falsehood of their pretensions; and if they will not march onward in the ranks of the advancing multitude—let them stay behind! We can do without them. We cannot wait their pleasure.

Finally, we believe in the all-sufficing power of the unenfranchised—if *united and earnest*—to achieve their own redemption. We have too much faith in their good sense and the healthfulness of their feelings, ~~either to~~ to doubt the uncompromising and steady continuance of their aspirations for knowledge and freedom and equal happiness, or to fear that they can abuse their power, as power has been abused by their "superiors." We have confidence in *the necessary progression of knowledge*; and we wait in the serenity of a far-looking hope for the abdication of all public government, prohibitory and protective; when edicts shall become null and void, and precaution useless; when the one great Commonwealth of Man shall live happily and securely, beneath the equal sway of the all-controlling and absolute Love.

Right of Individual Opinion.—It was at last permitted to proclaim aloud this long unacknowledged right, of submitting all opinions to our own reason, that is to say, of employing, for the attainment of truth, the only instrument that has been given us wherewith to discover it. Every man learnt, with a kind of pride, that nature had not absolutely destined him to believe on the word of another.—*Condorcet.*

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. II.

WHEREFORE have ye such a multitude of laws? what end answer they save to entrap the unwary and innocent; to leave room for the guilty to escape?

Were they few in number, clear, simple and intelligible, so that all might know and understand them; were they based on justice and for the good of all, the righteous would live fearlessly and evil could no longer evade correction.

Such was the train of thought that passed through my mind, as I lay upon my couch in the first watch of the night: and whilst I thus communed with myself sleep stole unperceived to my side; and leaning over me, his calm breath weighed down my eyelids; and my thoughts became confused; and the mantle of oblivion dropped from his shadowy hand upon my spell-bound senses.

Nevertheless my soul slumbered not, neither was it wholly awake, but the scattered particles of thought blended and united together, unaided by the power of the will to order their arrangement.

And methought I stood upon the steps of a vast temple whose appearance bore testimony that it had been the work of many ages: every style of architecture had been employed in its erection; and while some parts were but newly built, others were fast crumbling to decay.

And I beheld crowds of every rank and condition in life hastening towards the temple; others were slowly returning: and discontent sate upon the brows of these last, and their garments of rich materials were much soiled and worn, and many were in very rags.

And entering, I beheld within the temple many altars; and on every one of them was inscribed the name of a country.

And fire was burning upon the altars; and from the flame thereof arose a dense and foul smoke, filling the edifice and dimming the light of day which burst through the crevices worn by the breath of Time: and this was the sole light that disclosed the mysteries of the temple.

And innumerable volumes lay scattered around the altars; and many were the priests that officiated; and as the followers of this strange religion approached to worship, and made their offerings of gold and silver, and some even of the raiment which they wore, the priest took a book as it were by chance from the heap that lay before him, and read a few words from it; and these words were oracles: and the worshippers bowed and went out: but few seemed satisfied.

And I demanded what this could mean: and one of the priests answered me, These books are the laws of the nations: every man who imagineth that he hath aught to complain of cometh unto us and maketh known his grievance; and we decide his cause, and prescribe a remedy for his ills from these books.

Then I asked, Understand they that which ye read unto them? and as I spake a loud laugh resounded through the temple; and they replied, They need not do so; even we who have made these laws understand them not: If we find not that we want, it is but to wrest the sense of another, or to frame a new one at our will: Were they such that the people could understand them our craft would be no more; their interests indeed would be advanced, but our gains must cease.

And I said, Can this be justice?

At the utterance of that holy word the temple shook to its foundations; a whirlwind swept through the dome, and blew the fire of the altars upon the books that lay piled around them, which ignited and were consumed; and the altars were destroyed; and the priests were driven before the blast, I knew not whither.

And a throne arose in the midst of the temple; and upon the throne sate a beautiful woman of a severe yet holy countenance: the gaze of her haughty

eyes filled my heart with awe; but O the sweetness of that gentle smile!—my fear was converted to Love.

A crown of light encircled her head; a glory shone around her brows, illuming the temple which seemed to wear a new form.

And a trumpet sounded; and the voice of a herald proclaimed, **JUSTICE**, the law-giver of the Nations!

+

Wrongs.— O ye numberless,
Whom foul Oppression's ruffian gluttony
Drives from life's plenteous feast! O thou poor wretch,
Who nurs'd in darkness and made wild by want
Roamest for prey, yea thy unnatural hand
Dost lift to deeds of blood! O pale-eyed Form,
The victim of seduction, doom'd to know
Polluted nights and days of blasphemy;
Who in loath'd orgies, with lewd wassailers
Must gaily laugh, while thy remember'd Home
Gnaws like a viper at thy secret heart!
O aged Women! ye who weekly catch
The morsel toss'd by law-forc'd Charity,
And die so slowly, that none call it murder!
O loathly Suppliants! ye that, unreceived,
Trotter heart-broken from the closing gates
Of the full Lazar-house; or, gazing, stand
Sick with despair! O ye to Glory's field
Forc'd or ensnar'd, who, as ye gasp in death,
Bleed with new wounds beneath the Vulture's beak!
O thou poor Widow, who in dreams dost view
Thy Husband's mangled corse, and from short doze
Start'st with a shriek; or in thy half-thatch'd cot
Wak'd by the wintry night-storm, wet and cold,
Cow'r'st o'er thy screaming baby! Rest awhile,
Children of Wretchedness! More groans must rise,
More blood must stream, ere ere your wrongs be full.
Yet is the day of Retribution nigh:

Coleridge.

Cause of Social Evil.—Since the evils of society flow from *Ignorance* and *Inordinate Desire*, men will never cease to be tormented till they shall become intelligent and wise; till they shall practise the art of justice, founded on a knowledge of the various relations in which they stand, and the laws of their own organization.—*Volney's Ruins.*

Government.—Some writers have so confounded Society with Government, as to leave little or no distinction between them: whereas they are not only different, but have different origins. Society is produced by our wants, and Government by our wickedness; the former promotes our happiness *positively*, by uniting our affections; the latter *negatively*, by restraining our vices. The one encourages intercourse, the other creates distinctions. The first is a patron, the last a punisher.—*Paine's Common Sense.*

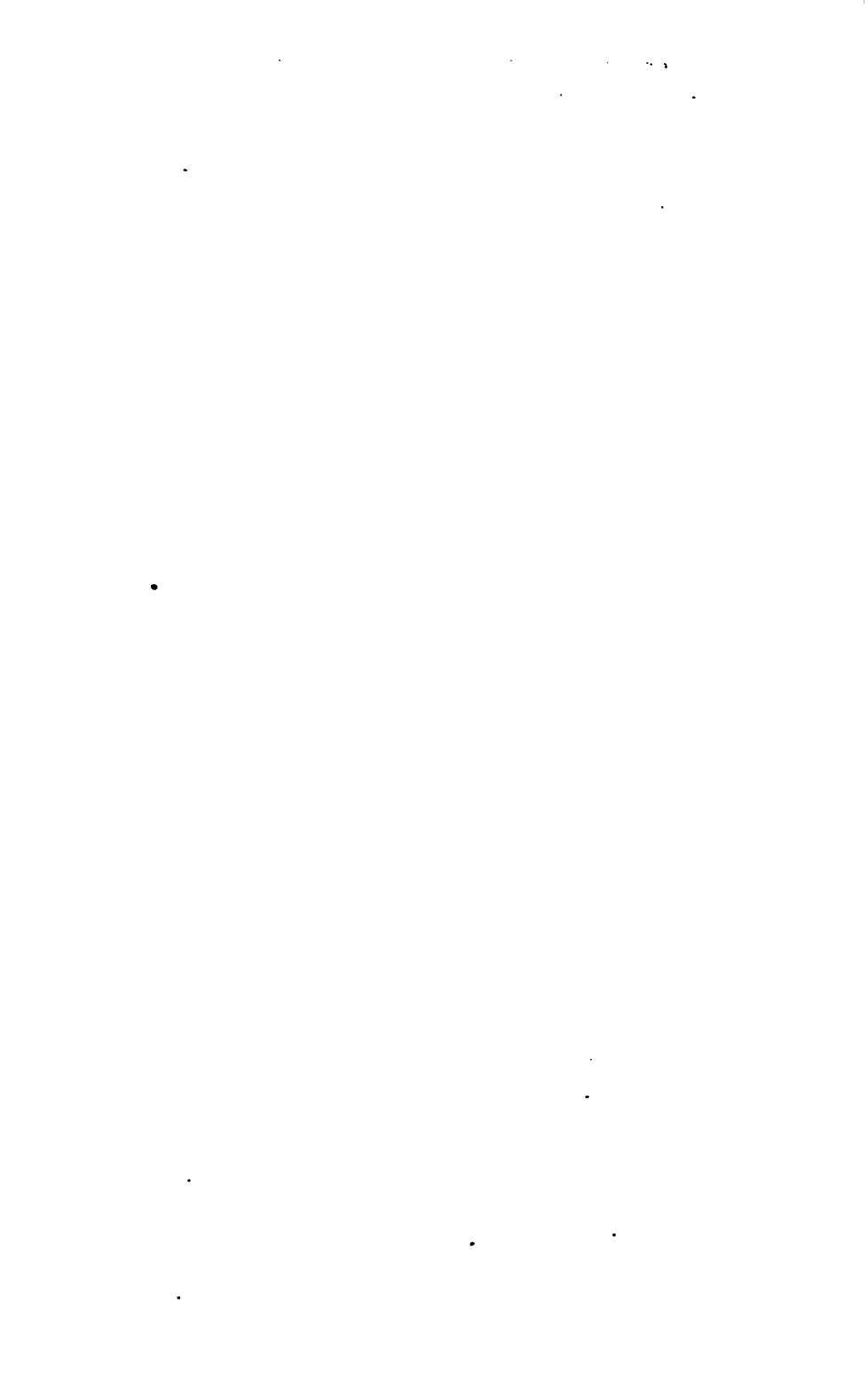
THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



STORMING OF THE BASTILLE,

July 14, 1789.



ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER YE WOULD THAT MEN
SHOULD DO TO YOU, DO YE EVEN SO TO THEM.
One of the People.

"Is not this the Carpenter's Son?"

THE PRESS.

God said, "Let there be light!"
Grim darkness felt his might,
And fled away:
Then startled seas, and mountains cold
Shone forth all bright in blue and gold,
And cried, "'Tis day, 'tis day!"

"Hail, holy light!" exclaim'd
The thunderous cloud, that flam'd
O'er daisies white;
And, lo! the rose, in crimson dress'd,
Lean'd sweetly on the lily's breast,
And blushing murmur'd, "Light!"

Then was the skylark born;
Then rose the embattled corn;
The streams of praise
Flow'd o'er the sunny hills of noon;
And when night came, the pallid moon
Pour'd forth her pensive rays.

Lo, heaven's bright bow is glad!
Lo, trees and flowers, all clad
In glory, bloom!
And shall the mortal sons of God
Be senseless as the trodden clod,
And darker than the tomb?

No, by the MIND of Man!
By the swart Artizan!
By God, our Sire!
Our souls have holy light within,
And every form of grief and sin
Shall see and feel its fire.

By earth and hell and heaven,
The shroud of souls is riven;
Mind, mind alone
Is light, and hope, and life, and power;
Earth's deepest night, from this bless'd hour,
The night of minds, is gone.

The second Ark we bring:
"The Press!" all nations sing;
What can they less?
Oh! pallid want; oh! labour stark;
Behold, we bring the second Ark—
The Press! the Press! the Press!
Ebenezer Elliott; *One of the People.*

THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

From a Speech against Death-Punishment, delivered in the National Assembly of France, on the 30th of May, 1791.

IN the eyes of truth and justice, those scenes of death which society orders with so much solemnity are nothing else than base assassinations, solemn crimes, committed, not by individuals, but by entire nations, under legal forms. However cruel, however extravagant those laws may seem, be not astonished at them: they are the work of some few tyrants; they are the chains with which they bind down the human race; they are the arms with which they subjugate it; they were written with blood.

The punishment of death is necessary, say the partizans of the old and barbarous routine; without it there is no curb strong enough to check crime—who told you that? Have you calculated all the springs by which penal laws can act upon human sensibility? Alas! before death, how many physical and moral pains may not man endure! The desire to live gives way to pride, the most imperious of all the passions which master the heart of man: the most terrible of all penalties for social man is opprobrium—is the overwhelming attestation of public execration. When the legislator can smite the offender in so many places, and in so many ways, how can he deem it inevitable to employ death-punishment? Punishments are not intended to torment the guilty, but to prevent crime through the fear of incurring them. The legislator who prefers death and atrocious punishments to the milder expedients within his reach, outrages public delicacy, blunts the moral sentiment of the people he governs; just as an unskilful preceptor, by the frequent use of cruel chastisements, brutalizes and degrades the mind of his pupil; in short, he weakens and wears out the springs of government, in seeking to stretch them with undue force. The legislator who establishes this punishment, renounces that salutary principle, that the most efficacious means of repressing crimes is to adapt the punishments to the character of the different passions which produce them, and to punish them, as it were, by themselves; in other words, to make them the instruments of their own punishment. He confounds all the ideas, he disturbs all the relations, and openly contravenes the very aim and end of penal laws.

Hearken to the voice of justice and reason: it cries in our ears that human judgments are never so certain, never so infallible, as to warrant society in inflicting death on a human being, condemned by other human beings liable to error like himself. Had you conceived the most perfect scheme of jurisprudence, the most perfect judiciary order, had you discovered the most upright and the most enlightened judges in the world, you would necessarily have still left some door open for error or prejudice. Why interdict from yourselves the means of repairing them? Why condemn yourselves to the impossibility of stretching forth the hand of succour to oppressed innocence? Of what avail are those sterile regrets, those illusory reparations which you accord to a vain shadow, to insensible dust? they are but melancholy testimonials of the barbarous temerity of your penal laws. To tear from a man the possibility of expiating his offence by his repentance, or by acts of virtue, to pitilessly close against him every avenue to contrition, every return to virtue and self-esteem, to precipitate him to the tomb, all reeking, as it were, with the recent infamy of his crime, is, in my sight, the most horrible refinement of cruelty.

It has been observed, that in free countries crimes are of rarer occurrence, and penal laws milder, than in countries not free. The reason is obvious. Free countries are those wherein the rights of *man* are respected, and where, in consequence, the laws are just. Whosoever they offend humanity by excessive rigour, it is a proof that the dignity of man is not known there, that that of the *citizen* does not exist; it is a proof that the legislator is but

a master commanding slaves, and who chastises them without pity, without remorse, according to his whims or capricious passions. I conclude with moving that death-punishment be abrogated.*

Maximilian Robespierre ; One of the People.

INEXPEDIENCY OF THE "HOUSE OF LORDS."

BECAUSE, in the first place, aristocracy is kept up by family tyranny and injustice. (*Primogenitureship.*)

Secondly, Because there is a natural unfitness in an aristocracy to be legislators for a nation. Their ideas of *distributive justice* are corrupted at the very source. They begin life by trampling on all their younger brothers and sisters, and relations of every kind, and are taught and educated so to do. With what ideas of justice or honour can that man enter a house of legislation, who absorbs in his own person the inheritance of a whole family of children, or doles out to them some pitiful portion with the insolence of a gift?

Thirdly, Because the idea of hereditary legislators is as inconsistent as that of hereditary judges, or hereditary juries; and as absurd as an hereditary mathematician, or an hereditary wise man; and as ridiculous as an hereditary poet-laureate.

Fourthly, Because a body of men holding themselves accountable to nobody, ought not to be trusted by anybody.

Fifthly, Because it is continuing the uncivilized principle of governments founded in conquest, and the base idea of man having property in man, and governing him by personal right.

Sixthly, Because aristocracy has a tendency to deteriorate the human species. By the universal economy of nature it is known, that the human species has a tendency to degenerate, in any small number of persons, when separated from the general stock of society, and intermarrying constantly with each other. It defeats even its pretended end, and becomes in time the opposite of what is noble in man. The greatest characters the world has known, have risen on the democratic floor. Aristocracy has not been able to keep a proportionate pace with democracy. The artificial NOBLE shrinks into a dwarf before the NOBLE of Nature; and in the few instances of those in whom nature, as by a miracle, has survived in aristocracy, THOSE MEN DESPISE IT.—*Thomas Paine ; One of the People.*

Worth above Wealth or Station.—Amongst all the things that have given me pain during my life, nothing has given me so much, as to see meritorious industry and labour seeming to bow the knee, and willingly to acknowledge superior worth in rank accompanied by worthlessness; and in wealth no matter how acquired. When society is in this state: when men adore power and riches, without any regard to the conduct or character of the possessor, real freedom cannot exist.—When rank and riches have been acquired by foul and disgraceful means; when they have been the effect of tricks and contrivances, properly characterized by being called frauds; or when they are used as the means of insulting and oppressing the commons instead of the means of protecting them; then to see the knee of industry and of labour voluntarily bow before them, is to see that which ought to convince every man that liberty has taken her flight from that community; that all sense of political right and wrong is at an end.—*William Cobbett ; One of the People.*

* See Brontë's Life of Robespierre.

RECORDS OF THE WORLD'S JUSTICE

BY A HARDWAREMAN.

No. 2.—*The Respectable.*

"I'LL TELL THEE TRUTH. He was a man
 Hard, selfish, loving only gold,
 Yet full of guile: his pale eyes ran
 With tears, which each some falsehood told;
 And oft his smooth and bridled tongue
 Would give the lie to his flushing cheek
 He was a coward to the strong;
 He was a tyrant to the weak."

Shelley

At a trial, some few years ago, a witness, being asked to explain what he meant by a "respectable man," replied, "He kept a horse and gig." Philosophers and other dictionary-makers may perhaps disapprove of his answer: what matters that? the world is for the horse and gig. In accordance with this view Jos. Webb, Esq., of Carshalton, Surrey, is a *very* respectable man, being in possession of a freehold estate, and keeping his open carriage, his pair of horses, and his livery-servant. In justice to the merits of Jos. Webb, Esq., I must inform the public by what means he has acquired this superlative respectability.

Fifteen years ago Josiah Webb kept a little chandler's shop in the neighbourhood of Ratcliff-Highway. He was then a single man, close-living, steady, and very attentive to business. No one had ever seen Josiah drunk; no one could tell of any irregularity in his moral conduct. In truth, his was one of those self-concentrated natures which have no inclinations to lead them astray; and as his companionable qualities never produced him so much as a half-pint, he was never bribed to deviate from the straight path of duty. Thrice every Lord's day, after some little morning attention to his worldly interests—such as improving the quality of his pepper by a liberal mixture of decayed mustard, or ground rice for the better sort, which made the pepper go much further; or bettering his tea by the addition of sloe leaves—was he a zealous attendant on the ministry of the godly Mr. Smith—not the boatswain—whose Sabbath evening was often finished with gin and water and prayers at Mr. Webb's. By these means, superadded to his excessive civility, Josiah secured the custom of the elect, who were delighted to encourage such a good young man. And he was so tender-conscienced, so over-honest in his dealings! True, a piece of butter might stick to the bottom of the scale; but this was quite accidental: nor was it his fault that he could only procure thick papers for his sugar, to be weighed therewith and sold at no more than sugar-price: and if he did not wait the deliberate balancing of the scales, it was but the dispatch of business;—though his poor customers thereby obtained only thirteen ounces to the pound: or, perhaps, in the earnestness of his devout remarks upon last Sabbath's discourse, he might throw the tobacco rather forcibly in: What then? it was all in the fair way of trade; and I am free to confess that in my own business in the hardware line, I may sometimes have said *what was not strictly correct* respecting the worth of a coal-scuttle or frying-pan, and indeed I see not how Trade can be carried on without some little conscientious over-reaching or a few lies quite in the spirit of Christianity: I trust, therefore, it will not be thought that I am attacking the chandlers—from my own experience I know them to be as honest a set as any trade going:—but, to return.

One unfortunate night—for so he used to speak of it—the house of Josiah Webb was discovered to be on fire. It was with difficulty that he saved himself: his property, even his books, was entirely consumed. Josiah was forced to take the benefit of the Act. A subscription was raised for him at the Chapel;

and in three months he recommenced business, in a much larger way than before, as Tea-dealer and Grocer. There were some malicious neighbours who hinted at arson and concealment of property; but envious people are always captious. Be it as it may, the amount subscribed, though no trifle, certainly did not pay the outlay on the new premises; but some of it might have come from the hoards of a rich widow, who was moved in the most fortunate time to become Mrs. Webb, and exchange her gold for Josiah's super-abundant piety.

In the same street was another grocer's—a sad, annoyance to Josiah, who had no notion of dividing the business; he therefore soon commenced active hostilities by under-selling his opponent. "No where in London could sugar be bought so cheap as at Webb's Golden Sugar-Hogshead;" and those who came for sugar would also purchase tea. This answered. At the other house, not having capital, they could not afford to sell at less than prime cost; and the rival grocer soon became involved. Mr. Webb bought up his debts; and, by opportunely pressing him, was enabled to make him a bankrupt. The stock was sold at a very low rate to a friend of Josiah, and transferred to the Golden Sugar-Hogshead.

Hitherto Josiah had been a conscientious dissenter from the government Church; but soon after this, on a division against a church-rate, he gave the casting vote in favour of the rate. His benefactors, the raisers of the subscription to which, he said, he owed all, accused him of being bribed. This time, however, his traducers were certainly wrong. The fact was, he was promised, and soon after obtained, the contract for supplying the parish workhouse with groceries. The overseer now dined with him occasionally; received occasional presents; and highly approved of Mr. Webb's samples and supplies. The first, indeed, were universally approved; and none grumbled at the latter, except the paupers:—but then, as the worthy overseer said, "what right had they to be born in a country where corn-laws and monopolies very properly prevented a fair share of food and other luxuries!" and, as Mr. Webb would very justly rejoin, "do they expect to live as well as respectable people?"—for, be it observed, Mr. Webb was about this time becoming *respectable*—by means of his private and workhouse business, and one or two lucky speculations in houses, &c.—lending money to men in difficulties, and compelling the disadvantageous sale of their property: advantageous to him, though, and consequently all fair in trade. Indeed, so fast was his progression, that he was soon able to give up business and retire to one of his victims' (I apply the word respectfully) houses, where he now lives in the utmost respectability.

His rival in business, a very honest man, having been ruined by his bankruptcy, now wears the livery of Mr. Webb (who has quite forgotten him) and of course touches his hat whenever his respectable master looks upon him.

Mr. Webb still retains an interest in the grocery *Warehouse*, but this is unmentionable in the very genteel society in which he moves. He regularly drives to church in his carriage—because it is fashionable, and to set a good example. He votes for the Tory candidate, partly from a reverence for wealth, and partly because the gentlemen of the neighbourhood are Tories.

Young Jo. is a member of the legal profession: his father's only fear is that the over-scrupulousness of legal morality should prevent the full display of the young man's hereditary talents.

His sole remaining care is to make his daughter "right honourable," having a great idea of ennobling his family.

His own character remains the same. For my own part, I think his footman a better man, and more intelligent, though he goes to church on foot and has no vote; and I should prefer (so singular am I) his honest poverty to the gilded worthlessness of his master, Jos. Webb, Esq.—the world-called *Respectable*.—*One of the People*.

STANZAS ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF BURNS.

This is the natal day of him,
 Who, born in want and poverty,
 Burst from his fetters, and arose
 The freest of the free—

Arose to tell the watching earth
 What lowly men could feel and do—
 To show that mighty heaven-like souls
 In cottage hamlets grew.

Burns! thou hast given us a name
 To shield us from the taunts of scorn;
 The plant that creeps amid the soil
 A glorious flower hath borne.

Before the proudest of the earth
 We stand with an uplifted brow;
 Like us, THOU wast a toil-worn man,
 And we are noble now!

Inspired by thee, the lowly hind
 All soul-degrading meanness spurns
 Our teacher, saviour, saint, art thou, ✱
 Immortal Robert Burns!

Robert Nicoll; One of the People.

Legislating for posterity: (1688, &c.)—Puffendorf says, that we may divest ourselves of our liberty in favour of other men, in the same manner as we transfer our property from one to another by contracts and agreements. But this seems to be a very weak argument. For, in the first place, the property I alienate becomes quite foreign to me, nor can I suffer from the abuse of it; but it very nearly concerns me that my liberty is not abused; and I cannot without incurring in a great degree the guilt of what crimes I may be compelled to commit, expose myself to become the instrument of any. Besides, the right of property being only of human institution, men may dispose of what they possess just as they please: but it is not the same with the essential blessings of nature, such as life and liberty—it would be an offence at once against reason and nature to renounce them upon any account whatever.

But, though it were in our power to transfer our liberty, as we do our property, yet there would be a wide difference with regard to our children, who enjoy our substance only by virtue of a cession of our right; whereas liberty being a gift frankly bestowed on them by nature, their parents have no right whatever to divest them of it. Hence, to establish slavery, it was evidently necessary to do violence to nature, and thus it became necessary to alter nature, in order to perpetuate such a right. In the meantime, the civilians, who have gravely determined that the child of a slave comes into the world a slave, have decided, in other words, that a man does not come into the world a man.—*J. J. Rousseau; One of the People.*

THE GENTLEMAN.

A Gentleman!—One, who shall handle well
 His knife and fork at table; who can hand
 A "*Lady*" to her carriage; who will stake
 The poor man's tear-earned money at some Hell,
 Pigeon a trusting friend, and bravely stand
 The chance of "Homicide;" a polished rake;
 One who admires "the Women;" who can lie
 With a most finished grace; whose excellence
 Owes some addition to habiliment?
 A plain, pure-minded man; self-poised; intent
 To give to none occasion of offence;
 Sincere, yet kind; assiduous to please,
 Yet guarding self-approval?—Which of these
 Is Gentleman, in Nature's Heraldry?

A PROPHECY.

When shall that glorious day dawn on our land,
 When the fierce Lion of a vile, o'er-fed,
 And falsehood-founded Hierarchy's pride;
 And He, girt with the independent band,
 The black sheep of his flock, by him misled;
 Down in the dust shall lay them side by side,
 All-tamed and harmless; and the gentle hand
 Of artless childhood lead them in the way
 Of the true Wisdom?—When the high spring-tide
 Of equal Freedom from its base of sand
 The brazen-visaged, with his feet of clay,
 The hereditary idol, sweeps away,
 Heaven's azure, by the varied Iris spann'd,
 Shall smile away the tears by nations shed.

THE SLANDERED.

Greatest of Freedom's Martyrs—Robespierre!
 From out the grave of the World's Infamies
 Thy long obnoxious memory doth arise,
 A pale and frost-bound flower that hath no peer.
 Thou most devoted! Others sacrifice
 Life and life's hopes: Thou what the best most prize,
 That which hath oft made martyrs, a good name,
 Didst throw before thy country's enemies,
 To ransom the sore-driven; calm appealing
 Even to Oblivion to efface the brand:—
 And therefore, out of the deep Hell of Shame
 Shalt thou ascend to sit on Love's right hand,
 In the great day of Truth—whose beams are stealing
 Even now, into the vale of Prejudice!

Z.—One of the People.

THE LIFE OF PAINE.

THOMAS PAINE, the stay-maker's son, whose *Common Sense* has shaken King-craft and Priest-craft to their very base, was born at Thetford, in the county of Norfolk, on the 29th of January, 1737. His father was a quaker, but disowned by that sect on account of his marriage with a member of the established church. Paine was never baptized, though a pious aunt had him confirmed. However, he received a good moral education; and some little book-learning was acquired at the grammar-school of Thetford. At the age of thirteen he was taken into his father's shop, to learn the business of stay-making; which employment he left in disgust; but, after some little trial of a sea-faring life, resumed it; and in April, 1750, settled as a master stay-maker at Sandwich, in Kent. In the following September he married the daughter of an exciseman of that place; and soon after removed to Margate, where his wife died, within a year of their marriage. Paine then gave up his business; and the next year returned to his father's house to study for the Excise; into which he was admitted as a supernumerary, in 1764. In 1765 he was dismissed for some trivial offence; but promptly reinstated, on his petitioning, the following year. In the interim he was engaged as teacher in two schools; and also closely applied himself to scientific study. In 1771 he married his second wife, with whom he lived only three years: they then separated by mutual agreement. In the same year (1774) he was again dismissed from the Excise, under the pretext that his business (he kept a tobacconist's shop) was incompatible with his situation: the more likely reason was, that he had written a pamphlet exposing the abuses of the Excise. This was his first literary effort of any consequence. Almost at the same time the goods of his shop were sold to pay his debts. The close of the year saw Paine in America. He was provided by Franklin with letters of recommendation; and arrived in Philadelphia a few months before the commencement of the American war by the battle of Lexington, which took place in April, 1775. He was at first employed as editor of the *Pennsylvanian Magazine*. In January, 1776, in the midst of the debates on the conduct of the mother country, whilst America wavered between a desire for Independence and the poor hope of reconciliation, *Common Sense* was published, and decided the question. The demand for it was unprecedented. Paine gave up the copyright; a hundred thousand copies were quickly circulated; and on the 4th of the following July the Independence of America was proclaimed. In December, of the same year, appeared the first number of the *Crisis*, written to inspire the Americans; who were then suffering under severe reverses: this work was continued at intervals, till the cessation of hostilities in 1783. In 1777 Paine was appointed Secretary for foreign affairs; and acted in that capacity till 1779. In 1781 he accompanied Colonel Laurens to France, to obtain a loan for the American service. In 1782 he published his *Letter to the Abbé Raynal*. In 1785 Congress granted him three thousand dollars, in consideration of his important services. He also received £500 from the state of Pennsylvania; and that of New York gave him an estate of three hundred acres, at New Rochelle, in the county of West-Chester. In 1787 he again visited France; and thence passed into England. During 1788 he resided at Rotherham, in Yorkshire, occupied in superintending the erection of an iron bridge of his own designing. In 1791 he published the first part of the *Rights of Man*, in the words of Hazlitt, "the only really powerful reply" to Burke's *Reflections* on the French Revolution, "and indeed so powerful and explicit, that the government undertook to crush it by an *ex officio* information, and by a declaration of war against France to still the ferment, and excite an odium against its admirers, as taking part with a foreign enemy against their prince and country." The second part of the *Rights of Man* appeared in 1792. In September of the same year he left England for France to take his seat in the National Convention, as representative of Calais. On the 18th of

December, a jury under the direction of Lord Kenyon found him guilty of writing a "wicked and seditious libel;" which was followed by a series of prosecutions and convictions against the vendors of the book. In the Convention Paine opposed the execution of Louis. Soon after a decree was passed, expelling foreigners from the Convention; and Paine was arrested, in consequence of an application to the Committee of Public Safety. He remained a prisoner for eleven months. During his confinement he wrote a great part of his *Age of Reason*, which was published in Paris, in 1794-5. On his liberation he was invited to reassume his seat in the National Convention, of which he continued to be a member till June, 1795. About the same time with the *Age of Reason* he published his *Dissertation on the First Principles of Government*, *An Essay on Finance*, *Agrarian Justice*, *the Address to the Theo-philanthropists*, and several other pamphlets. Toward the close of 1802 he returned to America. In 1807 he published his last work, *An Examination of the passages called Prophecies*, and an *Essay on Dreams*. From this time he resided in New York or on his estate at New Rochelle. Age and infirmity were stealing fast upon him. He was labouring under a confirmed dropsy: neglected by his former political friends, who inconsistently objected to his religious sincerity; tormented by bigots, who desired to worry him into a recantation. On the 8th of June, 1809, in his seventy-third year, the sturdy wrestler with abuse, the unflinching assertor of Truth, after three weeks of severest pain, died, uncomfortable and friendless, yet placidly and in full possession of his faculties. He was interred in his own farm at New Rochelle, having been refused a grave in the Quakers' burial-ground.—*One of the People.*

POPULAR FITNESS FOR FREEDOM.

IN ANSWER TO CERTAIN POLITICIANS (LIBERALS "AND ELSE") WHO
WOULD PUT OFF JUSTICE.

SIX men are living upon a small island. One of them, pretending a divine revelation, claims particular immunities and supreme authority over the other five. For a time his assumption remains unquestioned: at length it occurs to the five that they are imposed upon; and they demand an equalization of power and privilege. The privileged, thereupon, admits one of the five to a share in his power, and requires that this shall be considered a final measure. The remaining four, not perceiving how they are bettered by this arrangement, continue their application for an equality of influence; and in reply are told to prove their fitness for the possession of this influence. What will be their answer to the self-qualified rulers? What but this—*Who made you the judges of our fitness? Rather do you, who arrogate a superior authority, prove your fitness: prove also our unfitness, you who deprive us of a natural right! We claim no more than Nature gave us: do you, who would disqualify us, prove your better qualification!*

The above is an illustration of the point on which the Nation is now at issue; it is the question between the *represented*, the domineering classes who by the "grace of God"—as a swindler or pickpocket might say—have somehow obtained exclusive possession of the government of the Nation, and the *unrepresented*, the majority of unprivileged men who hitherto have been supine enough to suffer the usurpation of a faction. What are you, Men of the governing class! that you should deprive any of the rights that Nature gives them, on any presumption of unfitness or incapacity? Who made you the judges of a nation's morality or intelligence, the licensers of every man's interference in *the management of his own affairs*, the dispensers of the nation's wealth? How came you by this exclusive faculty of right reasoning and moral action this monopoly of power, this "vested right" of engrossing

for your own use the product of a nation's labour? Answer, you who pretend to be exceptions from the common lot, or rather who, being but a fraction of the whole, would constitute yourselves the rule and condemn the majority as exceptionable! answer to the demand of an awakened Nation, answer to the demand of the Many, when and how you were made superior to your fellow-men! What! shall the Many resign the rights of their humanity to the insolent dictation of the Few; or only be allowed to exercise them on proving their fitness, to the satisfaction of these self-constituted arbitrators? Our rights are the gift of God: we seek no favours from human usurpation; nor need we prove our fitness to exercise these rights: but *we* demand from *you*, who rob us of our birthright, some reason for your robbery. You answer, your superior fitness. Prove it! We, the majority, deny it: we will not allow that you have clearer perceptions or are more unbiassed judges than we. Is it necessary, too, that we should prove our capability of right reasoning, must we prove that we can talk to some good purpose, before we shall be allowed by the judgment of self-throned despotism to speak or to argue? The one tyranny is not a whit more monstrous or more absurd than the other. If therefore, instead of violently enforcing the restitution of those natural rights of which by force or the fraud of tyrannic custom we have been so long deprived, we hesitate not to expostulate with tyranny, calmly arguing for the rationality and justice of our claims, it is not that we allow the right of the usurper to sit in judgment thereon, but that we would discountenance all appeals to brute force; that, doubly strong in the justice of our cause and the might of united numbers, we will not stoop to imitation of our spoilers; nor degrade the reason of humanity by submitting truth and justice to the arbitration of the sword. Look, then, upon our claims to moral and intellectual qualification for the right use of our just share in the government of the community; examine—for you have not yet examined—as dispassionately as the prejudices of accustomed interest may permit, our fitness to be enfranchised: more especially I address myself to you who, acknowledging the abstract justice of our demand, would have us to wait till your unwilling and sluggish perception shall deem us sufficiently qualified to possess the privilege of freemen; who, in your anxiety for the “quiet progression” of humanity, would take it under your especial tutelage, keeping it in leading-strings until your privilege-fed apathy should have the leisure to discern its all-sufficient power of advancing even without your assistance or encouragement.

We will prove, then, our fitness, our moral and intellectual fitness—not meaning thereby that there is no room for improvement, but simply that we are at least as well qualified for the possession of the franchise as those now enfranchised. First, as to our *moral* fitness:—Is the acquirement of wealth so strictly honest a procedure that it should be deemed an all-sufficient education for honesty; or, is the possession of property a sure prevention of fraud? Are forgery and peculation the peculiar crimes of the labouring poor; or, is falsehood confined to the hut and haunts of poverty? There is less dishonesty among the working classes than among the middle classes or the aristocracy; but the petty offences which want has compelled are fiercely punished and virulently published, while the extensive frauds and continual falsehoods of the *Respectables* are legalized or licensed, the offenders being the law-makers: yet turn to the Calendar, and you will see that even by that, *their own partial account*, the respectable law-makers are in no respect more moral than *their slaves*, the Unenfranchised. True, they do not poach—but they have robbed the community of their universal right to the wild animal; they do not fire ricks—but they bury corn in their granaries while the people starve; they are not so often punished for bastardy or desertion of their families—yet they have not fewer mistresses or bastards; they may not rob *on the highway*—but they can cheat in the shop, or over-reach in the counting-house, or swindle on the race-course or in the gaming-house, or pick pockets for the use of the church, and crowd prisons with bankrupt debtors, and shoot men for tithes or excise-duties; they may not be so often hanged for murder—yet duels are

confined to the respectable classes, and the planning and perpetration of wholesale murder, under the name of war, is exclusively their design and ordering. When had the working man so little regard for human liberty that he would imprison his fellow-man for the not immoral act of shooting a hare; or, when was he so careless of human life that he would murder a debtor in the name of religion? Are the labouring classes so brutalized that their women take delight in field-sports, finding pleasure in the agonies of hares and foxes, as some well-born *ladies* are wont to do? It was the monied class that raised that unchristian and brutal cheer for war, that exulting shout for murder, which filled the Stock Exchange of London when the peace of Amiens was violated in 1802; it was the respectable class that carried on the horrible slave-trade, that most infamous traffic in human blood, when men and women chained together or crammed into hogsheads were drowned by hundreds, when some were murdered to be food for the rest, and even worse atrocities took place, atrocities which words may not describe; it is the middle class and aristocracy which by their seductions supply that most loathsome pool of prostitution which ever putrifies beneath the homes of society, corrupting the heart of humanity, and poisoning the very air we breathe; it is the respectable class that gives the right hand of *fellowship* to well-dressed depravity; it is the respectable class that refuses to honour virtue unless paid for their homage, nay, that punishes it as a crime unless it can bribe them to toleration of its uprightness. Are these the men to taunt the labouring population with unfitness? Are these our accusers, our well-qualified judges? Come forward, ye who dare to accuse us of unfitness! confess your own lives, and shew us in what manner your superior morality has been displayed. You dread "the violence of a furious democracy," you fear "the unruly and insolent vengeance of a sanguinary mob:"—Tell us what act of popular madness ever equalled the premeditated infamy of Waterloo or Copenhagen, of the vale of Glencoe or more recent Canada. Ye fear because the atrocity of your own crimes has disabled you from holding faith in pity, and ye know that ye merit vengeance. Ye need not fear. Humanity, uncorrupted by the abuse of wealth and power, cannot be inhuman: it may be goaded into a temporary frenzy—beware therefore of too much exasperating the sufferers already overlaid with wrongs!—but, as it has not known the corruptions of wealth or tyranny, it may not exercise the consequent crimes; it is free from their infirmities. Thus do your vices, O tyrants! exceed the vices of your slaves.

And there are virtues in which poverty may put wealth to the blush. How many men are there whose lives from childhood to grey death are one continual toil: yet will such men go on, "never relaxing though never in health, conscious that their means can never be increased, nor their families over adequately supplied; apprehensive of failing altogether to supply them even with food, yet drudging on in this hopeless state, unknown and unheeded, quiet and composed as they are miserable, doing no harm to any, and ready to advise and assist others in every way men so circumstanced are capable."* Pampered slave of wealth! is not this a high morality? "The women are even in a worse condition than the men; they have the care of the children, they are worn to the bone with breeding, nursing, care, anxiety and privation. Yet it is not more remarkable than true, that, with few exceptions, they never give up in despair; so long as the man holds on the woman holds to him and the children, until she is destroyed; even in death she never wholly succumbs, but in the anguish of her heart, amidst all manner of doubts and terrible forebodings, hopes that something good may happen to the children." Most noble rulers! if not too much disturbing the placidity of your self-indulgence, endeavour to appreciate the morality of your "inferiors!" "Their sympathies for persons similarly circumstanced with themselves, are continually shewn. Their actual services to one another in innumerable cases, are altogether unparalleled; efforts are made which seem incredible; sacrifices

From "The Morality of Poverty," by W. J. Fox.

of which they who are well off have no sort of conception; trouble is taken, anxiety is endured, gifts are bestowed, privations are borne, with a readiness truly admirable. Is a neighbour sick with some contagious disease even, they will nurse him or her. Has some particular misfortune fallen on some one, they will take away the children for a time, and feed them from their own scanty means; and in proportion to those means contribute in quantity and amount as none but themselves ever do, or ever contemplate doing." This is the plain unvarnished tale of a poor man. Thus act the sympathies of the poor. The rich, so called upon, would commit the self-sacrifice of gratifying his vanity by some very slight diminution of his usual folly and extravagance, trumpeting to the world his "charity;" or, in some time of famine, content his indolent selfishness, like the French princess, with wondering why those who wanted bread did not feast upon buns. Let the wisest aristocrat that ever wore coronet, let the noblest of the wealth-educated look to democratic America, and bow to the better nobility of a Worcester or a Garrison, the apostles of peace and liberty!

With regard to the exercise of the franchise, for which you, the property-qualified, deem us morally unfit—supposing the poor man liable to be bribed, who will be his tempter to dishonesty? There is greater want of probity in the briber than in the bribed; and poor, ay, most needy men, have been known to refuse all bribes. We at least shew a *desire for probity*: we would protect poor and threatened honesty by the Ballot. You, too, give your reluctant testimony to our greater love of truth, in that you would not allow the poor man to vote secretly: you call it an insult to him, while you have this "un-English" Ballot in every noble club, in all mercantile elections—out of regard to your own infirmities. Is your unassailed virtue so very weak? Give place to honest men!

Let us turn now to compare *the intellect* of the rich noble and the poor labourer. In a "Literary Chronology" in the "Companion to the Almanac" for the year 1882, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, a list of great writers for the last century, from 1700 to 1800, shows the following *proportion* of aristocratic talent:—In poetry and works of the imagination, among fifty-three names appears but one of the aristocracy; in history, but two among thirty-one; and in philosophy and science, but three among fifty-one. And Franklin was a journeyman printer, Burns a ploughman; and have we not Elliott, the iron-worker; and was not Cobbett, whose sturdy writings are an honour to our language, a gardener's boy. Was not Shakspeare one of the enslaved and despised people, a poacher and "vagabond" player. Shall there be no intellect among the labouring poor, because they take no degrees at Oxford or Cambridge, at Newmarket or Crockford's? Is there no proof in the rise of Mechanics' Institutes, and in the universally-increasing demand for books and newspapers? Surely it evidences as much intellect, as does the existence of those seminaries of irreligious and unsocial prejudices, the sectarian and exclusive Universities. There is some token of intellectual capability in the union of the masses for the attainment of their long-withheld rights; it is some proof of our fitness that we will not be diverted by the seductions of the hireling portion of the Press—no, not even by the exquisite sophistry of a Weekly Dispatch or a Times—from the one aim and object of our exertions.—But the obtuseness of selfish tyranny will not perceive our fitness for liberty till we shall prove it by possession and the uncontrolled exercise of our rights. Be ye then convinced by deeds, since ye will not hearken to reason? Tempt us not to rely longer upon your wisdom or your worth: we doubt both, even more than you doubt of us: we shall not believe you, nor even change our course, charm ye never so wisely. We know that Tithes are a shameful imposition; we feel the inhumanity of Corn-laws, and Poor-laws, and other laws of rich beneficence; we know that the People want Education:—but we also know that it is the (self-considered) interest of the governing factions to perpetuate their rule by means of want and ignorance; we see that they may not be trusted to

remedy our evils: we therefore unite our universal energies to obtain political freedom, knowing that with this power, our equal right, we shall be able to palliate and in time effectually cure all the ills that afflict us. Again we declare that we seek no favours. *We demand the restitution of a natural right of which you have robbed us.* You sought not our suffrages for your fitness, when you usurped dominion over us: we shall hardly, save in charity to your wretched prejudices, wait for your sanction to reclaim our rights. SHALL FOUR MEN WAIT FOR THEIR OWN TILL THE TWO WHO ROBBED THEM SHALL THINK IT FITTING TO BE JUST? Listen to our answer—ponder it well, ere it be too late!—For the sake of peace we reason; for the sake of peaceful restitution, yet a little longer we suffer wrong. But the strength of justice and of power is with us; the Nation's will has gone forth: yet a little while, and we shall be free. Choose ye, for your own sakes, whether the olive or the laurel shall be the first garland on the brows of the Enfranchised People!—*One of the People.*

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. III.

THE various evils are gathered around us: but the crowd is dense and innumerable; the foremost alone are visible. Look ye upon them!

I have seen millions of men, and among them the wise and noble and intelligent, bowing to the caprice of an ordinary child, of an idiot, of a beastly profligate, and of a raving madman.

I have looked upon the rulers of an enlightened country, chosen by a free people; and behold, they were of the very refuse, as if one had drawn them by lot from among the commonest: and the nation wondered exceedingly that their affairs were ill-executed.

I have beheld the senate-house of a great people: therein were assembled young men incapable of business and unable to judge between right and wrong, dishonest and debauched spendthrifts, fanatics, and men whose trade was murder, gamblers, horse-jockeys, blackguards and liars: and these were the framers and dispensers of the laws.

And behold, there are many men who toil not, who do nothing for the benefit of society; yet these men engross the greater portion of the fruit of Labour, while the producers starve uncomforted: and this is a sore evil.

And there is yet a greater evil, when those, who, self-devoted to severe pangs and life-destroying thought, through long endurance of heart-searing pain, have won for the community the deep-mined treasures of genius, all-powerful to assist and solace humanity, sink exhausted by the unremittal of exertion, and there is none to help them.

And the earnestness of good is thereby discouraged.

And I have seen that the laws of society are not the laws of Nature: for society hath many moralities. The morality of man, which is opposed to the morality of woman; the morality of public life, which is unsuited for a private station; religious morality; the morality of propriety and fashion; the morality of expedience. And Nature is consistent.

He who lieth is deemed well-mannered and polite: he who speaketh from his heart, be his words never so kind or wise, is answered with ridicule and contempt.

He who accidentally offendeth against some conventional mode is pointed at as rude and vulgar: he who designedly breaketh and despiseth the laws of Nature is called a gentleman and esteemed an eligible companion.

He who robbeth on the highway from want of bread is condemned to death by the legislature that had exposed him to the temptation of poverty: he who robbeth his friend from want of other amusement, and murdereth him for complaining thereof, is preferred to judge the innocent, to make laws for the honest and industrious.

There are two evils, I know not which is the greater: the passionless man who is never tempted assuming the honours of virtue; and the impassioned wilfully debasing his own heart that he may not be thought by the superficial to be passionless.

A man judgeth another by himself, and thinketh that he condemns justly: but, since minds are dissimilar, how can motives be the same?

I have known men who considered themselves the natural enemies of their fellow-men, because they were of a different complexion, because they were not born upon the same patch of earth, because they spoke a different language or worshipped God in different words: And tyranny rejoiced in the ignorance of man.

The lawlessness of brute force is yet paramount: what other superiority hath man over woman?

Is the intellectual power of man more valuable than the moral worth of woman? Or, is any one thing raised by comparison with another?

Doth six feet become seven, because three is less than six; and what real dignity is gained by an unjust assumption? He who exalteth himself shall be abased: self-respect is not pride or vanity, but preserveth worth rather than appearance.

Truth is not sought for its own sake: the inquirer seeketh evidence in support of his own prejudices, rejecting the truth itself when opposed to his preconceived opinion.

Yet is there an evil greater than all, that from the very schools of Philosophy Love is jeered at and scorned and cast out with insult as a weak and womanish and childish thing: because it hath the passionate feeling and purity of woman; because it hath the earnestness and innocence of childhood; because it hath not the ferocity of revenge.

The philosopher smileth upon the loving child: but the simple is wiser than he.

† —One of the People.

OATHS.

Brutus. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

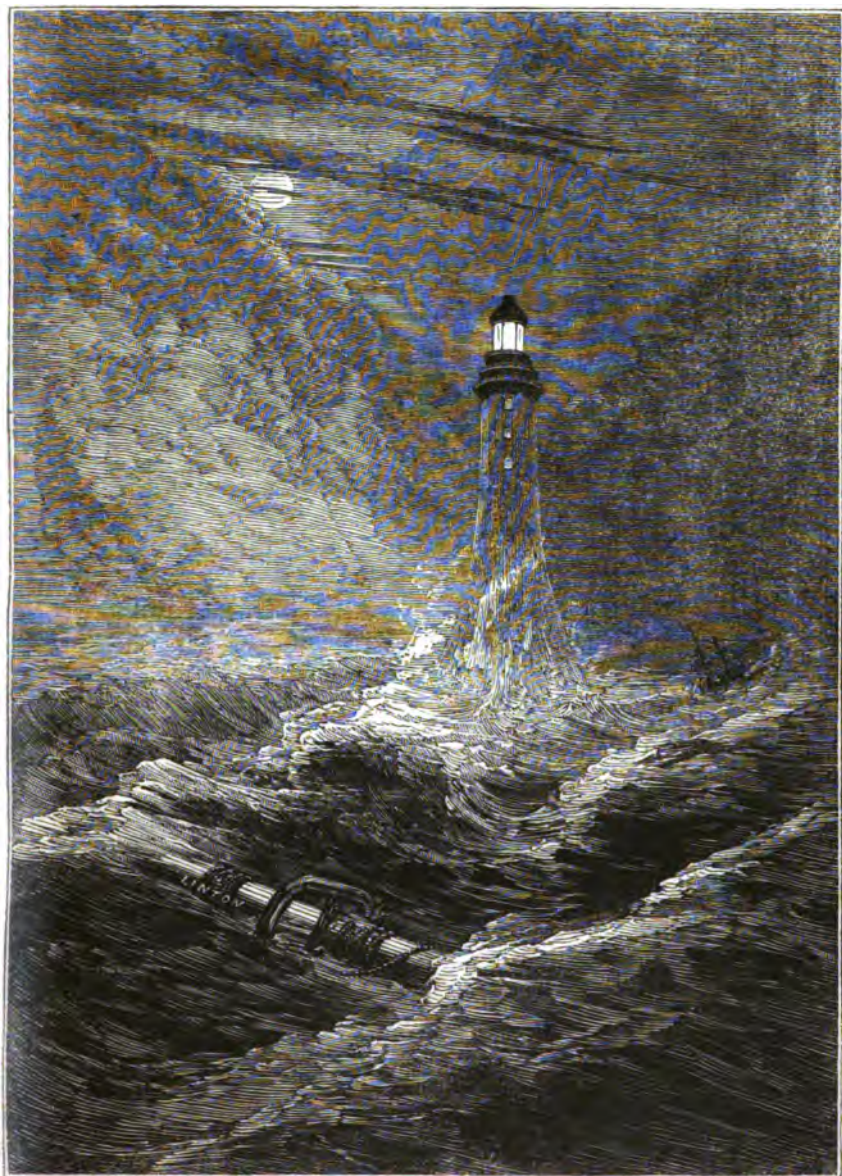
Cassius. And let us swear our resolution.

Brutus. No, not an oath—if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse;
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed:
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery;—but if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? What other bond,
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall by it?
Swear priests and cowards, and such suffering souls,
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprize,
Nor th' insuppressive metal of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath.

William Shakspeare; One of the People.

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE,
Erected 1774, height 80 feet.



PRELIMINARY INQUIRIES FOR THE STUDENT IN HISTORY

1. WHETHER, since we testify an habitual indifference in verifying facts, and when we undertake that task find ourselves opposed by so many difficulties, it is reasonable to require more diligence and more success from others than from ourselves?

2. Whether, since we form false and imperfect notions with respect to what passes under our own eyes, we can expect to be better informed of what passes, or has passed, at great distances of time and place?

3. Whether, since we have more than one present example of equivocal or false facts being transmitted to posterity with all the passports of truth, we have reason to suppose that men in former times were less daring, or more conscientious in their transactions?

4. Whether, since in the midst of factions the historian is menaced by every party his writings offend, posterity, or the present age, can expect that he would make sacrifices which would be rewarded only by accusations of imprudence, or the barren honour of a funeral pomp?

5. Whether, since it would be imprudent, and almost impossible for any general to write his campaigns, any minister his negotiations, or any public man his memoirs, in the face of actors and witnesses who might contradict him and ruin his reputation, posterity can expect, when those witnesses or actors are dead, and can no longer dispute the statement, that self-love, animosity, shame, distance of time, and defects of memory, should have permitted the real truth to be handed down with fidelity?

6. Whether the pretended information and impartiality attributed to posterity, be not the deceitful consolation of innocence or the seduction of flattery or fear?

7. Whether it be not true that posterity frequently collects and consecrates the depositions of the successful competitor, which silence the proofs on the part of his feeble and fallen opponents?

8. Whether, in morals, it be not as ridiculous to pretend that facts illustrate themselves by growing older, as in physics to maintain that objects become more distinct in proportion as they remove farther from us?

Preface to Volney's Lectures on History.

 POWER OF A NATION'S WILL.

LET us suppose that the majority of a nation, by however slow a progress, are convinced of the desirableness, or, which amounts to the same, the practicability of freedom. The supposition would be parallel, if we were to imagine ten thousand men of sound intellect, shut up in a madhouse, and superintended by a set of three or four keepers. Hitherto they have been persuaded (for what absurdity has been too great for human intellect to entertain?) that they were destitute of reason, and that the superintendence under which they were placed was necessary for their preservation. They have therefore submitted to whips and straw and bread and water, and perhaps imagined this tyranny to be a blessing. But a suspicion is at length by some means propagated among them, that all they have hitherto endured has been an imposition. The suspicion spreads, they reflect, they reason, the idea is communicated from one to another, through the chinks of their cells, and at certain times when the vigilance of their keepers has not precluded them from mutual society. It becomes the clear perception, the settled persuasion of the majority of the persons confined.

What will be the consequence of this opinion? Is there any human understanding that will not perceive a truth like this, when forcibly and repeatedly

presented! Is there a mind that will conceive no impatience of so horrible a tyranny! In reality the chains fall off of themselves, when the magic of opinion is dissolved. When a great majority of any society are persuaded to secure any benefit to themselves, there is no need of tumult or violence to effect it. The effort would be to resist reason, not to obey it. The prisoners are collected in their common hall, and the keepers inform them that it is time to return to their cells. They have no longer the power to obey. They look at the impotence of their late masters, and smile at their presumption. They quietly leave the mansion where they were hitherto immured, and partake of the blessings of light and air like other men.

Godwin's Political Justice.

A SONG OF THE PEOPLE.

THE Hoary Dotard, Aristocracy,
Shakes in his crumbling palace-halls; for, hark!
On the broad Ocean of Democracy
Floats Liberty, prepared to disembark
On her predestin'd strand,
This English land!
In glory, o'er a world of tribulation,
She raiseth her bright banner—as the Sun
O'er clouds and storms ascendeth burningly—
And, with a loud and multitudinous voice,
The millions of the congregated Nation
(Myriad-lipp'd; but its great hearts as one!)
Rejoice!
They fear! The Few who on our lives have fed—
The Trampers on the Many—turn in dread!
And we, the mighty People, to regain
Our stolen birthright have not wrought in vain—
We live! we live, again!

Still bloodless be the sword we draw,
To make our lawful wills the law
O'er dull Convention, Tyranny and Wrong,
Made by the Ignorance of Ages strong!
No gory weapon will we deign to wield,
Drenching with brother-blood our brother's field;
Dungeons and chains, death-blocks and torturings
Shall vanish from the world with Slaves and Kings:
We fight to conquer and convert our Foes;
Not use them bloodily! From Freedom flows
Nor human tears, nor human gore:
With spiritual weapons for things spiritual
The living Many battle, as of yore
Did here and there some solitary Sage,
The one soul-beacon of his mindless Age!
For Knowledge now on myriad wings
From the Press, self-plumed, springs
And floats around us all!
We have not striven in vain
Against the tyrant-chain!
They fear! The Few who on our lives have fed—
The Trampers on the Many—turn in dread!
We live! we live, again!

Thomas Wade.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

RADICAL PRINCIPLES AND PROSPECTS.

TRULY the outward and visible things upon our earth's surface, in this year of *human redemption*, 1830, are but poor signs of the world's spirit. The philanthropist liveth yet on hope, more than on reality.—America, the great Republic, loudly has declared herself the protectress of slavery. Albeit the republic has proclaimed universal political rights, universal religious freedom, yet Intolerance and the Despotism of wealth have found a home in the hearts, and rule the conduct of her citizens.—The best blood of France, the blood of the martyrs for Liberty, has been poured out in vain: Louis Philippe is king of the French. The press is shackled; and soon the sons of regenerated France may not pass from town to town on their native soil, without a written character approved by their master. Where are the Men of July? Why, look ye to Louis Buonaparte? Is it sufficient qualification for your confidence that he is hated by the Citizen Czar, the hypocrite who would do honour to the bones of Napoleon? Oh, put not your trust in princes, whatever name they may wear upon their hearts' covering!—Vine-clad Spain is overrun with banditti; her finest provinces are in a state of siege. Land of Columbus, of Cervantes, of Riego! why art thou the scourged slave of hereditary right? What matters it, whether thou art desolated in the name of Carlos or Isabella? Will thy degradation, thy misery be less certain?—Has not Italy sufficiently suffered?—Far-minded Germany is trampled under foot.—Poland writhe beneath the heel of barbarian Russia: sacrificed by the meanness or treachery of a British *Liberal* Government, by the men who now ask the confidence of British Serfs—the Unenfranchised—in order that they may betray and sacrifice them.

And "merrie England"—Who now calleth her so, save in mockery or bitterness? Thanks to our "glorious" constitution and yet more glorious victories, a robber government and domineering and rapacious church, the mirth is changed to wailing, the merriment is hollow-cheeked and feeble.—"We are a great nation!" At home, the millions are enslaved and in penury; abroad, we are despised or hated. Russia clutches at our Indian possessions; and in truth, our Indian fellow-subjects can scarcely meet with worse treatment at the rude hands of the *savage* Cossack, than they have hereto received from the Christianity of Leadenhall Street. Canada yearns impatiently to follow the noble example of the United States, tired of the misgovernment of Whig Officials who see no harm in injustice so long as it supplies them with place and pension. But "it was only the French inhabitants" (the majority by the way) "who were discontented." What then? What right have we to rule *French Canadians*? Would it be tolerated that France should tyrannize over *British Canada*? But "it is a conquered country." The pickpocket might as well plead possession. If the Canadians no longer desire our protection, we have no longer a right of government—if the government means their good; but if they are governed for the benefit of the governing few, (honestly confess the truth!) why then, the sooner they gain strength to throw off the yoke, the better it will be for them. Honour to Clarkson! honour and rejoicing! Negro slavery no longer stains the law of Britain. Garrison! thou awaitest the same exultation: the curse which England entailed upon her American colonies may not long profane the land of Independence. But dishonour and lasting shame to those "*liberals*" who, while freeing the Negro, were selling, even (by their own acknowledgment) to a worse slavery, the Hill Coolie; who, declaiming against the suffering of the Black, would perpetuate the slavery of the White: ay, the slavery:—Gentlemen Abolitionists! are there none of the sons of labour, in this land of freedom, in a far more wretched condition than the West Indian? He, at least, was sure of food and lodging; but here, men starve in our streets, and that so commonly, that it is deemed a natural death: and

prisons are built for those who presume to seek rest after a half-century of incessant toil; and church-rates and tithes and government-taxes keep up the game of feudal robbery; and Industry is manacled with corn-laws and trade-restrictions; and we have game-laws, and gentlemen-magistrates, and aristocratic law-makers; and the unrepresented Many are the property of the Few, who do what they like with their own: and "Britons never will be slaves!" is sung in our theatres; and thanksgivings are weekly chanted in our churches, "as the Act directs:"—and we confess we are unsatisfied.

Zealous Missionaries!—who for the love of God expatriate yourselves, who make long voyages, and undergo privations and difficulties and dangers, "for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts"—is there no work for you at home? Might not your charity be useful here? Or, deem ye that we have an all-sufficient church-establishment, and as efficient Independent shepherding; and churches and chapels enow, and fines and imprisonment for honest and religious men who refuse to attend the "divine service" of pluralist grave-robbers, and liberal distributions of Bibles and pious, but impracticable, tracts? Ye have some reason to think your home labour might be spared. But do not deceive yourselves! We need, even in this highly-favoured and Protestant country, the preaching of Christ's doctrine. When exclusive laws have robbed the nation, when the Many are poor and destitute, it is not enough for justice that their plunderers dole out the scanty workhouse bread, or that they more plentifully dispense Religious Tract Societies' Bibles. Ye, "who compass sea and land to make one proselyte," are there none unchristian nearer home? Go! preach to the noble landlord: "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field! Behold, the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth unto the Lord!" Say unto the capitalist, "Lay not up for thyself treasures upon earth! Sell that thou hast, and give unto the poor!" Convert our bishops to Christianity; read the Scriptures to our clergy: "Woe unto you, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers: ye tithe mint and anise and cummin, and omit the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith!" Teach our rulers to be true and honest! Denounce the profligacy of the Court, the corruption of the Law! Raise your voices against unchristian War! Seek ye converts among these! But, ye will do none of these things: What then is your religion? Ye will hardly better the New-Zealanders!

Let us search deeper! There are pleasanter things than these, though less obtrusively apparent. Owenites and Socialists are our home Apostles, in the best meaning of the appellation. Professional teachers of the faith of Love! the amateurs will out-bid you, for they dare to practise what they preach. We trust there will be no schism in their ranks; that they will *heartily* renounce competition: there should be no rivalry even in beneficence. We trust, also, that they will bear in mind that there are higher things than even pounds, shillings, and pence. We know that it is a great step to improve Man's physical condition; but we must not stop here: we hope their principles have farther-looking tendencies, and that Socialism may be embraced as much for Love's sake, as for personal gain.

Better still, inasmuch as it promises more immediate general good, and moreover, as it will remove those obstacles which would most certainly bar the extensive progression of any great and universally-applicable principle, is the continued agitation of the Working Classes for political freedom. It is the event which shall render this age memorable. Nearly three millions of signatures have been appended to the National Petition. Working Men's Associations—for the attainment of the People's Charter, and *nothing less*—are fast increasing. Let them increase! *Let them be established in all large towns, with Branch Associations in the surrounding villages: let them correspond together, that the whole may act in unison!* The "Commons' House" may reject our Petition. Perhaps they may offer us some half-measure, such as Household Suffrage. Do not forget the "Reform" Bill. They, who

obtained the franchise through that *unprincipled* measure, are now among our opponents. *Let them not divide us!* To accept anything less than Universal Suffrage would be a sacrifice of principle: it is as a right we claim it, not as a favour; and if we exclude any, we give up our only ground of right. We will not palter with principle: we will not be bribed to act unjustly. Restore to the community the universal right of humanity! Parliament may reject our petition: **LET THE PEOPLE'S PARLIAMENT BE PREPARED FOR THIS!!!**

Universal Suffrage will be the key to the prison-house of national good. *By united and zealous exertion* we must obtain this; and, thereby strengthened, we shall have the means of peaceably removing our many grievances: corn-laws, church-laws, and poor-laws. Men shall no more starve to keep up the rents of idle landlords; We will have no compulsory church-rates;—the religion of Love needs not the support of tithes: the religionist will pay for the spiritual service he may want; and the irreligious will hardly be converted by any amount of taxation:—Poverty shall no longer be considered the crime of the individual, but of the legislature that took no care to prevent it. National Education will be an effectual means of removing the causes of national suffering—Ignorance and Cupidity; and we shall fearlessly entrust its superintendence to that government which is really chosen by and responsible to the People.—Timid and shortsighted men! why do ye tremble for the downfall of Monarchy? What is there in that word, Commonwealth, to terrify you? We blink not the question: that we desire, as the most reasonable and least obnoxious form of government; *to that we must come*—not by violence, in imitation of tyranny—that can only retard good,—but by the gradual and continual improvement of Mind, beneath the influence of which all useless, as well as injurious, offices shall sink into disuse—as the old crazy watchmen were superseded by the able-bodied Police. We can superannuate our old servants.

A passing word to our friends, the Police. You are of us, the People, and identified with us. Be not again made the tools of despotism, as in that dark and disgraceful day, at Calthorpe Street, which we recall to mind in kindly warning, not in wrath, albeit in sorrow and indignation—sorrow for the slavish executioner and his victim, indignation against the authority that dared command the outrage.

Fellow-citizens of the army! What more or less can we say to you? You are the guards of the People, your brethren, among whom are your families. Is not, then, your interest identical with theirs? Will you be flogged into a forgetfulness of your duties as citizens, as men; will you be bribed by stripes to make the honourable name of soldier (the defender of his country) but another word for murderer? It cannot be: you are men, not beasts of prey.—You too are of the Unrepresented, the men without political existence, the puppets and property of the monopolizers of the franchise. *We seek your liberty, as well as our own.*—True, we would destroy your trade, we would no longer allow a sanguinary idiot to command the butchery of unoffending thousands; but, in exchange for the lash, the battle-field, the hospital, we would give you the happy home of unrestricted and productive labour; and, instead of a prison or poor-house, an old age of honoured rest.

The time is fast coming wherein the Many shall cease to be the victims of the Few. Monarchs and Priests! who have so long misruled mankind: we have no revengeful thoughts. Not with the people, calm in the consciousness of strength, will violent measures arise. But, mistake not our quiet determination! royal heads have lain upon the block, priestcraft has been trampled under foot, when the People had not the strength they now have. Be ye warned, and wise in time! And you, Men of the Nation! let not the guile of tyranny deceive you! Act with coolness, with forethought, with precision, *but especially with union!* *Let not any intrigues seduce a portion of you to precipitancy or violent conduct: this is the game of our enemies.* The Cause of Justice chooses not the *offensive* argument of Force. *United, ye*

are invincible: hold together, lest ye should be severally crushed by your oppressors!

Yet, more than all, let all things be done in the spirit of brotherly love! It is a fine thing when trampled men turn upon their trampers, though it be but the transient wrath of suffering, and after long endurance wrest immediate relief from the reluctant ruffian: It is a grander thing when, sacrificing the present self-interest, they vindicate great principles, and in the power of a far-looking wisdom achieve a lasting political redemption: but, oh! how much nobler than all else is that devoted Spirit of Love, which, amid all difficulties and distress and disadvantage, ever and earnestly striveth for the overthrow of Evil,—not so much impelled by the present suffering; not only because all suffering is unjust and unnecessary; but because it perceiveth the beauty of Truth, because it feeleth the practicability of Happiness, because it recognizeth benevolence as a desire rather than as a necessity, because it rejoiceth in well-doing as a pleasure more than as a duty.

Love is the perfection of Law.

COLONIAL JUSTICE.

A crew of pirates are driven by a storm they know not whither; at length a boy discovers land from the top-mast, they go on shore to rob and plunder; they see an harmless people, are entertained with kindness, they give the country a new name, they take formal possession of it for their king, they set up a rotten plank or a stone for a memorial, murder two or three dozen of the natives, bring away a couple more by force for sample, return home, and get their pardon. Here commences a new dominion acquired with a title by divine right. Ships are sent with the first opportunity, the natives driven out or destroyed, their princes tortured to discover their gold, a free licence given to all acts of inhumanity and lust, the earth reeking with the blood of its inhabitants: and this execrable crew of butchers employed in so pious an expedition, is a modern colony sent to convert and civilize an idolatrous and barbarous people.

But this description, I confess, doth by no means affect the British nation, who may be an example to the whole world for their wisdom, care, and justice in planting colonies; their liberal endowments for the advancement of religion and learning; their choice of devout and able pastors to propagate Christianity; their caution in stocking their provinces with people of sober lives and conversations from the mother kingdom; their strict regard to the distribution of justice, in supplying the civil administration through all their colonies, with officers of the greatest abilities, utter strangers to corruption; and to crown all, by sending the most vigilant and virtuous governors, who have no other views than the happiness of the people over whom they preside, and the honour of the king their master.

Swift's Gulliver's Travels.

Revolt is a scandal to any government; for the endurance of a people is so notorious, as to be one of the causes why they are made to endure so much; and it is as great a disgrace to the wisdom and humanity of rulers to suffer provocation to exhaust it, as it would be to fathers of families to have their children rise up against them for the sake of the house.

If a government cannot prevent revolt, it has no right to attempt to govern the revolted; for it has not succeeded in attaining the only just end of government, namely, the comfort of the governed.

Leigh Hunt, on the Canadian Insurrection.

HYMNS FOR THE UNENFRANCHISED.

No. I.

Who is the Patriot, who is he,
When slaves are struggling to be free,
Freedom's best-beloved, may claim
To bear her holiest Oriflamb!

He who joineth hands with Power,
When the anarchy would devour
Trampled Right insurgent!—He
Is no friend of Liberty.

He who claimeth kin with Right
Perfumed or in ermine dight,
Knowing not the "rabble"!—He
Hateth Truth and Liberty.

Who "for Truth's sake" would embrace
A Lie, who seeks fit time and place
To traffic with his birthright!—We
Follow not Expediency.

He who through distress and scorn
Freedom's Cross hath grandly borne,
The Uncompromising,—he shall be
The banner-man of Liberty.

Though he wear no title-brand,
Though he own no stolen land,
Prouder as an upright man
Than to crawl in Fashion's van,
Though his bearing be uncouth,
Though his zeal be rude as truth,
Though he lieth never—He
Shall lead the Bond to victory.

No. II.

Hurrah, hurrah for the Duty on Corn!
Britain's Coercion Bill!—What do we care?
Our coffers are full, though the People mourn:
Let the famishing slaves entreat Despair;—
For Liberty wasteth, starved and lorn.

Hurrah for the Duty on Corn!

Hurrah, hurrah for the Duty on Corn!
When bread is dear, will the serfs rebel?
We will laugh their puny efforts to scorn:
Famine's our hireling; famine will quell
The fiercest patriot ever was born.

Hurrah for the Duty on Corn!

Hurrah, hurrah for the Duty on Corn!—
The outraged Nation hath burst its chain:
Wealth of its pride of place is shorn;
Villanage shall not be again!
The serfs are enfranchised; the Free have sworn,
Death to the Tax upon Corn!

Spartacus.

CHRISTIANITY OF THE PRESENT TIME.

"It is by giving fair names to foul actions, that those who would start at real vice, are led to practise its lessons, under the disguise of virtue."

NEARLY two thousand years after the preaching of Christ, in a "free" and "highly-enlightened" country, professing Christianity and boastful of its morality, a certain number of the best educated members of the community, calling themselves *gentlemen*, and generally considered to be honourable, humane, and generous, allowed to be of sound, if not extraordinary intellect, being intrusted with the management of the affairs of a society, grossly abusing the confidence reposed in them, deliberately and advisedly planned the robbery of those whose stewards they were; and, having most basely plundered and otherwise maltreated them, annoyed at the complaints of the injured, to prevent redress, in cold blood and with determined malice ordered the murder of their victims, which by their command, and with their abetting and approval, was perpetrated under circumstances of the most barbarous and aggravated nature.

We leave to History their individual branding; we will call them neither lying traitors, nor monsters, nor anarchists; we will only pronounce the title they have falsely assumed: the echoing of Infamy will name the members of—A BRITISH LIBERAL GOVERNMENT.

What is the character of the nation that permits the continuance of such authority?

*

LEADERS!

WE want, not *leaders*, but *representatives*. We want, not parliament men to chalk out their own course for their own especial benefit, but men to do *our* work, under *our* direction, men who can honestly represent the people's wishes. Assuredly we shall not seek these among men who preach and practise expediency, who from personal considerations dare to defer the work of millions to a more "convenient season," of which convenience they presume to judge. These are the would-be leaders: they are not representatives. A representative has no right to act upon his own opinion in preference to that of his constituents, however opposite their opinions. If he cannot conscientiously follow *all* the wishes of a majority of those whom he is pledged to represent, whose servant and interpreter he is, let him throw up his office: *Else he is no honest man.*

Though late, we venture to offer these observations on the O'Connell objection against the Chartists: They have no men of note for leaders. Truly the gain of Ireland under O'Connell's *leading* will hardly tempt the masses here to throw themselves under the shadow of any man; and whom, pray, would the "Liberator," (we beg pardon: all that is altered now!) the *Precursor of Liberation* (!) *appoint* as our leaders?

Lord Durham?—The haughty aristocrat; the dictator of Canada; the friend of the miscreant Nicholas. Why, in his most liberal mood he never reached the *universal right*, but stopped short at the *unprincipled "expediency"* of household suffrage. He a leader for men of principle? Poor Lord John Russell is *only* a time-server: What more is Lord Durham? Will not he too stand by *his order*?

Sir William Molesworth?—However blind we may be thought, we shall not follow Lord Durham's spaniel.

Lord Brougham?—Let him throw up his disgraceful peerage, and re-

assume the nobler title of a consistent man. Let him be plain *Henry Brougham* again. Then may the People look to him as a—*friend*.

Last, not least, yourself, *Mr. O'Connell*?—You would like a rent from England? You would like perhaps a *precursor* agitation, before we set about our work in earnest? We fear, Sir, your Whig *masters* would scarcely allow your acceptance of this office; but, if you should gain their leave, alas, they have rendered you too Whiggish to be a desirable leader. Seriously, Sir, you palter too much with principle, you are too ready to put off the right for every paltry compromise which seems expedient to your short-sightedness, ever again to possess the confidence of thinking men. We have an end in view. Have you any? No matter: you have lost your moral power; and Britain will have none of you.

Who else shall be our leader?—The true friends of liberty will not quarrel for a dictatorship. Our best leaders are those who most faithfully and strenuously *serve* us: who do not ask to be followed, but accompanied; who have our confidence *because they earn it*. In a word, Sir traitor, We, the advocates of Universal Suffrage, who go not back from our pledges, who do not falsify our sacred honour, want not for faithful friends and ministers: We desire to have *honest men* in our ranks, not political leaders.

*

THE FALLERS-SHORT.

When Great Men are not great, we needs must mourn,
More than for all the pranks of Littleness;
For that short-falling doth increase the weight
Our spirits bear beneath this dust forlorn.
Great Men are solid harbour-holding banks
Bounding the weltering waves of Life's distress;
And when they sink and fail us, we are left
Upon a shoreless ocean, hope-bereft.
O ye of lofty souls! what is there here,
In this poor antepast to the Eternal,
To lure ye to the glory-wrecking shoals
That should but tempt the idle voyager?
Your spirits in a Timeless mould are cast,
And should disdain to shrink within the mean Diurnal.

Monthly Repository.

A Definition of Moral Force.—I will raise a legion, and lead it myself to the field of battle.—*Daniel O'Connell*.

[What for?—To support a young lady, of not more than ordinary value, against the Rights of Millions. Mr. O'Connell is a Precursor-Radical.]

Error is continually at contradiction with itself: the truth never.

Helvetius.

Sedition.—The surest way to remove seditions is to take away the causes thereof.—*Bacon*.

The Stimulus.—Only by making the ruling Few uneasy, can the oppressed Many obtain a particle of relief.—*Bentham*.

FORCE. WHAT FORCE?

Certainly a productive power. We, the Unrepresented, desire to gain our liberty by persuasive argument and peaceable demonstrations of opinion: we would prefer threats to violence. (*Surely the physical-force men will subscribe to this.*) But if persuasion and remonstrance be of no avail, if aggressions on the Many be continued, if the Law be but a bravo's mask, if the Canadian butchers transfer *their business* to England, and make slaughter-houses of English towns, shall we not resist our enemies, even to the death; and shall we not rather die with arms in our hands, like Hampden, on the battle-field, than be gibbeted for our cowardice or want of foresight? (*Will the moral-force men hang back from this "last remedy"?*) Where then is the difference of opinion? Fellow-countrymen! *we have not time to quarrel about words.* Let us unite as brothers, or in a closer bond, as wronged men, *as trampled slaves*, to overthrow our common oppressors; and, as men, inflicting no suffering that may justly be avoided. *Let us leave the settlement of these mere word-differences—at which our enemies laugh—till we have rest after our victory!* There will be plenty of time then. Now the Philistines are upon us, and we have work enough for our most united efforts. We require *the exertions* of all who desire equal liberty and will honestly join with us on that issue. A house divided against itself cannot stand. *Union is Power!*

Two travellers were waylaid by a robber. They felt that, united, they were stronger than he, and fearlessly pursued their journey. As they walked on together, they discussed the manner in which they should pass him. The one said, I will arm myself, and if he ventures an attack, I will repel force with force: the other said, No, not so, let us reason with him. Doubtless both plans were very well-meant; but they could not do less than quarrel. The bandit heard their dispute, and attacked the armed man, whose companion would render him no assistance. Singly, the traveller was no match for the bandit, and, though he gallantly defended himself, and severely wounded his assailant, he was at last slain. The bandit then turned upon the man of peace, and stabbed him to the heart.—*A Co-operative.*

We trust that none of our remarks on Canada (we felt that the enormity of the case demanded much notice and severest censure) will be construed into a *recommendation* of rebellion. On the contrary, we feel assured that any insurrection of the masses here would injure the popular cause. Rebellion is at best a painful necessity, only justifiable when all other means have been tried and have failed: *this was the case* in Canada. The object of our argument has been to justify the *right* of rebellion in self-defence; to excite the sympathies of honest men in England, in favour of their oppressed fellow-men across the Atlantic. Englishmen burn with indignation at the bare name of Poland, and execrate the atrocious villainy of her enslaver: will they be consistent enough to refer to the late accounts of Canadian suffering, and answer, *to the satisfaction of their reason*, in what the parallel fails. Honesty is better than patriotism: *but* it is more patriotic to desire honourable failure for one's country, than its success in villainy. But the country was not at war with Canada: the ministry is not the country. No wonder our *Liberal* Rulers refused assistance to struggling Poland! They were "otherwise engaged;" "their hands were full;" we know it to our cost:—and their eyes were on a *plan* of Canada.—Ed.

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. IV.

He was wandering through the leafless forest, hiding himself in the shadow of the shelterless trees.

The clotted blood froze over an unhealed wound upon his brow; his garments were torn, and soiled, and bloody; the bleak wind pierced through his bones; the continual snow lay upon his bare head; he was feeble from exhaustion and long fatigue; he was perishing with hunger and cold: a keener cold was at his heart.

He dared not seek relief in the villages: he was a vagabond and outlaw; a price was set upon his head; and the first wretch who should meet him would murder him, to obtain a reward, gold and infamy.

He sank down in the snow, to await the coming of Death, the only thing which was not his enemy: he was alone and in agony.

A few days since he had a happy home, a fond wife, beautiful children, and loving friends: he was a man of genius and virtue, loved and honoured by all who knew him.

His countrymen were enslaved and injured: goaded into desperation by the long-sufferance of intolerable wrongs, they took arms to redress their grievances.

He was not too selfish to sympathize with them; nor hypocrite enough to prate of pity and withhold aid: he did not stay to calculate consequences to himself; his benevolence was not posted in his ledger: was this a crime?

His fellow-men were in arms, and needed his assistance; their cause was his own, and the cause of Justice: he was neither a traitor nor heartless; he became a leader of the People.

Therefore his house was burned to the ground, his wife and babes destroyed within it; his friends, some lie unburied in the place where they were murdered, some pine in loathsome dungeons against the day of the gallows.

Victorious Tyranny lamenteth but one thing: that he, the rebel leader, dieth unbeholden and unmocked.

They have hanged his corpse upon the gibbet; brutally they insult the nobility which, even in death and ignominy, is more glorious than their bloody and infamous triumph.

If a robber invade my house, or a murderer attack my family, shall I not use force against him? If in my own defence I am compelled to slay him, is not this a righteous act?

Is the evil less, when the robber calleth himself a legislator, when the assassin is a royal minister?

Shall the one be "justifiable homicide" and the other be branded as "rebellion"?

To resist wrong, even though it be clothed with a lie, calling itself Law or Order, is the universal right and duty of humanity; ever to oppose evil is the part of every right-thinking and generous man.

If an enemy invade our country, shall we not take arms in its defence? If they conquer and hold us in bondage for a hundred years, or more, doth this give them a right to govern us? If then, and not till then, we acquire strength to repel their aggression, shall we be debarred from using that strength to recover our freedom, because formerly we were weak and unable to resist usurpation?

Or, if from unknown time we have been enslaved, and our masters are of our own race, is this a reason for the continuance of slavery? Doth evil become good through long supremacy?

When the oppressed are wrestling with their oppressor, he, who succoureth them not to the utmost of his ability, is a participator in the crime of the tyrant.

Rebellion may be ill-timed: it doth not follow that it is unprovoked or unjust. Tyranny may be long successful, yet is it ever injurious, and dastardly, and offensive to truth.

The insurrection may fail, the insurgents may be murdered: but their unflinching advocacy of the Right achieveth more for the Cause of Freedom, than all the policy and truckling of the time-serving, the timid or selfish.

One example of steady adherence to a noble purpose, one uncompromising martyrdom, maketh Tyranny to tremble in its triumphal car, and winneth more proselytes than much preaching.

Rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft: none knoweth of the one save the ignorant fanatic; none denounceth the other, save the political bigot, the tyrant or the slave.

There would be no rebellion against a just or good government: the people could not rebel against the people: but when a faction usurps undue authority for the sake of plundering the community, and supports it by fraud and violence, what marvel that the people murmur, and, unheeded or insulted, after long endurance, at last rebel?

What! shall we build houses to shelter us from the tempest, and shall we form no ramparts to screen our happiness from the hurricane of oppression? Shall we drive back with fire and sword the starving wolves; and shall we only petition the deaf ears of more savage monarchs?

Violence is evil; yet is it just to resist wrong even to the death: Force is but a pitiful argument; but if the ruffian will not hear reason—War to the knife!

Rebellion is an unsuccessful resistance to tyranny: Rest not, then, till your victory be complete! Ye shall be honoured as patriots and heroes.

The tomb of the Three Hundred is the grandest monument of Greece!

†

CRITICAL NOTICES.

REPORTS OF LECTURES

Delivered at the Chapel, South Place, Finsbury. By W. J. Fox.—
Charles Fox, London: 1838.

These are not the spiritless and profitless *words* of a narrow-minded and prejudiced sectarian: they are the out-pourings of a mighty heart and intellect, the lessons of a philanthropic philosopher and most eloquent orator of the day, one who sees into the heart of Things, and, reasoning thereof, earnestly and fearlessly inculcates the truth. We recommend these *translations* to all who have not the opportunity of hearing the original Lectures: they will learn more good therefrom, than is taught in all the dogmatic chapels and churches of the empire. Our extracts will sufficiently ensample their surpassing power and beauty.

"ON RIGHT AND EXPEDIENCY."

"In the different influences which operate upon men, and which lead them to bend their course from what they hold to be abstract right towards temporary expediency, there is uniformly a deteriorating power, to trifle with which is most perilous in a moral point of view. For it is not merely that an opinion is not now professed, because it would injure a person's interest; that a course is not now taken, because it is inconsistent with that attainment of favour or gold which he desires; and that the mind is thus lowered from a correspondence with its own standard of right. The mischief does not end here; it extends itself much more widely. Scarcely any man makes up his mind to do this permanently. He will not, for instance, make profession of an unpopular religion, which he believes to be true, because he has some bigoted relative attached to a different system; but when this influence is withdrawn, he will certainly worship God with words that have the savour of honesty in them. He does not make up his mind permanently in political

or other matter, to give way to those who have the power of affecting his pecuniary interests; but when he has realized such an amount of property, or attained such a position in society—O, then how independent he will be! and though he does not follow those who are going right, he will then become himself a leader of the right, and a most determined and energetic leader he will prove. *But what goes on meanwhile?* That, by their temporary conformity, he cuts the sinews of mental and moral energy; he forms habits which are no education for the honesty and independence he purposes to realize; he becomes, with every day that passes over his head, increasingly incapable of such a course; until, perhaps, should external circumstances ever come round to the point previously fixed in his own mind, these circumstances find him incapable of profiting by the advantages to which he has so long deferred all other good; they find him reaping the internal moral results of his own perversity; the iron has entered into his soul; the chain no longer is upon his limbs from without, but it is within him, upon his very mind and conscience; and he who meant to be an exalted being as soon as external events would allow, when they actually come, is sunk into a weak and degraded being, perhaps proud of that degradation, his whole system perverted and polluted and rejoicing in the moral darkness which he once knew to be darkness, and as such denounced.

"Failure is often worth more to the world than success. That may be inexpedient, that may be defeated, which yet by the just and honourable endeavour works on mankind, through their minds, through their hearts, in its enduring moral influences, the highest good that individuals are capable of bestowing upon millions.

"Cainphas was a man of expediency; he assembled the Sanhedrim that they might consult, lest the Romans should come and take away their place and nation, and asked, 'Know ye not that it is expedient that one man should die for the people?' And the priest of expediency triumphed; the 'one man' was crucified. Within fifty years from that time, Christianity was going forth into all the regions of the earth, and gathering together the Roman and the Greek, the barbarian and the Scythian, the bond and the free, into the fold of Christ. Meanwhile, the ploughshare was passing over the dust of Jerusalem."

*

Bronterre's Life and Character of Maximilian Robespierre. Watson, London: 1838.

Much credit is due to both author and publisher of this daring work, undertaken, in the very teeth of prejudice, to prove, "by facts and arguments," that Robespierre, the "monster" of History, was "one of the most humane, virtuous, noble-minded, and enlightened reformers that ever existed; and explaining the reasons why 'History' has belied his character."

The portion of the work at present published carries us to the close of the first National Assembly; and in the account of the revolutionary proceedings, as well as by the numerous extracts from Robespierre's speeches and writings, satisfactorily establishes his high *intellectuality*. This is much: but more remains to be done. The world may, without much grimacing, allow thus much: but of the *moral*? The biographer is pledged to defend this count also; and his own reputation is staked upon the result. If successful, and the manifest probity of the part before us promises a corresponding conclusion, Mr. O'Brien will merit a high name among the vindicators of truth, the disabusers of the world's credulity. It is a noble outstarting from the herd of historic prejudices:—but the goal is not yet reached. We shall watch anxiously, and trustingly, for the completion of the work, which we commend to the best attention of all who, wishing success to the Many in the coming struggle, would understand the real causes of the failure of the French Revolution, in order to avoid a repetition of its fatal errors.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE government has struck the first blow, by the arrest of the Rev. Mr. Stephens for suiting his words to the actions of which he speaks. He dared to call Evil by its proper name. He is accused of using violent language against the unchristian Poor-law. Will the framers of that *Act to relieve the monopolizers of the earth's produce from the expensive maintenance of their useless beasts of burden* defend its Christianity? As a zealous Christian, Mr. Stephens has but obeyed his conscience, in expressing his feelings. Certainly the expression is a libel on the Government, as our law has it, that the greater the truth, the greater the libel, and, therefore, he is to be prosecuted. Christ was crucified for such another libel. Surely any man, possessing as much feeling as did Dr. Malthus, may be pardoned for not speaking of the trampled and tortured in the same tones, or even in the same terms, as he might pleasantly discourse on those gentlest of nuisances, the little squabbles of courtiers. Good God! may not a beaten hound cry out? may no man bear witness against murder, though men do "die slowly?" We doubt whether Mr. Stephens has used stronger language than those curses appointed by the "establishment" to be read, not applied, in churches. "Cursed is he that perverteth the judgment of the fatherless and widow! Cursed is he that taketh reward to slay the innocent! Cursed are the unmerciful, covetous persons and extortioners!" Now, we much object to *bad* language under any circumstances; but we object more to *bad Acts*; and we venture to assert that a government really representing the People, or at all desirous of their welfare, would hesitate before giving cause for such language: it is true they would lose the pleasure of prosecutions. But, beyond all this, we look on this arrest as the first of a series of provocations, to be applied by our evil-disposed rulers, to excite an ill-concerted and partial outbreak: and to create a pretext for a "strong" government, another Manchester massacring, a Canadian pacification of such of the working men as should escape the sword or the gallows, a triumphant re-enthronement of the old feudal brutality, and a long deferral of popular liberty. We trust that the Working Classes will not have read in vain of Ministerial doings: that all endeavours will be made to keep out of the clutches of the monster, Law; and that nothing will be done unadvisedly or without sufficient preparation.

We are on the brink of a revolution. Wronged men, almost tired of petitioning, meet at night, by thousands, armed with torches, to denounce their oppressors: will dragoons stand fire-brands? are noblemen's and gentlemen's seats fire-proof? *The British Senate keeps holiday!* The trampled Many have run the gauntlet of misery; the stricken slave, the People, has crouched in turn to every legal wrong, but the last, Starvation:—Is it come to this? We will fight it out!—Wheat is at eighty-three shillings a quarter; and families are expected to live upon *seven shillings a week*. The pampered Few still "craze their chariot wheels;" there are no fewer prodigalities in the mansions of the Rich. But the Queen, *our royal and gracious mistress*—she sympathizes with the distressed millions? She has come express to London to—*see the Pantomime*.

To the Unenfranchised.—

"They will use every art to disunite you,
To conquer separately, by stratagem,
Whom in a mass they fear—but be ye firm:—
Boldly demand your long-forgotten rights,
Your sacred, your inalienable freedom—
Be bold—be resolute—be merciful!
And while you spurn the hated name of slaves,
SHOW YOU ARE MEN!"

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



SALAMIS.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, THE APOSTLE OF THE BLACKS:

FROM THE WRITINGS OF HARRIET MARTINEAU

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON was, not many years ago, a printer's boy. Now he is a marked man wherever he turns. The faces of his friends brighten when his step is heard; the people of colour almost kneel to him; and the rest of American society (at least, the slave-holding portion) jeers, pelts, and execrates him. Amidst all this, his gladsome life rolls on; he is "too busy to be anxious, too loving to be sad;" he is meek, sympathetic, and self-forgetful. His countenance of steady compassion gives hope to the oppressed, who look to him as the Jews did to Moses. It was this serene countenance, saint-like in its earnestness and purity, that a man bought at a print-shop, where it was exposed without a name, and hung up in his parlour, as the most apostolic face he had ever seen. The face was not altered, though the man took it out of the frame and hid it, when he found it was Garrison. As for Garrison, he sees in his persecutors but the creatures of unfavourable circumstances. He early satisfied himself that "a rotten egg cannot hit truth;" and then the whole matter was settled. Such is his case now. In 1829 it was very different.

He was an obscure student in a country college, when he determined on embracing the cause of the Abolition of Slavery. A New England merchant freighted a vessel with slaves for the New Orleans market, in the interval of the annual thanksgiving that the soil of his state was untrod by the foot of a slave. Garrison commented upon this transaction, in a newspaper, in the terms it deserved. He was, of course, tried for a "libel," and committed to prison till he could pay a fine of one thousand dollars. He was just as able to pay a million. After three months' imprisonment, he was freed by the generosity of Arthur Tappan, a New York merchant, who paid his fine for the principle's sake; and whose entire conduct has been in accordance with this one noble deed. Garrison now lectured in New York, for the abolition of slavery; and was warmly encouraged by a few choice spirits. He went to Boston for the same purpose: but, in that enlightened and religious city, every place in which he could lecture was closed against him. He declared his intention of lecturing on the Common: and this threat procured him what he wanted. At his first lecture he fired the souls of some of his hearers; among others of Mr. May, the first Unitarian clergyman who espoused the cause. On the next Sunday, Mr. May, in pursuance of the custom of praying for all distressed persons, prayed for the slaves; and was asked, in descending from the pulpit, whether he was mad. Garrison and his fellow-workman, both in the printing-office and the cause,—his friend Knapp,—set up the *Liberator*,—in its first days a sheet of shabby paper, printed with old types, and now a handsome and flourishing newspaper. These two heroes, in order to publish their paper, lived for a series of years in one room, on bread and water, "with sometimes," when the paper sold unusually well, "the luxury of a bowl of milk." In course of time, twelve men formed themselves into an abolition society at Boston, and the cause was fairly afoot. Afoot amidst a series of persecutions! The Abolitionists were execrated and insulted and foully maltreated by the *respectables* of a large portion of the United States. Gentlemen-mobs (working men were not among them) attacked the meeting-houses of the abolitionist women; who escaped with difficulty. The houses were pulled down. The Abolitionists were obliged to suspend their meetings, for want of a place to meet in. They could hire no public building: no one would take the risk of having his property destroyed, by letting it to so obnoxious a set of people. Rewards were offered by the slave-holders, the supporters of "things as they are," through advertisements in the newspapers, and handbills, for the heads, or even the ears of anti-slavery leaders. Families were:

attacked in their houses. Men were seized by mobs of *gentlemen*; were flogged, by Lynch-law; were driven from the country: some were burned to death. So is Slavery defended in the Southern States of America. Yet Garrison has never quailed. He has been an object of insult and hatred for a series of years; he has borne it unshrinkingly: but a kind look from a stranger has momentarily unmanned him. His speech is gentle as a woman's. His conversation is full of sagacity: it is as gladsome as his countenance, and as gentle as his voice. Through the whole of his deportment breathes the evidence of a heart at rest.

Men of wealth and nobility!—who profess Christianity, yet curse the equality of Love, for the preaching of which Christ died:—bow down the front of your hypocrisy at the feet of the printer's boy! The name of Garrison riseth in judgment against you.

The Men of Wealth.—

Enriched from ancestral merchandize;
And for them many a weary hand did swelt
In torched mines and noisy factories,
And many once proud-quivered loins did melt
In blood, from stinging whip;—with hollow eyes,
Many all day in dazzling river stood,
To take the rich-ored driftings of the flood.

For them the Ceylon diver held his breath,
And went all naked to the hungry shark;
For them his ears gushed blood; for them in death
The seal on the cold ice, with piteous bark,
Lay full of darts; for them alone did seethe
A thousand men in troubles wide and dark:
Half-ignorant, they turned an easy wheel,
That set sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel.

Why were they proud? Because their marble founts
Gushed with more pride than do a wretch's tears?—
Why were they proud? Because fair orange-mounts
Were of more soft ascent than lazar stairs?—
Why were they proud? Because red-lined accounts
Were richer than the songs of Grecian years?—
Why were they proud? again we ask aloud,
Why in the name of Glory were they proud?

Keats.

SLAVE-OWNERS AND SLAVES.

THERE is, there must be, in slave-holding communities a large class which cannot be too severely condemned. There are many, we fear very many, who hold their fellow-creatures in bondage, from selfish, base motives. They hold the slave for gain, whether justly or unjustly they neither ask nor care. They cling to him as property, and have no faith in the principles which will diminish a man's wealth. They hold him, not for his own good or the safety of the state, but with precisely the same views with which they hold a labouring horse, that is, for the profit which they wring from him. They will not hear a word of his wrongs; for, wronged or not, they will not let him go. He is their property, and they mean not to be poor for righteousness' sake. Such

a class there undoubtedly is among slave-holders; how large, their own consciences must determine. We are sure of it; for under such circumstances human nature will and must come to this mournful result. Now, to men of this spirit, the explanations we have made (against inferring the wickedness of slave-owners from the wickedness of slavery) do in no degree apply. Such men ought to tremble before the rebukes of outraged humanity and indignant virtue. Slavery upheld for gain, is a great crime. He, who has nothing to urge against emancipation, but that it will make him poorer, is bound to Immediate Emancipation. He has no excuse for wresting from his brethren their rights. The plea of benefit to the slave and the state avails him nothing. He extorts by the lash, that labour to which he has no claim, through a base selfishness. Every morsel of food thus forced from the injured, ought to be bitterer than gall. His gold is cankered. The sweat of the slave taints the luxuries for which it streams. Better were it for the selfish wrong-doer of whom I speak, to live as the slave, to clothe himself in the slave's raiment, to eat the slave's coarse food, to till his fields with his own hands, than to pamper himself by day, and pillow his head on down at night, at the cost of a wantonly injured fellow-creature. No fellow-creature can be so injured without taking terrible vengeance. He is terribly avenged even now. The blight which falls on the soul of the wrong-doer, the desolation of his moral nature, is a more terrible calamity than he inflicts. In deadening his moral feeling, he dies to the proper happiness of a man. In hardening his heart against his fellow-creatures, he sears it to all true joy. In shutting his ears against the voice of justice, he shuts out all the harmonies of the universe, and turns the voice of God within him into rebuke. He may prosper indeed, and hold faster the slave by whom he prospers; but he rivets heavier and more ignominious chains on his own soul, than he lays on others. No punishment is so terrible as prosperous guilt. No fiend, exhausting on us all his power of torture, is so terrible as an oppressed fellow-creature. The cry of the oppressed, unheard on earth, is heard in heaven. God is just, and if justice reign, then the unjust must terribly suffer. Then no being can profit by evil doing. Then all the laws of the universe are ordinances against guilt. Then every enjoyment, gained by wrong doing, will be turned into a curse. No laws of nature are so irrevocable as that law which binds guilt and misery. God is just. Then all the defences, which the oppressor rears against the consequences of wrong-doing, are vain, as vain as would be his striving to arrest by his single arm the ocean or whirlwind. He may disarm the slave. Can he disarm that slave's Creator? He can crush the spirit of insurrection in a fellow-creature. Can he crush the awful spirit of justice and retribution in the Almighty? He can still the murmur of discontent in his victim. Can he silence that voice which speaks in thunder, and is to break the sleep of the grave? Can he always still the reproving, avenging voice in his own breast?

I know it will be said, "You would make us poor." Be poor, then, and thank God for your honest poverty. Better be poor than unjust. Better beg than steal. Better live in an alms-house, better die, than trample on a fellow-creature and reduce him to a brute, for selfish gratification. What! Have we yet to learn, that it "profits us nothing to gain the whole world, and lose our souls?"

But still we are told the slave is gay. He is not as wretched as our theories teach. After his toil, he sings, he dances, he gives no sign of an exhausted frame or gloomy spirit. The slave happy! Why, then, contend for Right? Why follow with beating hearts the struggles of the patriot for freedom? Why canonize the martyr to freedom? The slave happy! Then happiness is to be found in giving up the distinctive attributes of a man; in darkening intellect and conscience; in quenching generous sentiments; in servility of spirit; in living under a whip; in having neither property nor rights; in holding wife and child at another's pleasure; in toiling without hope; in living without an end! The slave, indeed, has his pleasures. His animal

nature survives the injury to his rational and moral powers; and every animal has its enjoyments. The kindness of Providence allows no being to be wholly divorced from good. The lamb frolics; the dog leaps for joy; the bird fills the air with cheerful harmony; and the slave spends his holiday in laughter and the dance. Thanks to Him who never leaves himself without a witness; who cheers even the desert with spots of verdure; and opens a fountain of joy in the most withered heart! It is not possible, however, to contemplate the occasional gaiety of the slave without some mixture of painful thought. He is gay, because he has not learned to think; because he is too fallen to feel his wrongs; because he wants just self-respect. We are grieved by the gaiety of the insane. *There is a sadness in the gaiety of him, whose lightness of heart would be turned to bitterness and indignation, were one ray of light to awaken in him the spirit of a man.*

That there are those among the free, who are more wretched than slaves, is undoubtedly true; just as there is incomparably greater misery among men than among brutes. The brute never knew the agony of a human spirit torn by remorse or wounded in its love. But would we cease to be human, because our capacity for suffering increases with the elevation of our nature? All blessings may be perverted, and the greatest perverted most. Were we to visit a slave-country, undoubtedly the most miserable human beings would be found among the free; for among them the passions have wider sweep, and the power they possess may be used to their own ruin. Liberty is not a necessity of happiness. It is only a means of good. It is a trust which may be abused. Are all such trusts to be cast away? Are they not the greatest gifts of Heaven?—*Channing.*

REMARKS ON CHANNING'S SLAVERY.

A WORD or two to thousands of our countrymen who will laud this book to the skies, which is not higher than it deserves; and folding their arms on their breasts, bless God that they are not as these Americans. We ask them how it is, if slavery be so foul an injustice, that not more than one human being out of thirty in Great Britain has any political existence? At most, our political being amounts only to an inconsiderable fraction of the appointment of a representative, who, when appointed, possesses, numerically, one-six-hundred-and-fiftieth of one-third of the legislative power. This power of appointment is so exercised as to be continually subjected to influence and restraint. Its return is only provided for once in seven years, unless there be some purpose to be answered by some portion of the ruling authority. *Such is our freedom.* And for one that has it, there are nine-and-twenty who are destitute; and whose condition, so far as principle is concerned, comes under the description of slavery. It may be a very light and gentle slavery; it may be a very beneficent and happy slavery; it may be a very necessary slavery; it may deserve all the beautiful things that have ever been said in laudation of negro bondage; but this has nothing to do with the question of principle. It is slavery. The non-represented are ruled by the represented. And that omnipotence of Parliament which commands their labour, their wealth, and their lives, is to them as irresponsible a power (in principle, if not in fact,) as that of the slave-owner to his negroes, who may petition, or who may rebel, but who have no recognized portion of the management to which they submit.

"To deny the right of a human being to himself, to his own limbs and faculties, to his energy of body and mind, is an absurdity too gross to be confuted by anything but a simple statement. Yet this absurdity is involved in the idea of his belonging to another." True; and is it not also involved in the social arrangements by which the labourer is born into the world with his limbs and muscles mortgaged, so that only perhaps about the hundredth

part of what his toil produces is ever consumed by himself, or by those on whom he would bestow it voluntarily? Born to toil for tithes, and taxes, and the interest of capital, and the support of the endowed unearning, what is the real amount of their right in themselves? We put it to Mr. Buxton's conscience. We ask the Anti-slavery society. We demand it of the professed religionists of all denominations; of the patriots of all grades; of the hereditary lords of land and money, we "pause for a reply;" and may wait long enough.

Dr. Channing says, that "Nature's seal is affixed to no instrument, by which property in a single human being is conveyed." Did the Doctor never see a marriage contract? What is the condition of woman, but that she is property, while she cannot possess property? When that bond has been, as it often must be, unwarily sealed, what but slavery is the condition of dependence and degradation from which nothing can deliver, except the foul price of one species of crime to which there is thus affixed a deceptive premium? Yet our divines, and, under their direction, our legislators, will claim for the absolute indissolubility of this indenture, the seal not merely of Nature but of Nature's God. "What! own a spiritual being, a being made to know and adore God, and who is to outlive the sun and stars! What! chain to our lowest uses a being made for truth and virtue! Convert into a brute instrument that intelligent nature on which the Idea of Duty has dawned, and which is a nobler type of God than all outward creation! Every thing else may be owned in the universe; but a moral, rational being cannot be property. Suns and stars may be owned, but not the lowest spirit."* No, certainly not; *unless it be a woman's*. But then, as our religious casuists would say, she is not a "single" being, but merged in the duplicity of her husband's civil (or uncivil) identity. She is sworn to love, honour, and obey till death. And if the first two become impossible, what can be more reasonable than making up the deficiency by a double allowance of the last? Who does not remember Mrs. Siddons' humble petition to her idle husband, *that he would bequeath her* a fraction of the earnings of her own magnificent talent? In this case, as in that of the negro, no doubt there is re-action and retribution. That little mends the matter. Nor should we have adverted to any of these topics now, but that we wish to warn the good people of England what perilous things principles are, and to shew what strange thoughts sometimes come into the head amid the loud chorussings of Justice and Freedom, Equality and Christianity.

Monthly Repository, 1836.

Obstinacy.—An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him; for when he is once possessed with an error, it is like a devil, only cast out with great difficulty. Whatsoever he lays holds on, like a drowning man, he never loses, though it do but help to sink him the sooner. His ignorance is abrupt and inaccessible, impregnable both by art and nature, and will hold out to the last, though it has but rubbish to defend. It is as dark as pitch, and sticks as fast to anything it lays hold on. His scull is so thick, that it is proof against any reason, and never cracks but on the wrong side, just opposite to that against which the impression is made, which surgeons say does happen very frequently. The slighter and more inconsistent his opinions are, the faster he holds them, otherwise they would fall asunder of themselves; for opinions that are false ought to be held with more strictness and assurance than those that are true, otherwise they will be apt to betray their owners before they are aware. He delights most of all to differ in things indifferent, no matter how frivolous they are, they are weighty enough in proportion to his weak judgment; and he will rather suffer self-martyrdom

* Channing.

then part with the least scruple of his freehold; for it is impossible to dye his dark ignorance into any lighter colour. He is resolved to understand no man's reason but his own, because he finds no man can understand his but himself. His wits are like a sack, which the French proverb says is tied faster before it is full than when it is; and his opinions are like plants that grow upon rocks, that stick fast though they have no rooting. His understanding is hardened like Pharaoh's heart, and is proof against all sorts of judgments whatsoever.—*Butler*.

The Age of Gold.—Oh! age of gold! why wert thou so miscalled! thou wert the age of virtue. Yet, oh the pity of thy natural misnomer! for the metal which has bought and sold mankind's morality and happiness, till the nations groan in a wide and deep distress, is now, with corresponding self-illusory blindness, set up as a type of the bliss that is gone! Why should the congealed blood, stagnant and yellow, in the veins of mother Earth, be set up as of more value than the children in whom her vitality freshly circulates, walking bright with active life upon her adorned surface, breathing and feeling upward, even as the Thought ascendeth starward, and is received? Whence is this change? whence is this descent and gradual earthiness of heart, narrowed now in strength and scope, and cramped in all its pulses? Can we not wait for the grave to do its work? If the grave be earth and oblivion, and we become as the grave that holds us, why anticipate the doom? But oh! if it be but as the step towards a higher gradation of immortal destiny, insult we not,—thus wantonly dark of soul, and ungrateful to sublime Beneficence,—insult we not the prospect of futurity through all its ascending and bright mysterious vistas, by thus wasting hopes and perverting energies, while passing through our present state? Happiness, like goodness, dwelleth only with pure simplicity. Nothing else lasts. Our state is now entangled in the toils of infinite artificialities, opposed to nature, and called refinement,—of infinite sophistries, opposed to truth, yet called reason: thus are we cheated out of life. Our heart's heritage is taken from us. We did not enough value it: we suffered it to be compromised to bubbles. We know its value now, for the bubbles have burst. But we must *earn* back our heritage. We degenerated, and therefore suffered. Time maketh sport of man, in scorn and punishment. For man, being linked invisibly with immortality, hath a power within him beyond the Father of mortal years, albeit not exercised with integral purity of the soul's elemental strength. Whereof it happens, not by chance, but inevitable justice, that old Calamity grapples, and harrows, and hounds him towards the tomb, graving thereon man's general epitaph: "He misused the gifts of his Creator—lived in wretchedness, without understanding—and died in its climax!"

R. H. Horne.

The Felon.—He who possesseth slaves is in the perpetual habit of robbery and murder—robbery of the liberty, the existence, the body of a man—and murder, by shortening the duration of his life by excess of labour or privations.—*Maltravers*.

SALAMIS.

An island of Greece, on the southern coast of Livadia, the ancient Attica. Xerxes, king of Persia, having invaded Greece with an immense army, the Athenians, rather than become slaves, abandoned their city, and, sending away their women and children, placed their whole trust in their fleet, which engaged the Persians in the straits of Salamis, and obtained a complete victory, B.C. 480.

WOMAN.

Oh that this fane so fair and delicate—
 The incarnate home of the eternal state
 Of Beauty, wherein Love most eloquent
 Is idolized, where earth's enthusiasts press,
 In the deep agony of loneliness
 And thought's despair—should be the tenement
 Of the foul fiend of utter worldliness!
 This peerless flower, whose divine loveliness—
 Even as the spirit o'er the wilderness
 Of Evil brooding—kindleth pure intent,
 With fragrant breath reviveth weariness,
 And in its honied heart of kindness
 Holds perfect bliss—alas, that grossest sense
 Should mar its bloom, and Life suck deadliest poison thence!

THE SLAVE.

The horror of a monstrous tragedy
 Haunted my spirit;—O'er a father's bier
 A gentle girl hung weeping bitterly;
 A creature beautiful and delicate,
 Impassioned, yet with all the purity
 Of girlhood's holy time:—I looked again:
 Stretched on a couch, she writhed convulsively
 'Neath the fierce grasp of one, whose horrible leer
 Mocked her great agony, while he did sate
 The fury of his lust, and violate
 Her nature's sanctity; then brutally
 Was she spurned forth, to toil, be scourged, and die.—
 Merciful God! Despair hath but one cry:
 What by such means would Love Omnific gain?

THE MYSTERY.

How Good and Ill are blended! Oh, dear God!
 Is no relief from this incestuous bond?
 Must this foul intermingling be beyond
 Death's strong divorce? Beneath the fragrant sod,
 Revels the slimy worm in rottenness;
 Disgust is paramour of loveliness;
 And madness mateth with sublimity;
 Untuned hate all-harshly doth respond
 To joy's love-music:—what! if Life should die;
 The quickening soul waste in putridity;
 And death's dark phases typify the dream
 Of all existences—Death the supreme?
 Then God were wedded to Deformity:—
 It were a thought to make even Love despond.

RECORDS OF THE WORLD'S JUSTICE.

BY A HARDWAREMAN.

No. 3.—*The Free-servant.*

"Next to governesses, the largest class of female patients in lunatic asylums is Maids of All Work."—*Harriet Martineau.*

"Britons never will be slaves!"—*National Song.*

JANE STEPHENS was the daughter of a ploughman. The Legislature, in its benevolent wisdom, had decided that it was for the good of the community that Richard Stephens should be condemned to hard labour without hope of improvement, for the term of his natural life; and Sir Thomas Jenkins, who drew large rents from the produce of the fields on which Stephens and others laboured, was decidedly of the Legislature's opinion. Indeed, Sir Thomas was one of the "collective wisdom" or House of *Commons*, and as such had voted that it was just and necessary that one in ten of these condemned labourers should be shot or cut in pieces to preserve this beautiful constitution of society. Stephens only thought there was no beauty in slavery: but what mattered what a ploughman thought when the landlord and government, and of course the clergy, chose otherwise?—but my business is with the ploughman's daughter.

Jane was the eldest of a large family. She was soon useful: nursed the baby, took her father his dinner, kept the house in order, and was both the assistant and companion of her mother. She was a fine healthy girl—would have been called beautiful, had she been born "a lady"; good-tempered and loving; industrious and ever ready to help any who were in need. When she was about fifteen, her father not being allowed to support his family, it became necessary that she should go to *service*. It was a hard thing to part from home and all who were loved and loving, to go among strangers, to be alone—for her mistress allowed no "followers", thinking servants had not the same affections as others, or, if they did wish to see their friends, there was no time—; and to work like a mill-horse—but that she did not think of—: in fact, to sell herself for five pounds a year. But then, she would be helping her mother; and anything was to be endured for that:—so, with a cheerful countenance Jane engaged herself to a *mistress*; and exchanged the old cottage in the fields for a dirty house in a narrow street in London, nearly two hundred miles from her native place. Here for three years she laboured as under-housemaid to an arrogant woman who had "no idea of being spoken to by a *servant*," one who wondered servants' instincts did not teach them how to adopt immediately the habits of every new place, how to humour the ever-varying caprices of possibly a fretful mistress:—but I must pass to her next situation, as maid of all work, procured solely on account of her excellent character from her last place.

And maid of *all work* she was. Her master was the owner of a manufactory and, consequently, from home the greater part of the day, coming home for his meals. His family consisted of himself, his wife, a son and daughter nearly grown up, a boy eleven years old, a girl rather younger, and an infant in arms. The house was let out to lodgers. An artist had the first floor; an actor had one room on the second floor; and three noisy and not very clean Germans shared the remainder of the second floor and an attic; the family occupied the other attic, the ground floor, and the kitchen. At this time I was acquainted with Jane's master. He was a worthy man, good-hearted, and very kind to Jane. His wife was, I think, as well-meaning a body, but rather warm, and a little bit hasty; and poor Jane seldom passed a

day without some opportunity of understanding her mistress's disposition. The son worked at his father's business. The daughter assisted in the light work, but left the laborious part to her mother and the maid. To do Mrs. Simpson justice, *she* was never idle: always working, and muddling as she worked, so that Jane often wished her mistress wouldn't help her. The children were not much less troublesome.

Soon after Jane went to them, Mrs. Simpson was laid up with a bad bilious attack. The daughter had enough to do, nursing her mother, even with some assistance from Jane, on whom the work of the house entirely devolved. She had to scrub and sweep the house, to make the beds, to cook for the family, and the first-floor lodger (who sometimes had company), to wait upon all the lodgers, to answer the door (the knocker had just discovered the perpetual motion), to run of errands—marketing &c., to look after the children, and, in her leisure time, to wean the baby. Amid all this, for which she received eight pounds a year, Jane was assiduous and good tempered; and though not happy—for she had not forgotten her home, and pined for the green fields and old country friendliness—still she never neglected her work. At length, her health gave way: she was obliged to leave her place; and a long illness was the result of the over-tasking of her strength. Slowly she recovered, to find herself in the desert of London without friends or money, almost without clothes—having been compelled to part with them during her illness.

From this time I lost sight of her. God knows what became, or will become of her. Perhaps she was reduced to beg her bread in our very christian streets; or perhaps—for she was beautiful—destitution and despair may have conspired with villainy to force her into that lowest deep of degradation, the life—Oh, no! not the life, the horrible wretchedness of prostitution; or perhaps she may have been fortunate enough to procure another situation: fortunate enough! Is it good fortune to be worked to death, either without or with kindness? (The Simpsons were kind: the rigours of her servitude there arose more from ignorance, which renders people careless of others' sufferings, than from any wilful cruelty.) But, even if she were *fortunate* enough to get another place, what must be the result? Continual toil, unbefriended and without hope, till at length, too old for service, she is compelled to seek a precarious subsistence as sempstress or char-woman, hardly living in some miserable garret; and when that last fortune fails her, she may die of cold and starvation in the streets, "a natural death;" (How dare men so lie! Well-fed jurymen, reconsider your verdict!) or she may have the comforts of a workhouse hospital. Oh! there are but too many who bear this doom. What has become of girlhood's hope and gaiety; of the woman's beauty and lovingness? Did not they deserve a better destiny? Domestic service, indeed!—domestic slavery! Respectable philanthropists! can you not prescribe any remedy?

Now I am well to do in the world: but I keep no servant. My wife and children wait upon me, and I help them. We know nothing of command and obedience: for we take a pleasure in serving those we love:—and I would recommend rich folk and gentlemen, if it be only on account of their own comfort, to discharge all their servants, and be served by those who love them, taking their turn in the work most fit for them. But, even if they are not wise enough to study their own good, let them be just to others, and not condemn their betters (perhaps) to slavery, merely because their laziness or pride—I don't care which: they may settle it between themselves—will not condescend to *menial* offices. Nothing is menial to Love.

"But what shall we do without servants?" says the fine lady. Do what honest folks do: wait upon yourself! Why should other people be sacrificed to your selfishness?—Poor Jane Stephens! there are many such as thou wert; as worthy of good, and as ill-used:—I can write no more. It is too horrible to think of.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF MALFY

A TRAGEDY, BY JOHN WEBSTER.

The DUCHESS OF MALFY marries ANTONIO, her Steward.

DUCHESS. ANTONIO.

Duchess. I sent for you, sit down.
Take pen and ink, and write. Are you ready?

Antonio. Yes.

Duch. What did I say?

Ant. That I should write somewhat.

Duch. Oh, I remember.

After these triumphs and this large expense
It's fit, like thrifty husbands, we enquire
What's laid up for to-morrow.

Ant. So please your beauteous excellence.

Duch. Beauteous indeed! I thank you; I look young
For your sake. You have ta'en my cares upon you.

Ant. I'll fetch your grace the particulars of your revenue and expense.

Duch. Oh, you're an upright treasurer: but you mistook,
For when I said I meant to make enquiry
What's laid up for to-morrow, I did mean
What's laid up yonder for me.

Ant. Where?

Duch. In heaven.

I'm making my will (as 'tis fit Princes should,)
In perfect memory; and I pray, Sir, tell me,
Were not one better make it smiling, thus,
Than in deep groans and terrible ghastly looks,
As if the gifts we parted with procur'd
That violent distraction?

Ant. Oh, much better.

Duch. If I had a husband now, this care were quit.
But I intend to make you overseer;
What good deed shall we first remember, say?

Ant. Begin with that first good deed, began in the world
After man's creation, the sacrament of marriage.
I'd have you first provide for a good husband;
Give him all.

Duch. All?

Ant. Yes, your excellent self.

Duch. In a winding sheet?

Ant. In a couple.

Duch. St. Winifred, that were a strange will.

Ant. 'Twere stranger if there were no will in you
To marry again.

Duch. What do you think of marriage?

Ant. I take it, as those that deny purgatory;
It locally contains or heaven or hell,
There's no third place in't.

Duch. How do you affect it?

Ant. My banishment, feeding my melancholy,
Would often reason thus.

Duch. Pray, let us hear it.

Ant. Say a man never marry, nor have children,
What takes that from him? only the bare name
Of being a father, or the weak delight
To see the little wanton ride a cock-horse

Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter
Like a taught starling.

Duch. Fie, fie, what's all this?

One of your eyes is blood-shot; use my Ring to't.
They say 'tis very sovran, 'twas my wedding ring,
And I did vow never to part with it
But to my second husband.

Ant. You have parted with it now.

Duch. Yes, to help your eye-sight.

Ant. You have made me stark blind.

Duch. How?

Ant. There is a saucy and ambitious devil,
15 dancing in this circle.

Duch. Remove him.

Ant. How?

Duch. There needs small conjuration, when your finger
May do it; thus: is it fit?

(She puts the Ring on his finger.)

Ant. What said you?

(He kneels)

Duch. Sir!

This goodly roof of yours is too low built;
I cannot stand upright in't nor discourse,
Without I raise it higher: raise yourself!
Or, if you please my hand to help you: so.

Ant. Ambition, Madam, is a great man's madness,
That is not kept in chains and close-pent rooms,
But in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt
With the wild noise of prattling visitants,
Which makes it lunatick beyond all cure.
Conceive not I'm so stupid, but I aim
Whereto your favours tend: but he's a fool
That, being a-cold, would thrust his hands in the fire
To warm them.

Duch. So, now the ground's broke,
You may discover what a wealthy mine
I make you Lord of.

Ant. Oh my unworthiness.

Duch. You were ill to sell yourself.
This dark'ning of your worth is not like that
Which tradesmen use in the city; their false lights
Are to rid bad wares off: and I must tell you,
If you will know where breathes a complete man,
(I speak it without flattery) turn your eyes,
And progress through yourself.

Ant. Were there nor heaven nor hell,
I should be honest: I have long serv'd virtue,
And ne'er ta'en wages of her.—

Duch. Now she pays it—
The misery of us that are born great!
We are forced to woo, because none dare woo us:
And as a tyrant doubles with his words,
And fearfully equivocates; so we
Are forced to express our violent passions
In riddles, and in dreams, and leave the path
Of simple virtue, which was never made
To seem the thing it is not. Go, go, brag
You have left me heartless; mine is in your bosom;
I hope 'twill multiply love there: you tremble:

Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh,
 To fear more than to love me; Sir, be confident.
 What is it distracts you? This is flesh and blood, Sir.
 'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster,
 Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man.
 I do here put off all vain ceremony,
 And only do appear to you a young widow:
 I use but half a blush in't.

Ant. Truth speak for me
 I will remain the constant sanctuary
 Of your good name.

Duch. I thank you, gentle love;
 And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt
 (Being now my Steward) here upon your lips
 I sign your *quietus est*: this you should have begg'd now.
 I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus,
 As fearful to devour them too soon.

Ant. But, for your brothers—

Duch. Do not think of them.
 All discord without this circumference,
 Is only to be pitied, and not fear'd:
 Yet, should they know it, time will easily
 Scatter the tempest.

Ant. These words should be mine,
 And all the parts you have spoke; if some part of it
 Would not have savour'd flattery.

(*Cariola, her maid, comes forward.*)

Duch. Kneel.

Ant. Hah!

Duch. Be not amaz'd; this woman's of my council,
 I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a chamber
Per verba presenti is absolute marriage;
 Bless heaven this sacred Gordian, which let violence
 Never untwine.

Ant. And may our sweet affections, like the spheres
 Be still in motion.

Duch. Quickening, and make
 The like soft music.

Cariola. Whether the spirit of greatness, or of woman,
 Reign most in her. I know not;—

The World's Tyranny.—'Tis no uncommon thing for one half of the world
 to use the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make them so.
 —*Sterne.*

Universal Suffrage.—To refuse any member of the community a vote in
 the making of the laws, or in the appointment of the men who are to make
 them, is neither more nor less than an act of outlawry; nay, more, it is a
 positive robbery, if a particle of his property be touched for the purposes of
 the community who have thus excluded him. The man who is denied a vote
 in the management of the affairs of the community to which he belongs, is, to
 all intents and purposes, a slave, for he is wholly dependent on the will of
 others. His life, liberty, property, and happiness, are all in the hands of
 others: he is clearly at their mercy.

Voice of the People.

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. V.

MAN hath made unto himself a God, even Mammon; and him doth he worship continually.

Accursed be the hour when Gold was first digged from the bowels of the earth!

It hath corrupted the heart of man; it hath been a never-failing incentive to evil; it hath poisoned the pure springs of human happiness; and yet it addeth new vices to the catalogue of crime.

Servant of Mammon! what availeth thee this heap of dross thou hast amassed, this dirt to which thou sacrificest thy heart's best feelings, for which thou hast surrendered all the loveliness and the truth of life?

Are there no better treasures on this beautiful earth?

Ye miserable reckoners of the money-tables, ye wretched usurers and money-changers! who have made man's home a den of thieves, what gain accrueth from your vile and most senseless traffic?

Day after day ye crawl to your desks, to labour in unproductive calculations: is labour so valueless?

Give place, O pale financier! to the healthful peasant: one grain of wheat out-values thy life's product.

Give place, thou over-reaching and aye-striving Commerce! to the all-bountiful Love that giveth, and selleth not; that letteth none want; that provideth plenteously for all from their common labour; stamping no coin to reward the miser, the selfish and the thief.

What man is there of you, who, if his brother ask him for bread, will give unto him a stone?

Behold, I have seen the stone sold for a price, and men have starved in the streets.

Human flesh is bought and sold by the pound; the soul of man withers in the coffers of the trader; the very joy of Love is a marketable thing.

Man hath bartered Truth and Healthfulness and Power and Love, for a handful of glittering dirt.

He hath swallowed molten gold: and his heart is consumed.

†

SLAVERY.

CONSIDERING that we live in a free country, we submit, for the satisfaction of the curious, a list of the several species of slaves *to be found* amongst us.

1. Legally speaking, *all women*: they being by law the property, as much as an ass or any other beast of burden, of the males, vulgarly called men. These slaves have no political existence; their persons and the product of their labour belong entirely to their proprietors. A woman of talent, who happens to be branded as the wife of a worthless fool, has no right, says the law of the land, to use her own earnings; they are the property of her master, who, in virtue of his marriage oath, and in accordance with his christian profession, keeps not more than two or three other females, for a beastly purpose. Some thousands of these playthings are annually sacrificed, with most horrible torture, for the amusement of the males: this game is called *prostitution*, and is carefully provided for by the Marriage-laws. It is argued that no change for the better can be allowed, as it would deteriorate the property of the present owners, much of which is retained in its present advantageous state, only by fear of the arbitrary penalties inflicted on all assertors of natural liberty. And vested rights ought to be respected when the possession has been properly acquired.

2. Those whose energies and exertions are compulsorily employed for the benefit of others. This is a very small class. It includes day-labourers, (mechanics and agriculturists,) household servants, &c. These are allowed sufficient of the fruit of their own labour to keep them in good working condition.

3. Military slaves. Traders in blood; butchers of men; mercenary machines used in an unjust quarrel; the People's *scourge*.

4. Slaves of prejudice. Poor copies of worn-out fashions: who believe anything because their fathers believed it; who lament the disrespect for pigtails, and prophesy the ruin of the country from the disuse of powder. Very respectable men these, very well to do; easy-conscienced, but very conscientious *slaves*, "who, thinking they abide by the ideas that have been set before them, really have very few ideas of anything, and are only remarkable for affording specimens of every sort of common-place, comfortable or unhappy."

5. Slaves of habit and conventional form. We apprehend this race is nearly extinct. There are actually some few men and women, who are satisfied with the purity of their own hearts, without seeking a character; who dare to act independently of the world's notions of *virtue*, which are rather unsatisfactory. These people are not burnt.

6. Political slaves. A minister's lackeys; the pensioners of a court; place-hunters; House-of-Commons vermin.

7. The slaves of fashion and respectability. Men of their order; tailors' manufacture; things that do nothing improper. Very low!

Religious slavery we dislike meddling with: we might be profane.

It is astonishing how few slaves there are.

FREEDOM.

WHAT art thou, Freedom! Oh! could slaves

Answer from their living graves
This demand, tyrants would flee,
Like a dream's dim imagery.

For the labourer thou art bread,
And a comely table spread,
From his daily labour come,
In a neat and happy home.

Thou art clothes, and fire, and food
For the trampled multitude:
No; in countries that are free
Such starvation cannot be,
As in England now we see.

To the rich thou art a check,
When his foot is on the neck
Of his victim: thou dost make
That he treads upon a snake.

Thou art Love—the rich have kist
Thy feet, and, like him following Christ,
Give their substance to the free,
And through the rough world follow thee.

Oh turn their wealth to arms, and make
War, for thy beloved sake,
On wealth and war and fraud; whence they
Drew the power which is their prey!

Shelley's Masque of Anarchy.

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



CHRIST SCOURGED.

Sculptured by Michael Angelo.



THE ACCURSED.

He sitteth at a stranger's hearth,
 Unwelcomed and alone ;
 He groweth grey in alien lands,
 An outcast from his own ;
 He is a watched and hated thing,
 Wherever he may dwell :
 Who art thou, Exile ?—" One who loved
 His country's peace too well."

And thou—upon whose trampled heart
 The seal of scorn is set ;
 Whom the pure-minded and the fond
 Endeavour to forget ;
 Whose life hath worn a fiendish curse,
 Since the first angel fell :—
 What art thou, Pariah ?—" One who loves
 The truth of God too well."

Why look'st thou earthward ?—thou art bowed
 With the burthen of thy pain ;
 Lash after lash doth rend thy heart ;—
 Yet dost thou not complain :
 Yet neither pride nor strength of frame
 That agony repel :—
 Why art thou tortured ?—" I have loved
 The truth of God too well."

Why art thou pale and sunken-eyed ;
 Why is thy beauty spoiled ;
 Why homest thou with infamy ;
 What evil unassoyled
 Hath chained Pain in thy drear heart,
 A maniac in his cell :
 Why art thou Desolation's Wife ?—
 " Because I loved too well."

There was a Curse came down from Heaven,
 A fearful Destiny :
 Woe to the Loving, death in life,
 Contempt and injury !—
 But the Titan-heart reviveth still :
 The far-world echoes tell,
 That Love, the eldest-born of Truth,
 Loveth his servants well.

Z.

Truth and Error.—We need not fear any sinister consequences, from the subversion of error, and introducing as much truth into the mind as we can possibly accumulate. All those notions by which we are accustomed to ascribe to any thing a value which it does not really possess, should be eradicated without mercy ; and truth, a sound and just estimate of things, which is not less favourable to zeal or activity, should be earnestly and incessantly cultivated.—*Godwin.*

Freedom of Opinion.—Let all have full liberty to teach and maintain whatever opinions they may choose to teach and maintain.—*Melancthon.*

RECORDS OF THE WORLD'S JUSTICE

BY A HARDWAREMAN.

No. 4.—*The Infidel.*

"He, they said, from his mind had bent
Against their gods keen blasphemy,
For which, though his soul must roasted be
In hell's red lakes immortally,
Yet even on earth must he abide
The vengeance of their slaves:—
For he made verses wild and queer
Of the strange things priests hold so dear,
Because they bring them land and gold:
Of devils and saints, and all such gear—
So the priests hated him."

Shelley.

"AND what do *you* believe?" was the question put by a teacher at a Sunday school to one of his rough-headed and ragged pupils.

"Please, Sir! I believe in nothing."

"Surely,"—said the catechizer:—"you forget—you believe in the Holy Ghost."

"No indeed, Sir! I don't: the boy that believes in the Holy Ghost, is at home, ill o' the measles; and I have only got his place."

The teacher seemed horribly disconcerted; declared that he "had never been so disgusted," as at this frank avowal of infidelity, and in one so young; he thought a severe flogging might do good; it might perhaps drive the Holy Ghost into the heart of this sinful little heathen; at all events it would impress it upon his memory—I did not rightly understand which, the Holy Ghost or the flogging. I confess I was much shocked at the unfortunate child's want of religion. It is very dreadful to believe in nothing. I never before was fully aware of what an *infidel* really is. But yet, it struck me, that it would have been far worse, if the boy had told a lie, and said "I believe in the Holy Ghost," while, in truth, he believed in nothing. And then it occurred to me, how many men there are, old enough to know better, who, when their fathers go to their "long home" ill o' the gout or dropsy, or some other of the many "ills that flesh is heir to," step into their places, and unblushingly avow a belief in the Holy Ghost or any thing else, when, if they spoke truth, they would reply—"Our fathers have gone home; they had their creeds and opinions: we have only taken their place; we must have a belief of our own, or we believe in nothing." I recollect a little story very applicable.

Ram Sing was one of a tribe of savages who lived somewhere, a great way off, beyond America. He was the best man of his tribe: every body loved him. He cured diseases; he taught the people the uses of many different herbs; he invented a number of serviceable tools; he was wiser than the rest of the people, and gave every one the benefit of his knowledge. Ram Sing was loved by every body except the priests: they hated him. The priests told the people that one of their Gods was born in a pig-sty; that he put on a pair of linen breeches; and went about the country, cutting wood and threatening to make a great fire and burn nearly all the people. Ram Sing laughed at them, and said it was all nonsense. The people began to laugh too, and said, they would no longer give the priests the best share of their harvest and their hunting, unless they could tell them something better than these sorry stories, (they were very absurd certainly.) Then the priests found that they were getting poor, and, as they did not like work, they grew very furious, and told the people, that if they did not bring them enough sacrifice (for they said, all was for the service of the Gods), their Gods would be angry, and would blight their corn and cross the trail of the deer, so that

they would starve, and when they died, they should not be admitted into the pleasant land of spirits, among their fathers and chiefs, but be shut up for ever in the burning desert, to be hunted by wild beasts; and the stupid people were frightened, and, though they knew that the priests had lied to them before, they believed them now, and asked them what they should do to pacify their Gods. And the priests told them to take Ram Sing, the man who had done them so much good, who had laughed at the priests' lies; and to beat him; and to fasten him to a high tree, and let him hang there till he died. It was in vain that Ram Sing reminded them that he had never done them harm, but always good, teaching them to love one another, and that he had never asked any reward but their love for his services, and therefore could have no object in deceiving them; it was to no purpose that he showed them how the priests would tell any lies to live in laziness, and begged them to require some proof of what was told them and not to believe without any reason; the people were so ignorant and so cowardly that they would have killed themselves at the priests' bidding. So they beat Ram Sing, and hanged him on a tree; and shouted round him, and mocked him, and said it served him quite right for he was an Infidel. And the priests laughed too, for they knew that now there was no one to prevent them from robbing the people. And the poor savages crawled on in their old ignorance.

Mr. Sunday-school-teacher! do you mean to say that the little boy who believes in *nothing* and tells truth, is likely to be such a man as Ram Sing, the Infidel? If so, I think he will be a much better member of society than the men who believe in the Holy Ghost and don't mind about robbing and murdering their fellow-creatures: but, if he does what he thinks right, and no harm to any one, I can't see what you and I have to do with his belief, or his want of belief. The Apostle James says, "Faith without works is dead," so that all those poor savages believed (if taking another man's word without any reason, is worth calling belief) was but a dead faith, producing no good works—like many people who profess belief in Christianity, and do nothing christian-like; and the same Apostle says, "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works," so that Ram Sing, who was accused of believing in *nothing*, proved by his works that he had abundant faith, and more belief in good than his persecutors; and those who have only an unproductive faith, are, after all, the real Infidels.

The World ought to be ashamed of its lies.

Atheism.—In the necessary ascending progress of the understanding to divest the infinitely perfect Being of all resemblance to imperfection, he at length approaches a very faint and imperfect personality. I acknowledge indeed that the heart has an equally inevitable ascending progress, in which the Divinity is more and more individualized, brought nearer and made liker to ourselves, that he may be more the object of affection. But to confine myself to speculation; a person commonly called an Atheist, might certainly feel the most ardent moral enthusiasm, or the warmest love of perfect virtue; he consequently has the feeling, of which devotion is a modification or another name. This perfect virtue he must often personify. How small is the difference in pure speculation between the evanescent individuality to which the reasonings of the Philosophical Theist reduce or exalt the Divinity, and the temporary mental reality into which the imagination of him who is called an Atheist brightens his personification of virtue!—*Sir James Mackintosh.*

Protestantism.—I am for tearing off every mask, for managing nothing, for extenuating nothing, for shutting the eyes to nothing, that truth may be transparent and unadulterated, and may have a free course.—*Martin Luther.*

SHELLEY.

Holy and mighty Poet of the Spirit
 That broods and breathes along the Universe!
 In the least portion of whose starry verse
 Is the great breath the sphered heavens inherit—
 No human song is eloquent as thine;
 For, by a reasoning instinct all divine,
 Thou feel'st the soul of things; and thereof singing,
 With all the madness of a skylark, springing
 From earth to heaven, the intenseness of thy strain,
 Like the lark's music all around us ringing,
 Laps us in God's own heart, and we regain
 Our primal life ethereal! Men profane
 Blaspheme thee: I have heard thee *Dreamer* styled—
 I've mused upon their wakefulness—and smiled.

Wade.

 THE LIFE OF SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was the son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart., of Castle-Goring, Sussex. He was born at Field-Place, in Sussex, on the 4th of August, 1792. At the customary age, he was sent to Eton school; and before he completed his seventeenth year had published two novels, *The Rosicrucian* and *Zastrozzi*. He was taken from Eton before the usual time of leaving school: his unconventional spirit, penetrating, sincere, and demanding the reason and justice of things, was found to be inconvenient. He was removed to University College, Oxford. Logic was there put into his hands; and he used it in the most uncompromising manner. The more important the proposition, the more he thought himself bound to investigate it: the greater the demand upon his assent, the less he thought himself bound to grant it. The result was expulsion. He was now thrown upon society, with no better experience than this, of the kindness and sincerity of those whom he had perplexed, to form his own judgments, and pursue his own career. His way of proceeding was entirely after the fashion of those guileless, but vehement hearts which, not being well replied to by their teachers, and finding them hostile to inquiry, add to a natural love of truth all the passionate ardour of a generous and devoted protection of it. He resolved to square all his actions by what he conceived to be the strictest justice, without regard to the opinions of those whose little consideration towards himself ill fitted them, he thought, for teachers, and as ill warranted him in deferring to the opinions of the world whom they guided. Many anecdotes are recorded of his generosity and high-mindedness. The sincerity of his professions was well proved by his rejection of a large estate in Sussex, rather than comply with the condition of becoming a truckling member of the House of Commons: his family were of the compromising class: Whig Aristocrats. At the age of eighteen he married a Miss Harriet Westbrook, the daughter of a retired coffee-house keeper. By this marriage he so irritated his father, that he was entirely abandoned by him; but his father-in-law allowed him £200 a year. The wife he took was not of a nature to appreciate his understanding, or, perhaps, to come from contact with it uninjured in what she had of her own. They separated by mutual consent, after the birth of two children. In the spirit of Milton's doctrines, Shelley now paid his addresses to the daughter of Godwin (the author of *Political Justice*) and Mary Wollstonecraft (authoress of the *Rights of*

Woman.) In 1814 he visited Switzerland, accompanied by Miss Godwin; but soon returned to England, and resided with her at Bath. There he received intelligence of the death of his wife, who destroyed herself on the 10th of November, 1816. This was a heavy blow to Shelley: for a time it tore his being to pieces. Shortly after he married Miss Godwin, at the solicitation of her father; and went to reside at Great Marlowe, in Buckinghamshire, where he wrote the *Revolt of Islam*. In consequence of his heterodox opinions, his family took legal proceedings to deprive him of the guardianship of his two children by his first wife. In this unprovoked aggression they succeeded; and his children were transferred to the safe keeping of an old clergyman of the established church, to be instructed in the propeties of orthodoxy. Shelley was terribly affected by this inhuman separation. The younger of these two children, a boy, is since dead. While at Marlowe, Shelley published a *Proposal for putting Reform to the vote* throughout the country; for which purpose he offered to subscribe £100. In 1817 he left England, never to return to it; and bent his course to Italy, where he resided partly at Venice, and partly at Pisa, and on the neighbouring coast. In Italy were written the *Prometheus Unbound*, *The Witch of Atlas*, *Adonais*, *The Cenci*, *The Triumph of Life*, &c. In June, 1822, he was an occasional resident at a house on the Gulf of Lerici, where he kept a boat, and was in the habit of cruising along the coast. On the 7th of July, accompanied by a friend, Mr. Williams, and one seaman, he set sail from Leghorn (where he had been to welcome his friend Leigh Hunt to Italy) with the intention of returning to Lerici. In a day or two the voyagers were missed. The afternoon of the 8th was stormy; and succeeded by a tremendous night. A dreadful interval of suspense took place. Nothing could be heard of them for eight days. At the end of that period, the bodies of Shelley and his friend were found, washed on shore, near Via Reggio. In Shelley's jacket-pocket was a volume of Keat's poems, of which a turned-down leaf indicated the place where he had probably been reading at the moment of the boat's going down: he had evidently sunk without making an attempt to save himself. His body was burnt on the spot where it was found, by his friends, Leigh Hunt, Mr. Trelawney, and Lord Byron; and his ashes were buried in the Protestant burial-ground at Rome, near the grave of his divine fellow-poet, Keats, and that of a son, an infant (by his second wife) whom he had lost in that city. Another son, by her, survived him, and will succeed to the baronetcy; the daughter by his first wife has been lately married. Shelley was in his thirtieth year when he died. He was rather tall and slender; with fair complexion, and brown hair. His eyes were large and expressive, with a dash of wildness in them; and his aspect had a certain seraphical character, that would have suited a portrait of John the Baptist. He was a first-rate scholar, an excellent metaphysician, and no slight adept in natural philosophy. His favourite books were Plato, Homer, the Greek tragedians, Shakspeare, and the Bible. The leading-feature of his character may be said to have been a natural piety. He was pious towards nature, towards his friends, towards the whole human race, towards the meanest insect of the forest. He set his face, not against a mystery, nor a self-evident proposition, but against whatever he conceived to be injurious to human good. In this light he viewed the "received" degrading notions of the Deity, and therefore reprobated them, attacking the Gods of man's creation. His bravery was remarkable; he would have lost his life with pleasure, to set an example of disinterestedness. Those who best knew him speak of him as "a man absolutely without selfishness." Joined with this was a great deal of will, but will that was sympathetic. He was naturally irritable and impetuous, but had schooled his temper to gentleness; and in his whole behaviour he evinced the sweetest and noblest disposition. He scorned advice as little as he scorned any other help to what was just and good: he could both give and take it with an exquisite mixture of frankness and delicacy, that formed one of the greatest evidences of his superiority to common "virtue." His whole life, was spent in the

contemplation of nature, in arduous study, or in acts of kindness and affection. We cannot conclude better than in the words of his best friend, Leigh Hunt, to whom we are indebted for the greater part of this sketch, and whom the poet's worshippers, and in its very ignorance, the prejudiced world itself (for want is a claim upon benevolence) petition for—a *Biography* of Shelley; "The friends whom he loved may now bid his brave and gentle spirit repose; for the human beings whom he laboured for *begin to know him*."

THE CRUCIFIXION.

TO AN ILLUSTRIOUS TEACHER OF MEN; UPON HIS NON-VINDICATION OF
SHELLEY FROM THE ASPERSIONS OF A COMMON-PLACE RABBLER.

All his pain'd life was nail'd and crucified
By selfish men, of hearts conventional:
And since his death, he many deaths hath died
On dull men's tongues; his godhead full denied,
His memory scourged, and rudely vilified,
And pierced by ruffians in its holy side.
Then should'st thou not, thou Man Imperial!
Whose thoughts do govern thought amidst us all,
Be worse than Pilate; in not being the thrall
Of place, as he, and yet abandoning
The sacred name of Shelley, deified,
To vulgar mockery, without championing
His spirit divine. O, marvel, shame and loss:
Our Pilate is turn'd Jew, and strains the Cross!

• W •

Are we justified in delaying the assertion of great principles, from regard to the feelings or interests of those we love? In other words, Is it just to defer the public benefit for the gratification of our own partialities? The assertors of principles unrecognized by society must necessarily war against the hosts of prejudice: such conflict is not without pain and travail to the best champions of Truth, dismay and torture and oftentimes death to the weakly-armoured, and much sorrow to the conscientious defenders of the "established" Error. Which of the Apostles of Truth holds back, for all this? And shall the good of many ages be laid at the feet of the two or three of a man's kindred; and he, the betrayer of the Many, be esteemed a just man? Then was Brutus a sophist; then was Timoleon criminal, who preferred fratricide to the enslaving of his country. Would Christ have kept silence, though his whole family had been threatened with crucifixion?

✱

Five hundred and fifty-seven years before Christ.—Do unto another as thou wouldst be dealt with thyself: thou only needest this law alone; it is the foundation and principle of all the rest.—*Confucius*.

PARISINA.

A TALE OF THE WORLD'S WRONG.

PART I.

The sun sank on the dusky breast
 Of the gentle twilight-hour :
 A Lady, young and beautiful,
 Sate in a lonely bower ;
 She leaned upon her hand, and drooped,
 Like a noon-stricken flower.

The Lady sitteth
 in her armour, ex-
 pecting her lover.

Clear was her brow's marmoreal sheen,
 Yet, throned and desolate,
 'Mid the dark glories of her eyes
 Dim Melancholy sate :
 Her earnest glance revealings gave
 Of feelings passionate.

The nightingales hold revelry,—
 She heedeth not their hymn ;
 The moon looks on her lovingly,—
 That holy smile is dim :
 There are looks and tones more musical :—
 What chance delayeth him ?

Beneath the shadow of her thought
 She sitteth anxiously :
 Her lips are parted ; from her heart
 Cometh a piteous cry :—
 " O God ! that Truth should be a crime,
 And Love an agony !"

Her evil genius
 standeth before
 her, mocking her
 expectancy.

The o'er shading grief hath passed away,
 The cloud of heaviness
 Hath melted in the effluent light
 Of trusting tenderness :
 The expected One is at her side,
 And Life is measureless.

The evil thing
 is cast out : The
 Presence of the
 Beloved, like the
 Holy Spirit of God,
 filleth the loving
 heart with its all-
 sufficiency.

The strenuous clasp, the failing breath,
 The rapture of delight :—
 Why starteth back that Lady fond ?
 What phantom of affright
 Standeth before her dream of joy,
 In the wretched dreamer's sight ?

Alas ! Sorrow
 followeth hard up-
 on the steps of her
 sister Joy : The
 Life of Mortality
 is a fearful and a
 loathsome thing.
 The Evil Destiny,
 like the ghastli-
 ness of a horrible
 dream, cometh be-
 tween the Lovers,
 dividing their
 close embrace.

Her flushed cheeks pale, her brow is damp,
 Her flesh is quivering :
 Like one who faints upon the rack
 Of mortal suffering :
 Wan is she, as a lily plucked,
 Thrown by and withering.

The Lady pray-
 eth even for the
 advance of Death :
 Better to sleep
 darkly and heavily

Wildly she grasps her lover's arm :
 " O God ! again to be
 Shrouded within that loathed embrace—
 Again—O, let us flee ;—

ly, than to lie,
clapsed by Cor-
ruption, dream-
ing of the wormy
eyes.

They, who at
God's throne
would be the ac-
cusers, stand at
the bar of human
injustice the ac-
cused and pre-
judged: Never-
theless their pure
thoughts, tower-
ing above the op-
posing Circum-
stance, refuse to
sanction the false
action; and as the
spirits of the ac-
tors look upon
each other, the
outward show is
reversed.

Tyranny hath
suborned the big-
ots: "We our-
selves have heard
his blasphemy:
away with this
fellow from the
earth!"

The Lady is si-
lent: she hath no
words wherewith
to express her
great wrong.

But the Young
Man pleadeth for
them both.

He hath no ha-
tred, nor jealousy,
nor contempt: but
pitieth the unhap-
piness of the ty-
rant.

The compelled
sufferance of evil
may not reproach
the sufferer, who
is justified in seek-
ing redemption.

Or let thy father know our love,
And the grave shelter me!"

PART II.

There's a crowd within the judgment hall:
A monarch sitteth there,
Judge and accuser of his son
And one, surpassing fair,
Who standeth by the criminal,
His destiny to share.

Yet token none of guilty fear
Appeareth in their look;
And the stern judge, despite his power,
And pride, can hardly brook
His own rebuke writ in that calm,
As in a holy book.

Cold sneers and curses trample on
Their spirits' agony;
And execrations, like foul fiends,
Their pangs would multiply:
In vain:—they are unbowed, nor wear
The false indignity.

Severe yet noble is the youth,
Dauntless his lofty mien;
And that impassioned One, though pale
Is tearless and serene:
Still as the moon, that quietly
Peereth the clouds between.

His steady gaze is on his sire;
He pleadeth tranquilly:—
"Tis true I owe to thee my birth,
My name of infamy;
What more?—A heritage of scorn
And strife and injury.

"If pain is thine, my mother's wrongs
Are but avenged by me:
I glory not;—nor have I cared
To wear thy sovereignty
In after years:—but, thou didst pass
The bound of tyranny.

"I am thy son: is this my crime?
The shame be thine alone!—
And she, the partner of my doom,
My own betrothed One,
Whom thou by force didst make thy bride,—
What evil hath she done?

"Thy avarice coveted her dower,
Thy lust her loveliness:
What right hadst thou to whelm her life
Neath thy foul selfishness?—
The captive sinneth not that flees
From tyrant loathsomeness.

"Thou hast the power: the general voice,
The world's morality,
Will call thy sentence fit redress
For our adultery:—
Thy brutal lust could fix no stain;
Her love is purity.

"One reparation could'st thou make,
But that thy littleness
Soars not so high—to mar no more
Our life's brief happiness:—
There is a rest within the grave
For Sorrow's weariness."

PART III.

"What Pain do ye conduct me to?"
The gentle Lady said:
"Into the presence of what Death?
O, would that I were dead!"
Unansweringly the sullen guards
The dungeon pathway tread.

The death-bell boometh heavily,
With sad and solemn tone:
The spirit of the Innocent
Hath from its prison gone;
Yet still the groans of the deep bell
Heave slowly, one by one.

The headsman hath but half his work:
Her guides are clustered round
The Widowed and Death-comforted,
Pillowed on the calm ground:
She saw the swift gleam of the axe,
She heard its harsh, blank sound.

PART IV.

An old man leaneth o'er a tomb,
In silent agony;
No graven name or date preserves
Its inmates' memory:
But he could tell, who broodeth there
Like sculptured effigy.

Stoopeth he like a burdened man;
His locks are thin and grey;
His eyes are lustreless; his brows
Are white, and bent alway:
Quaileth he, like the Twilight dim
Lamenting for the Day.

The Fury of a dark reproach
About his Life doth wait;
Aye graving, with the sword of Right,
Wild words of wrongful hate,
In venom'd lines upon his heart,
Goading him desperate.

Purity is nau-
seous to the in-
temperate and de-
bauched.

None is debased
by the degrada-
tion of another.

The lamb know-
eth the wolf to be
implacable: and
selfishness and
prejudice are yet
more savage.

The Lady ask-
eth what death is
hired to be her
assassin:

She witnesseth
the parting of her
spirit's Lord; and
is answered.
Their lives were
one.

The epitaph
of the Murdered
dwelleth in the
unsatisfied con-
science of the in-
jurer: a worm
that dieth not; a
fire that is not
quenched.

The Avenger of
Wrong hath arm-
ed a Fury, which
perpetually haunt-
eth the Old Man:
is about his path,
and about his bed,
and companioneth
him in all his
ways.

The world's continual praise grateth upon his ear—a fierce sarcasm. He feeleth that he hath sown sorrow, and ever silently he reapeth his harvest of remorse.

And praise is wreathed around his soul,
Even a corroding thing;
Like ivy round a goodly tree
Untimely tottering:
Sorrow within the old man's heart
Is ever ministering.

Z. May, 1837.

DOCTRINE OF NECESSITY.

THE world subsists either by its own nature, by its physical laws, or a Supreme Being has formed it by his primitive laws. In either case these laws are immutable; in either case every thing is necessary. Heavy bodies gravitate towards the centre of the earth, and cannot tend to remain in the air; pear-trees can never bear pine-apples; the instinct of a spaniel can never be the instinct of an ostrich: every thing is arranged, set in motion and limited. Man can have but a certain number of teeth, hairs, and ideas; and a time comes when he necessarily loses them. It is a contradiction that what was yesterday has not been, and what is to-day should not be: no less a contradiction is it that a thing which is to be should not come to pass. If thou couldst give a turn to the destiny of a fly, I see no reason why thou mightest not as well determine the destiny of all other flies, of all other animals, of all men, and of all nature; so that at last thou wouldst be more powerful than God himself. It is common for weak people to say, such a physician has cured a person of a dangerous illness; he has added to his life ten years. Others as weak, but in their own opinion very wise, say, the prudent man owes his fortune to himself. But the prudent man oftentimes is crushed by his destiny, instead of making it: it is their destiny that renders men prudent. The physician has saved a person; allowed: but herein he certainly did not reverse the order of nature; he conformed to it. It is evident that the person could not hinder his being born in such a town, and having a certain illness at such a time; that the physician could be no where but in the town where he was; that the person was to send for him; and that he was to prescribe those medicines which effected the cure. A peasant imagines that the hail which has fallen in his ground is purely matter of chance, but the philosopher knows that there is no such thing as chance; and that by the constitution of the world, it must necessarily have hailed that day in that very place.

Some, alarmed at this truth, say that there are necessary events, and others which are not so: but it would be odd indeed if one part of this world were fixed, and not the other; that some things which happen were to happen, and that others which happen were not necessarily to happen. On a close examination, the doctrine which opposes that of destiny must appear loaded with absurdities, and contrary to the idea of an eternal Providence. But many are destined to reason wrongly; others not to reason at all; and others to persecute those who do reason.—*Voltaire.*

OF THE PERSONALITY OF THE DEITY.

CONTRIVANCE, if established, appears to me to prove every thing which we wish to prove. Amongst other things, it proves the *personality* of the Deity, as distinguished from what is sometimes called nature, sometimes called a principle: which terms, in the mouths of those who use them philosophically, seem to be intended to admit and express an efficacy, but to exclude and to deny a personal agent. Now that which can contrive, which can design, must be a person. These capacities constitute personality, for they imply consciousness and thought.

Also every animated being has its *sensorium*;* that is, a certain portion of space, within which perception and volition are exerted. This sphere may be enlarged to an indefinite extent; may comprehend the universe; and being so imagined, may serve to furnish us with as good a notion, as we are capable of forming, of the *immensity* of the Divine Nature, that is, of a Being infinite as well in essence as in power, yet nevertheless a person.

The inference, we think, is inevitable, that the watch must have had a maker; that there must have existed, at some time, and in some place or other, an artificer or *artificers*, who formed it for the purpose which we find it actually to answer; who comprehended its construction, and designed its use.

Nor can I perceive that it varies at all the inference, whether the question arise concerning a human agent, or concerning an agent of a different species, or an agent possessing, in some respects, a different nature.

Whatever includes marks of contrivance, whatever in its constitution, testifies design, necessarily carries us to something beyond itself, to some other being, to a designer prior to, and out of, itself. No animal, for instance, can have contrived its own limbs and senses; can have been the author to itself of the design with which they were constructed. That supposition involves all the absurdity of self-creation, that is, of acting without existing.—*Paley's Natural Theology*.

[We will endeavour to place in a clearer light and develop the consequences of the foregoing argument.]

According to Paley, God is a person, possessing a *sensorium*; endowed with powers adapted to a particular end—that of creating the universe.

The adaptation of the watch to certain purposes, proves contrivance; contrivance proves the existence of a watchmaker: the adaptation of the watchmaker, man, to certain ends, proves the existence of *his* creator: and the yet more complete adaptation of the Creator of man to the purposes of his existence, equally proves design, contrivance, and a contriver; for to suppose that the man-maker made himself, “involves all the absurdity of self-creation, that is, acting without existing.”

Paley's *person with a sensorium*, therefore, cannot be the ETERNAL GOD; since, as he further says, “nothing can be God which is ordered by a wisdom and a will which itself is void of; which is indebted for any of its properties to contrivance *from without*.”

“Nothing contrived can, in a strict and proper sense, be eternal, forasmuch as the contriver must have existed before the contrivance:” *And himself have needed a contriver.*

What is the result of the argument?]

✱

ORIGIN OF RELIGIOUS IDEAS.

THE first men, the children of nature, whose consciousness was anterior to experience, and who brought no preconceived knowledge into the world with them, were born without any ideas of those articles of faith which are the result of learned contention; of those religious rites which had relation to arts and practices not yet in existence; of those precepts which suppose the passions already developed; of those laws which have reference to a language and a social order hereafter to be produced; of that God whose attributes are abstractions of the knowledge of nature, and the idea of whose conduct is suggested by the experience of a despotic government; in fine, of that soul and those spiritual existences which are said not to be the object of the senses, but which, however, we must for ever have remained unacquainted with, if our senses had not introduced them to us. Previously to arriving at these

* *Sensorium*.—That part of the brain, where the nerves, from the organs of all the senses, terminate.

notions, an immense catalogue of existing facts must have been observed. Man, originally savage, must have learned from repeated trials the use of his organs. Successive generations must have invented and refined upon the means of subsistence; and the understanding, at liberty to disengage itself from the wants of nature, must have risen to the complicated art of comparing ideas, digesting reasonings, and seizing upon abstract similitudes.

It was not till after having surmounted those obstacles, and run a long career in the night of history, that man, reflecting on his state, began to perceive his subjection to forces superior to his own and independent of his will. The sun gave him light and warmth, fire burned, thunder terrified, the winds buffeted, water overwhelmed him; all the various natural existences acted upon him in a manner not to be resisted. For a long time an automaton, he remained passive, without inquiring into the cause of this action; but the very moment he was desirous of accounting to himself for it, astonishment seized his mind; and, passing from the surprise of a first thought to the reverie of curiosity, he formed a chain of reasoning.

At first, considering only the action of the elements upon him, he inferred relatively to himself, an idea of weakness, of subjection, and relatively to them, an idea of power, of domination: and this idea was the primitive and fundamental type of all his conceptions of the divinity.

The action of the natural existences, in the second place, excited in him sensations of pleasure or pain, of good or evil; by virtue of his organization, he conceived love or aversion for them, he desired or dreaded their presence: and fear or hope was the principle of every idea of religion.

Afterwards, judging every thing by comparison, and remarking in those beings a motion spontaneous like his own, he supposed there to be a will, an intelligence inherent in that motion, of a nature similar to what existed in himself; and hence, by way of inference, he started a fresh argument. Having experienced that certain modes of behaviour towards his fellow-creatures wrought a change in their affections and governed their conduct, he applied those practices to the powerful beings of the universe. "When my fellow-creature of superior strength," said he to himself, "is disposed to injure me, I humble myself before him, and my prayer has the art of appeasing him. I will pray to the powerful beings that strike me. I will supplicate the faculties of the winds, the planets, the waters, and they will hear me. I will conjure them to avert the calamities, and to grant me the blessings which are at their disposal. My tears will move, my offerings propitiate them, and I shall enjoy complete felicity."

And, simple in the infancy of his reason, man spoke to the sun and the moon, he animated with his understanding and his passions the great agents of nature; he thought by vain sounds and useless practices to change their inflexible laws. Fatal error! He desired that the water should ascend, the mountains be removed, the stone mount in the air; and substituting a fantastic for a real world, he constituted for himself beings of opinion, to the terror of his mind and the torment of his race.

Thus the ideas of God and religion sprung, like all others, from physical objects, and were in the understanding of man, the produce of his sensations, his wants, the circumstances of his life, and the progressive state of his knowledge.

As these ideas had natural beings for their first models, it hence resulted that the divinity was originally as various and manifold as the forms under which he seemed to act; each being was a power, a genius; and the first men found the universe crowded with innumerable Gods.

In like manner the ideas of the divinity having had for motors the affections of the human heart, they underwent an order of division calculated from the sentiments of pain and pleasure, of love and hatred: the powers of nature, the Gods, the genii, were classed into benign and maleficent, into good and evil ones: and this constitutes the universality of these two ideas in every system of religion.

These ideas, analogous to the condition of their inventors, were for a long time confused and gross. Wandering in woods, beset with wants, destitute of resources, men in their savage state had no leisure to make comparisons and draw conclusions. Suffering more ills than they tasted enjoyments, their most habitual sentiment was fear, their theology terror, their worship confined to certain modes of salutation, of offerings which they presented to beings whom they supposed to be ferocious and greedy like themselves. In their state of equality and independence, no one took upon him the office of mediator with Gods as insubordinate and poor as himself. No one having any superfluity to dispose of, there existed no parasite under the name of priest, nor tribute under the name of victim, nor empire under the name of altar; their dogma and morality, jumbled together, were only self-preservation; and their religion, an arbitrary idea without influence on the mutual relations existing between men, was but a vain homage paid to the visible powers of nature.

Such was the first and necessary origin of every idea of the divinity.

Volney's Ruins.

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. VI.

THERE are many evils, but one is greater than all, because that in the power of its protection the lesser abide, and flourish, and are shielded from correction.

And I beheld that there was no belief in the all-pervading Love; no trust in the almighty power of Truth; no worship of the Beautiful; no faith, nor hope, nor desire.

Superstition, born of Ignorance, sitteth like an incubus upon the dreaming soul of man.

That which men call Religion is a mercenary Thing, the child of Tyranny, the twin-brother of Commerce: a Curse which is bought and sold.

It defendeth the injustice of oppression, bidding the weak to debase themselves and crouch before the strong.

It chaineth Inquiry; it veileth the light of Truth; it crippleth the march of Knowledge; it crusheth the generosity of Love: it would stay improvement, and keep man a grovelling slave to pander to its inordinate lusts.

It standeth between God and man; it throweth its shadow over the garden of Life; and in the stagnant darkness the flowers wither, and there remaineth but a waste of sickly weeds.

That which is Religion may not be bought for money; that which is Religion needeth not that any should be set apart to preserve it: Religion is not a manner; it is not a form of prayer which can never avail to alter the determination of the Most Highest, of praise which evaporateth into an idle repetition of unfelt words.

IT IS AN IN-DWELLING APPRECIATION OF THE INFINITE BEAUTY: a far-shining and influential goodness; an all-embracing Love, unresting and never-tired.

What do ye with a priesthood? Hath not the poet, the philosopher, the philanthropist—shame that these names should designate the exceptioned few!—a holier consecration? Who knoweth more of God; who shall teach us better?

What do ye with a priesthood? Hath not every man a mission to comfort, to instruct, and to assist humanity?

Nearly two thousand years ago came One who, though no priest, yet taught to the people the religion of Love; who, denying priest-craft, sent forth a few fishermen to preach peace and minister to all.

They had no priesthood, no separate interest, no tithes, no profit of their preaching,—making no trade of Love; they neither warred in the field, nor wrangled in the courts of law; they had no traffic, nor usury, nor theft.

They appointed stewards to provide for the sick and needy, the helpless and aged, but they established no priesthood, nor did the Christ: the legends of "the Fathers" are tales of "the dark ages" and lying chronicles.

They cannot teach the doctrine of Love, whose selfishness or weakness asketh a price for that which may not be purchased: he, who demandeth hire, hath no divine authority to lead.

Read ye the history of Priestcraft! It hath ever been the same; the enemy of improvement, the friend of oppression; crafty, intolerant, barren of good, greedy, and cruel: it will ever remain so till, in the light of the Religion of Love and Reason, it shall melt away, merged and counteracted in the general duties of humanity.

†

NATURE OF BELIEF.

WHEN a proposition is offered to the mind, it perceives the agreement or disagreement of the ideas of which it is composed. A perception of their agreement is termed *belief*. Many obstacles frequently prevent this perception from being immediate; these the mind attempts to remove, in order that the perception may be distinct. The mind is active in the investigation, in order to perfect the state of perception of the relation which the component ideas of the proposition bear to each, which is passive: the investigation being confused with the perception, has induced many falsely to imagine that the mind is active in belief,—that belief is an act of volition,—in consequence of which it may be regulated by the mind. Pursuing, continuing this mistake, they have attached a degree of criminality to disbelief; of which in its nature, it is incapable: it is equally incapable of merit.

Belief, then, is a passion, the strength of which, like every other passion, is in precise proportion to the degrees of excitement.

The degrees of excitement are three.

The senses are the sources of all knowledge to the mind; consequently their evidence claims the strongest assent.

The decision of the mind, founded upon our own experience derived from these sources, claims the next degree.

The experience of others, which addresses itself to the former one, occupies the lowest degree.

(A graduated scale, on which should be marked the capabilities of propositions to approach to the test of the senses, would be a just barometer of the belief which ought to be attached to them.)

Consequently no testimony can be admitted which is contrary to reason; reason is founded on the evidence of our senses.

Every proof may be referred to one of these three divisions.

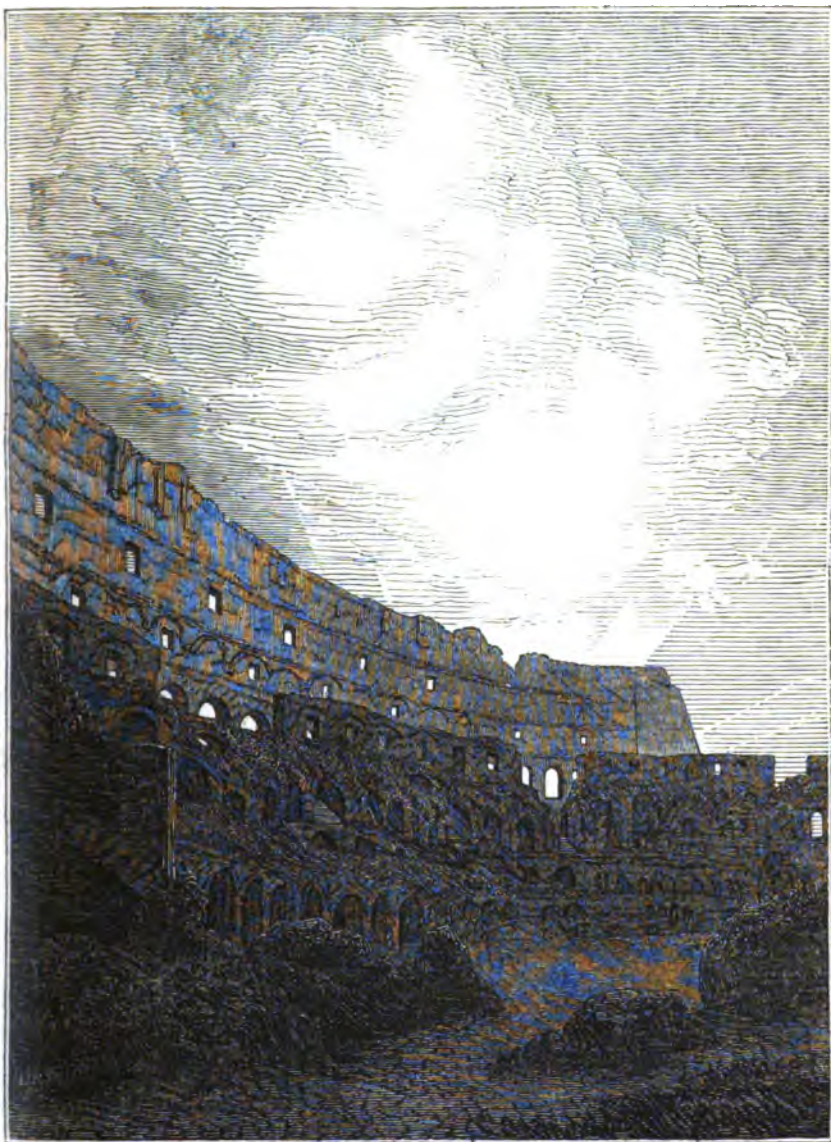
Shelley.

Philosophical Spirit.—And thus have I declared my private and probable conceptions in the enquiry of this truth; but the certainty hereof let the Arithmetic of the last day determine; and therefore expect no further belief than probability and reason induce; only desire men would not swallow dubiousities for certainties, and receive as principles, points mainly controvertible, for we are to adhere to things doubtful in a dubious and opinative way; it being reasonable for every man to vary his opinion according to the variance of his reason, and to affirm one day what he denied another, wherein although at last we miss of truth, we die notwithstanding in harmless and in-offensive errors, because we adhere unto that whereunto the examining of our reasons and honest enquiries induce us.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

Feb. 9, 1839.

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



THE COLISEUM, AT ROME.



HE THAT SAITH HE IS IN THE LIGHT, AND HATETH HIS BROTHER, IS IN DARKNESS EVEN UNTIL NOW.

HE THAT LOVETH HIS BROTHER ABIDETH IN THE LIGHT, AND THERE IS NONE OCCASION OF STUMBLING IN HIM.

Anon.

FROM SHELLEY'S REVOLT OF ISLAM.

O LOVE! who to the hearts of wandering men
Art as the calm to Ocean's weary waves!
Justice, or truth, or joy! thou only canst
From slavery and religion's labyrinth caves
Guide us, as one clear star the seaman saves.
To give to all an equal share of good,
To track the steps of freedom though through graves
She pass, to suffer all in patient mood,
To weep for crime though stain'd with thy friend's dearest blood,

To feel the peace of self-contentment's lot,
To own all sympathies, and outrage none,
And in the inmost bowers of sense and thought,
Until life's sunny day is quite gone down,
To sit and smile with Joy, or, not alone,
To kiss salt tears from the worn cheek of Woe;
To live, as if to love and live were one,—
This is not faith or law, nor those who bow
To thrones on Heaven or Earth, such destiny may know.

But children near their parents tremble now,
Because they must obey—one rules another,
And as one Power rules both high and low,
So man is made the captive of his brother,
And Hate is throned on high with Fear, her mother,
Above the Highest,—and those fountain-cells,
Whence love yet flow'd when faith had choked all other,
Are darken'd—Woman as the bond-slave dwells
Of Man, a slave; and life is poisoned in its wells.

Man seeks for gold in mines, that he may weave
A lasting chain for his own slavery;
In fear and restless care that he may live,
He toils for others, who must ever be
The joyless thralls of like captivity;
He murders, for his chiefs delight in ruin;
He builds the altar, that its idol's fee
May be his very blood; he is pursuing,
O, blind and willing wretch! his own obscure undoing.

Woman!—she is his slave; she has become
A thing I weep to speak—the child of scorn,
The outcast of a desolated home;
Falsehood, and fear, and toil, like waves, have worn
Channels upon her cheek, which smiles adorn,
As calm decks the false Ocean—well ye know
What Woman is, for none of Woman born
Can choose but drain the bitter dregs of woe,
Which ever from the oppress'd to the oppressors flow.

This need not be; ye might arise, and will
 That gold should lose its power, and thrones their glory;
 That love, which none may bind, be free to fill
 The world, like light; and evil faith, grown hoary
 With crime, be quench'd and die.—Yon promontory
 Even now eclipses the descending moon:—
 Dungeons and palaces are transitory—
 High temples fade like vapour—Man alone
 Remains, whose will has power when all beside is gone.

Let all be free and equal!—from your hearts
 I feel an echo; through my inmost frame,
 Like sweetest sound, seeking its mate, it darts—
 Whence come ye, friends? Alas, I cannot name
 All that I read of sorrow, toil, and shame,
 On your worn faces; as in legends old
 Which make immortal the disastrous fame
 Of conquerors and impostors false and bold,
 The discord of your hearts, I in your looks behold.

Whence come ye, friends? from pouring human blood
 Forth on the earth? or bring ye steel and gold,
 That Kings may dupe and slay the multitude?
 Or from the famished poor, pale, weak, and cold,
 Bear ye the earnings of their toil? Unfold!
 Speak! are your hands in slaughter's sanguine hue
 Stain'd freshly? have your hearts in guile grown old?
 Know yourselves thus! ye shall be pure as dew,
 And I will be a friend and sister unto you.

Disguise it not—we have one human heart—
 All mortal thoughts confess a common home:
 Blush not for what may to thyself impart
 Stains of inevitable crime: the doom
 Is this, which has, or may, or must become
 Thine, and all human kind's. Ye are the spoil
 Which Time thus marks for the devouring tomb,
 Thou and thy thoughts and they, and all the toil
 Wherewith ye twine the rings of life's perpetual coil.

Disguise it not—ye blush for what ye hate,
 And Enmity is sister unto Shame;
 Look on your mind—it is the book of fate—
 Ah! it is dark with many a blazon'd name
 Of misery—all are mirrors of the same;
 But the dark fiend, who, with his iron pen
 Dipp'd in scorn's fiery poison, makes his fame
 Enduring there, would o'er the heads of men
 Pass harmless, if they scorn'd to make their hearts his den.

Yes, it is Hate, that shapeless fiendly thing
 Of many names, all evil, some divine,
 Whom self-contempt arms with a mortal sting;
 Which, when the heart its snaky folds entwine
 Is wasted quite, and when it doth repine
 To gorge such bitter prey, on all beside
 It turns with ninefold rage, as with its twine
 When Amphisbæna some fair bird has tied,
 Soon o'er the putrid mass he threats on every side.

Reproach not thine own soul, but know thyself;
 Nor hate another's crime, nor loathe thine own.
 It is the dark idolatry of self,
 Which, when our thoughts and actions once are gone,
 Demands that man should weep, and bleed, and groan;
 O vacant expiation! Be at rest.—
 The past is Death's, the future is thine own;
 And love and joy can make the foulest breast
 A paradise of flowers, where peace might build her nest.

Recede not! pause not now! thou art grown old,
 But Hope will make thee young, for Hope and Youth
 Are children of one mother, even Love—behold!
 The eternal stars gaze on us!—is the truth
 Within your soul? care for your own, or ruth
 For other's sufferings? do ye thirst to bear
 A heart which not the serpent custom's tooth
 May violate?—be free! and, even here,
 Swear to be firm till death! They cried, "We swear! we swear!"

THE UNCONQUERED.

A TALE.

"**ATHELINE** shall be the prize of the victor."

"Atheline is her own mistress: If she loves me, I need not further assurance; and if not, I would not injure whom she loves."

"By our Lady, thou shalt either fight, or resign thy pretensions to the maiden."

"I will do neither. Atheline is too noble to love a brawler or a braggart; and such I should deem myself were I to accept thy challenge."

"Coward!" muttered the exasperated Gaveston; then added aloud—"I will proclaim thee a recreant."

"Calumny will not move me." Was the calm reply.

"Spiritless coward!—Wilt thou fight me now?"

"I will not. Were I a coward, thy taunt would scarcely remove my fear; and being none, thy words cannot make me such, nor prove aught except the baseness of the utterer."

A blow was the sole reply to this retort, for Gaveston was one of those who prefer reputation to worth: he could choose to be a liar, but could not endure the imputation of falsehood. Tresilian was not slow in defending himself. As he lacked not the moral courage which is superior to opinion, so he possessed physical strength and skill sufficient for personal defence. The blind fury of the challenger was no match for the cool self-possession of his antagonist; and in a few moments Gaveston was disarmed.

"Take up thy sword!" said Tresilian, at the same time sheathing his own weapon—"Thou wouldst have fought better hadst thou drawn it in a reasonable quarrel. Here is my hand in token that I bear no enmity."

Refusing the proffered kindness, Gaveston strode sullenly away. "There will be a time for my revenge," growled he between his set teeth.

Not many days after this, a letter was brought to Tresilian. It was the handwriting of Atheline:—What could be the contents?—Though he had long loved her he had never avowed his passion, waiting till he could discern some betokening of her preference for him. Hastily, and with a trembling hand, he broke the seal, and read as follows:—

"Honouring thy nobleness, Tresilian! I would as far as possible shield thee from sorrow. I cannot be blind to the meaning of thy continual attention, nor am I ungrateful for thy regard, though unable equally to return it. In a few days I shall be the wife of Gaveston. Let us not meet again. Spare yourself the pain of an interview which can afford no satisfaction to

"**ATHELINE.**"

Tresilian gasped for breath; he pressed his hands convulsively against his brow; he seemed to have no thought, to have lost all sensation save the consciousness of an all-whelming sorrow. The golden chain, that had fast bound his hopes to the future heaven, was broken: his dream of the many-featured Joys ministering at the shrine of Love had faded like the promise of a too splendid morning, and there remained nothing for the mid-noon and even, but the ever-dripping tears poured from the heavy destiny that o'erclouded his desolate heart. "May she be ever happy!" were his first words, as he resumed the consciousness of time from the far depth of the Past. "May she, without me, be as happy as I have hoped to render her!" He speedily made preparations for his departure from the place wherein his hopes had lived—and were buried. But, though determined strictly to fulfil the wishes of the loved, he could not leave without some farewell, some token that he might hang over the tomb of his happiness; a last word, not that of rejection, which he might ever wear upon his withered heart. He might not see her, but she had not prohibited his writing; she would not refuse him an answer: He wrote thus:—

"**ATHELINE,**

"I obey your will, my destiny: I will not haunt the presence of your happiness with the unsightliness of suffering of which you are innocent. Let me have but one parting wish as a talisman to control my future doom, that if I may not be happy, I may yet be worthy. May all happiness be yours, although unshared by

"**TRESILIAN.**"

His messenger soon returned with the following reply:—

"**DEAREST TRESILIAN,**

"What means your melancholy letter? I hear you are about to leave me, and you say that you fulfil my wishes. What madness is this? How have I desired, how can I desire your absence? Tresilian, you have my heart. I have long loved you, though your modesty or despondency allowed you not to understand me. I can have no happiness unshared by you—I am yours.

"**ATHELINE.**"

In a few days, the Lovers were united. The letter which had deceived Tresilian was traced to his rival, Gaveston, whose enmity now became yet more rancorous; but his violent menaces were unheeded: no evil thing could find place among the pure joys of the noble-minded. Month after month passed away: the swift-rolling stream of Time, as it passed the dwelling of Tresilian and Atheline, greeted with the same melody the same delicious flowers blooming upon its ever-verdant bank. At length Tresilian had to leave his home for a few days, to sojourn in a distant town. His business completed, he hastened to rejoin his wife, from whom he had never before been so long absent. As he neared his home he was surprised at not perceiving her as usual come forth to meet him. He entered—she was not at the door to welcome him. She could not be absent, for she knew at what time to expect his return—Could she be ill?—He hastily ascended to their chamber. She met him on the threshold; and, rushing into his arms, hid her face in his bosom. He raised her head: her features wore the peculiar ghastliness

which is impressed by sudden and intense suffering; the choking of her convulsive sobs hindered her speech; and she clung to him, like one who dreads some horrible danger. When she regained her self-command, he learned that the wretched Gaveston had watched her in her usual walk through a neighbouring wood, and, taking advantage of her loneliness, had forced her to gratify his brutal passion. "Still art thou my own noblest wife!" said Tresilian, as he mingled his tears with hers, hiding, for her sake, the fierceness of his indignation against the ravisher. "Still thou art my own best and purest One." Every endeavour was used by the true-minded lover to restore her serenity, and it seemed for a time successfully. She regained her calmness; she almost resumed her cheerful spirits; for she knew that the pure-hearted Tresilian was above suspicion. She knew that his love was the same; she knew that none is stained by the offence of another:—but the shock had been too much. Like the delicate flower that, drooping before the sudden storm, though but slightly bruised, may not again raise its fair head to greet the sun, so was she. Every delicate feeling of her gentle being had been wounded. She was as the sensitive plant, that without feeling of inward wrong shrinks from the kindest touch: but for her there was no recovery. It was in vain that she attempted to be gay. Her smiles were languid, and every day less frequent. She pined away with the gnawing of her deep melancholy. Yet she was not unhappy. She could not be unhappy on the bosom of so fond a Love: but the cherishing warmth could not keep out the canker; and the sorrow consumed her heart. Tresilian stood over the cold form of that which had been his Idol. The Divinity of his life had passed away. He leaned over the grave of his happiness, with the curse of Cain upon his heart, and without hope. Fearfully wrestled he with the temptation to die and be again with her where there is neither sorrow nor suffering. Fearful was the struggle—but his destiny was not yet accomplished. More desolate than when he had before thought of leaving the scene of his love, he set out from the place of her grave—a wanderer through the earth, sworn to minister to the sorrows of his fellow-beings. Nobly did he perform his task; sternly he endured the heavy periods of his pilgrimage, the unmeasured moments that dilated to the stature of ages, rendering time an eternal thing. Often did the ever-baffled tempter meet him face to face in the wilderness of his dreary thought, not with the promise of wealth and honour and dominion, but pointing to the lowly grave, the home of rest and re-union. Ever was there the same answer—He might do nothing unworthy of her love.

Years passed away, and Tresilian, still a young man, yet grey at heart, was serving in the army of his country. The enemy was on the borders of his native land, and the state needed the assistance of all. He paused not, though Gaveston held high command, and he must serve under his enemy. His resolve had been long taken. He felt that no revenge on one so base could equal his wrong: no vengeful infliction could expiate the suffering of the beloved. And should he degrade himself to a level with the injurer by imitating his injurious conduct? Could he raise the wrong-doer from his pitiable infamy, then should he indeed have vanquished evil: but if not, yet would he be unconquered. Nor did he descend from his dignity. One day, in a slight skirmish with a foraging party of the enemy, Gaveston, who was in command of his own party, was unhorsed, and must have perished but for the timely assistance of Tresilian, who in the rescue was mortally wounded. He was borne to his tent, rejoicing in the nearness of that rest for which he had so long toiled. Shortly after, Gaveston, not knowing his preserver, came to visit him, inquiring how he could reward his bravery. He raised himself in the bed, and, looking serenely upon him, replied, "By believing in the forgiveness of Tresilian."

THE COLISEUM, AT ROME.

THIS vast amphitheatre, for the display of gladiatorial shows, was built in the first century after Christ, by Vespasian and his son Titus, emperors of Rome. Thirty thousand Jews (led into captivity after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus,) were employed in its erection. It was more than one thousand six hundred feet in circumference, and is said to have contained eighty thousand spectators. On the first day of its being opened, five thousand, or, according to some historians, nine thousand, wild beasts were introduced to combat with the primitive Christians and other captives of all-conquering Rome. (The richer Romans also kept a number of slaves who were regularly trained for this wholesale butchery—"to make a Roman holiday.") At the conclusion of this spectacle, the arena was put under water, and two fleets represented a naval engagement. Sweet-scented water, and frequently wine mixed with saffron, was on these occasions showered down, from a grating above, on the heads of the spectators. The gladiatorial "games" were suppressed by the emperor Honorius, in the year 404 A. D. The spirit however remained: and till the ferocity of national and religious warfare shall be subdued, society will have little reason to boast of its greater civilization. Modern humanity may have refined upon Roman cruelty, but those who suffer for its amusement are little benefited. There are worse torturers than the mere brute, and more shameful conflicts, even in Christian England, than the shows of Pagan Rome. At the sacking of Rome by the Goths, the Coliseum was spoiled of its internal ornaments; the partial destruction of the very building was reserved for the more enlightened Christian. Pope Paul 2. had as much of it levelled as was necessary to furnish materials for building the Palace of St. Mark; Cardinal Riario followed his example in the construction of what is now called the Chancery; a portion of it was also employed by Pope Paul 3. in the erection of the Palace Farnese. Enough however still remains to strike the beholder with awe, to evidence a work worthy of colossal Rome. Turn we to the monument of a mightier and more enduring power than that of the imperial or the priestly conqueror, to the record—would it were not so—of a worse than gladiatorial murder. In the Protestant cemetery, at the foot of the pyramid of Caius Cestius, near the gate of St. Paul, a white marble tombstone, erected to the memory of John Keats, bears the following inscription:—

This Grave
Contains all that was mortal
of a
YOUNG ENGLISH POET,
who,
on his death-bed,
in the bitterness of his heart
at the malicious power of his enemies,
desired
these words to be engraved on his tombstone—
HERE LIES ONE
WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER.
Feb. 24th, 1821.

Self-deceit.—Are we to think that we are become men of probity, because by means of giving decent names to our vices, we have learned no longer to blush at them?—*Rousseau.*

The true object of Science.—To lead the mind of man towards its noble destination—a knowledge of truth, to spread sound and wholesome ideas among the lowest classes of the people, to draw human beings from the empire of prejudice and passion, to make reason the arbitrator and supreme guide of public opinion.—*Cuvier.*

THE LABOUR OF FOLLY.

Still toiling on!—How the fierce spirit loathes
 This o'er-tasked being's load of drudgery!
 Tottering beneath the Curse of Trade that clothes
 His strained nerves in sweat of misery,
 Twixt bodily and mental Penury,
 The Lord of earth, self-sold, crawls tow'rd the shrine
 Of Useless Toil, his heart to sacrifice.
 How little labour, well-shared, would suffice
 To buy health's needful food, the mind's rich wine,
 Heart-luxuries: and now, that a few drones
 May rot in most corrupt and painful sloth,
 The mass of human life, care-goaded, groans,
 And sinks, and, out-worn, dies.—Patience is wroth,
 Watching the blood-track of blind Slavery.

LIGHT AND GLOOM.

The dark enshadow'd chapel; long black walls,
 Harsh, hard, and angular—such my pain'd sight
 Meets blindingly, till tortured vision falls
 In deep abyss of gloom, shrouding its light:
 On high the moon, day-girding the dim night,
 Gleams languidly, circled with ring immense,
 Like glory round One canonized; quick sense
 Of joy rekindling in my soul. As bright
 The night-star of Life's hope, though dark and rude
 The opposing angles of all-whelming strife,
 As the vast city's dreariest solitude—
 That many-streeted desert of still life.
 Dim shows the moon, with mist-spun veil o'er-cast,
 Like faint-eyed Hope tired with long watching fast.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Aye the sure hand of stern consistency
 Must lead our blind hearts; and severity
 Be our life's crutch, and with a giant's power
 Stay the backslidings of temerity!
 Alas! how many, in their purity
 Unthinking ill, heap anguish to the dower
 Of the world's veiled bride, dark Misery!—
 There is one law, the perfect law of Love:
 For thine own sake attune thy course to this,
 Thy spirit's chord o' the dominant, above
 All impulses, all pleas, or sophistry
 Of jesuit reason! The vast tyranny
 Of Pain is here enthroned:—We are remiss
 In our forbearance, acting heedlessly.

Boil of Property.—The first person, who, having inclosed a piece of ground, bethought himself of saying *This is mine*, and found people simple enough to believe him, was the real founder of civil society. From how many crimes, battles, and murders, from how many horrors and misfortunes would not that man have saved mankind, who should have pulled up the stakes, or filled up the ditch, crying out to his fellows, "Beware of listening to this impostor; you are undone if you once forget that the fruits of the earth belong to us all, and that the earth itself belongs to nobody."

Rousseau.

Perfectibility of Man.—Is it possible for us to contemplate what Man has already done, without being impressed with a strong presentiment of the improvements he has yet to accomplish? There is no science that is not capable of additions; there is no art that may not be carried to a still higher perfection. If this be true of all other sciences, why not of morals? If this be true of all other arts, why not of social institution? The very conception of this as possible, is in the highest degree encouraging. If we can still farther demonstrate it to be a part of the natural and regular progress of mind, our confidence and our hopes will then be complete. This is the temper with which we ought to engage in the study of political truth. Let us look back that we may profit by the experience of mankind; but let us not look back, as if the wisdom of our ancestors was such as to leave no room for future improvement.—*Godwin*.

Moral Power.—Another and most important element of Moral Power is Character. The state of character is the test of Moral Power in the individual. What most deserves the name of character is, when the different faculties of the mind and heart are proportionately developed, so that memory, and imagination, and judgment, and social and individual feeling, and the active principles of our nature, all hold their due course, and so blend, that we may say to all the world "this was a man." And whenever this harmonious combination, this proportionate development takes place, there is not only a beautiful object of contemplation in the person himself; we not only see that which gives us similar sensations to the perfection of an ancient statue, or that of the construction of epic or dramatic poem, but we behold that which has power, as well as beauty; which by its very existence exercises influence, which is in fact an incarnation of Moral Power. There are those who have only to live in order to be influential. They act unconsciously; they influence because they are. It is not necessary that they should form to themselves great purposes of affecting others; that they should deliberately say to themselves, "I will act in such and such a way, upon such and such a person, or upon any collection or class of persons in society:" they have only to hold on their own consistent, beautiful, and harmonious course: when the ear heareth them, then it blesseth them, and the eye that seeth them will bear witness to them; and the heart that admires will come spontaneously and unconsciously under the power of their example. This is a power, of which the lowest in station, and the obscurest, may be possessed; of which they must be possessed, if they are really fashioning the faculties and powers of their own nature into the harmony for which they were intended by the Creator.—*W. J. Fox*.

Source of Sympathy.—There is a first model of beauty and agreeableness, which consists in a certain relation between our own nature and the thing with which we are affected. Whatever is formed on this model, interests and delights us; whatever differs from it, is always displeasing.—*Pascal*.

CO-OPERATION.

'Where are those ramparts of Nineveh, those walls of Babylon, those palaces of Persepolis, those temples of Balbec and of Jerusalem!—I looked for those ancient people and their works, and all I could find was a faint trace, like to what the foot of a passenger leaves in the sand.'—

Foiney.

"Old Memphis hath gone down,
The Pharaohs are no more :"—*Tennyson.*

ROME WAS!

Is there no advance of Humanity in this Revolution of Empires? Stand we now, yet raimented in barbarism, on the same step of the throne of knowledge, as the men of the olden time, the children of an earlier age? Have the destinies of nations been continually read within our hearing, yet unarriving at our hearts? Have we learned by rote, without understanding? Has Man made no progress? We *have* progressed, though it be but little; gradually, though unconsciously: imperceptible though our progression be in the annals of the past, yet the future effect is certain. In the night of the blind and evil-causing selfishness—the shroud of our chrysalis state—star after star has risen in brightness, doing little apparently towards dispelling the universal gloom, yet illuming their immediate sphere of action, and, by the periods of their alternations, chronicling the passage of the tardy night and heralding the coming dawn. It is still dark night, but near the break of day. Self-love is yet in its infancy, but it has learned, and is learning. It was needful that it should taste the bitter as the sweet, that it might avoid the evil, and ever after choose the good. It has drunk of the poison, and nauseates it: it has scarcely tasted of the pure and palatable beverage, the wine of Health; but the goblet is even now pressed to its lips;—but one draught—will it be ever satiate? will it return to its vomited disgust?—Never!

We have built our happiness on self-love: true to our nature in the principle; worse than false in practice. Our self-love was self-mistaken, consequently misdirected. Man thought, or rather dreamed, that individual good was incompatible with universal; that happiness was a something he could not share, a something to be attained at the expense or, at least, independent of others. On this assumption he acted: he put on him the armour of a *separate* interest, of distrust; he armed himself with the two-edged sword of competition, that pierces even the piercer; and hand to hand he battled against his fellow-man for an isolated happiness. What marvel that the result was and is misery. This, amid all chances and changes, through all systems and revolutions, this would-be parent of happiness, Competition, has misruled the destinies of man, misguided his conduct, misled his universal energies. Like the bundle of sticks in the fable, the disunited have been severally broken on the wheel of varied wretchedness. How fraught with truth and interest is that fable; how rife its application to individual families:—"Behold, *brethren*, how good and joyful a thing it is to dwell together in unity! *Little children*, love one another!"—How beautiful that lesson! Must it never quit the nursery? Must it never stir from the narrowness of a dwelling-house, to wander through the length and breadth of the wide world, finding a home in every heart and an echo in every action? *It shall*; and man, in the might of his progression, shall win back paradise to earth; and the fruit of the tree of knowledge shall be unmixed good. Nations and individuals are tiring of the ceaseless strife of useless and gainless opposition. Philosophy has welcomed Benevolence to her bowers; and Philanthropy learns in the school of Wisdom. Hand in hand they go forth on their mission to the world, teaching the sublime truth, that *mutual assistance is the best aider of mutual progression, of individual and universal advancement. It was the rejection of the help of Love by the self-sufficiency of Wisdom, the slighting of the aid of Wisdom by the sanguine heart of Love, that*

marred the hopes of one, and crushed the certainty of the other. They have united in the hearts of many; they have openly united. The first work of Co-operation, that spirit of Nature, the forerunner of happiness, the winner of perfected bliss, is the union of the Lover and the Scholar, of Love and Wisdom—their offspring is Power. The leading souls of the lands, the nations' wisest avow and teach this hitherto untaught, if not unknown, doctrine, that *Competition is the curse of life; Union unbounded Union, the only means of realizing universal happiness.* Nations, too, will avow and act upon this principle; and from the assertion by a people, by a community, of such a guidance, Man may date the years of freedom, of regeneration.

Mutual confidence our sole armour—mutual assistance our only weapons.

There is a rock between us and our heaven. How shall we surmount it?—Not by endeavouring to climb over it by the forced assistance of our fellows, clambering from their shoulders and then kicking down our helpers, uncaring to render aid while we hope to compel it; not by striving who shall first ascend, till the night of death belates us, and all are still at the base or but little advanced. This has been ever man's case: competition has been tried in every shape and way, and every where it has failed. Let us unite and move the rock! Thenceforward our path will be in peace.

It is inasmuch as we recognize this principle of unlimited co-operation that, I think, we stand above the former ages. In much of science we are inferior; in virtue, in the majesty of form and spirit, far below what has been; as individuals, as nations, but dwarfs to the giant Patriarchs of the days of Eld: but in the progression of Humanity we are of a higher rank, possessors of a better knowledge, a page beyond their race in the book of Life. (I offer but an opinion.) In moral and intellectual, as in physical stature, we may be but Pigmyes to the Primeval. Civilization has cast away the wild flowers of the simpler virtues, has crowned us with a poisoned wreath: but we may return to the pure, and reject the foul. Still may we be thankful for the Past. From the poison-flower we have drawn the honey of experience and wisdom.

We must, (I speak it in no spirit of decision) we must have passed through these very stages of civilized barbarity and worse than barbarous refinement, in our travelling from the barbarism of Nature to her truly cultivated state. Now that we have passed those stages, we may not retrace our steps. The mature may not return to infancy: we may not unlearn our knowledge. But our farther progression is dependent on the earnestness of our endeavours. Our Zeal may not rest. *Choose ye, in the light of experienced wisdom, whether co-operative Love, or the old competition of hate, shall be the principle of social action!* O Nations, if ye determine to embrace the guidance of Love, there is no power can bar your entrance to the home of Peace, of Liberty and ever-increasing Happiness!

Co-operation is natural and practicable enough, under a bond of mutual interest: but obedience is spurious if it springs from anything but respect or love.—Harriet Martineau.

There can be no injury where there is no property.—Locke.

Good habits must be given to all, or the best cannot be given to any.—Robert Owen.

Principle is a passion for truth.—Hazlitt.

CHORUS

FROM SHELLEY'S PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

VOICE OF UNSEEN SPIRITS.

THE pale stars are gone!
 For the sun, their swift shepherd,
 To their folds them compelling,
 In the depths of the dawn,
 Haste, in meteor-eclipsing array, and they flee
 Beyond his blue dwelling,
 As fawns flee the leopard.
 But where are ye?

A TRAIN OF DARK FORMS AND SHADOWS PASSES BY CONFUSEDLY, SINGING.

Here, oh, here!
 We bear the bier
 Of the Father of many a cancell'd year!
 Spectres we
 Of the dead Hours be,
 We bear Time to his tomb in eternity.
 Strew, oh, strew
 Hair, not yew!
 Wet the dusty pall with tears, not dew!
 Be the faded flowers
 Of Death's bare bowers
 Spread on the corpse of the King of Hours!
 Haste, oh, haste!
 As shades are chased,
 Trembling, by day, from heaven's blue waste,
 We melt away,
 Like dissolving spray,
 From the children of a diviner day,
 With the lullaby
 Of winds that die
 On the bosom of their own harmony!

IONÆ.

PANTHRA.

What dark forms were they?
 The past Hours weak and grey,
 With the spoil which their toil
 Raked together

From the conquest but One could foil.—
 See, where the Spirits of the human mind,
 Wrapt in sweet sounds, as in bright veils, approach.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

We join the throng
 Of the dance and the song,
 By the whirlwind of gladness borne along;
 As the flying-fish leap
 From the Indian deep,
 And mix with the sea-birds, half asleep.

CHORUS OF HOURS.

Whence come ye, so wild and so fleet,
 For sandals of lightning are on your feet,
 And your wings are soft and swift as thought,
 And your eyes are as love which is veiled not?

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

We come from the mind
 Of human kind,
 Which was late so dusk, and obscene and blind;

Now 'tis an ocean
 Of clear emotion,
 A heaven of serene and mighty motion.
 From that deep abyas
 Of wonder and bliss,
 Whose caverns are crystal palaces;
 From those skiey towers
 Where Thought's crowned powers
 Sit watching your dance, ye happy Hours!
 From the dim recesses
 Of woven caresses,
 Where lovers catch ye by your loose tresses;
 From the azure isles
 Where sweet Wisdom smiles,
 Delaying your ships with her syren wiles.
 From the temples high
 Of Man's ear and eye,
 Roof'd over Sculpture and Poesy;
 From the murmurings
 Of the unseal'd springs
 Where Science bedews his Dædal wings.
 Years after years,
 Through blood, and tears,
 And a thick hell of hatreds, and hopes, and fears;
 We waded and flew,
 And the islets were few
 Where the bud-blighted flowers of happiness grew.
 Our feet now, every palm,
 Are sandall'd with calm,
 And the dew of our wings is a rain of balm;
 And, beyond our eyes,
 The human love lies
 Which makes all it gazes on Paradise.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS AND HOURS.

Then weave the web of the mystic measure;
 From the depths of the sky and the ends of the earth,
 Come, swift Spirits of might and of pleasure,
 Fill the dance and the music of mirth,
 As the waves of a thousand streams rush by
 To an ocean of splendour and harmony!

The immediate Duty.—It now behoves all men, who have discovered the enormous magnitude of the errors which have hitherto formed the mind and governed the conduct of the whole population of the world, to consider, in good earnest, what practical measures are necessary to put an immediate stop to these melancholy and miserable proceedings, and to put men, hereafter, in a condition to become rational creatures, that they may acquire charity and affection for, and have full confidence in, each other; in order that they may live in union, peace and harmony through all succeeding generations.

This improvement in the condition of mankind will be easily introduced into practice as soon as the proper arrangements shall be formed to teach *truth, in accordance with facts only*, to the young mind, and to permit all of human kind to act in conformity with the unchangeable laws of their nature.

Robert Owen.

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. VII.

THE voice of One crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God!

Agos ago was the commandment given unto you: Ye shall love one another!

Ye, who call yourselves Christians, are not the disciples of Christ.

I walked forth into the wilderness of the world, and I beheld that every man separated himself from his neighbours, saying, What interest have I in common with my brethren? It behoveth me to take care of myself. None careth for me, none will have regard unto me, I have a separate interest: and it was so.

And his hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him: and they were divided; and there was strife, and hatred, and dissension.

And Peace fled far from the habitations of men.

When will man be convinced that his individual interest is bound up with the interests of his brethren?

The good of the whole must be the good of each. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!

Alas; they have all gone astray; they have forsaken the right path: there is none that understandeth, no, not one.

Their lights have gone out; the flame hath expired; there is no oil left in their lamps, and they know not whence to procure more.

And the thick shadows of prejudice have gathered around them, even as a shroud envelopes the limbs of a corpse.

There is none that understandeth, no, not one!

How long will ye be without understanding? how long will ye love the darkness, and shut your eyes against the light?

When will the Night be passed? When will the Dawn arise, and the Dayspring from on high visit us?

Even now the east blusheth with the hues of the morning; already the Sun of Truth gildeth the mountain-tops.

Awake, and be the children of the Light!

Your time on earth is but short: why strive to embitter the few moments ye have to live? Is there not enough of gall in the cup of Life?

If the members of one family be at variance among themselves, will not the joy of that family be destroyed?

Ye are all members of one family: children of one father, even God.

Why wound ye the spirit of your parent by your continual bickering?

Ye are all pilgrims on the same journey: there are rough and toilsome portions of the road whereon all must travel; the same dangers and difficulties beset all.

Be ye then united: bear ye one another's burdens!

He, who giveth, though it be but a cup of cold water to one of his suffering brethren, shall in no wise lose his reward.

Verily I say unto you, Where two or three shall be gathered together, the Spirit of Power will be in the midst of them.

+

Evil an exception.—Better believe in a fugitive exception to good, however mysterious, generated by some convulsion in the great lapses of time, and of necessity worked off by the energy of the planet that suffers under it, till the star resumes the golden state of tranquillity natural to its heavenly brotherhood, than take for granted any kind of perpetuation of evil, equally gratuitous, a great deal more contradictory, and infinitely more saddening.—*Leigh Hunt.*

EQUALITY OF MAN AND WOMAN.

In the progression of the human mind, among the most important steps for the general happiness, we ought to count the entire destruction of those prejudices, which have established between the two sexes, an inequality of rights fatal even to that which it favours. In vain would we seek for motives to justify this, in the differences of their physical organization, in that we fain would perceive in the power of their intelligence, in their moral sensibility. This inequality has had no other origin than the abuse of force, and vainly has it been endeavoured since, to excuse it by sophisms.

We will show how the destruction of the usages authorized by this prejudice, of the laws which it has dictated, would contribute to increase the happiness of families, to render common the domestic virtues, the foundation of all others; to favour the progress of instruction, and above all to render it really general; not only because it would be extended to both sexes with more equality, but also because it could not become general, even for men, without the assistance of mothers of families. This too tardy homage, rendered at last to justice and good sense, would it not dry up a most fruitful source of injustices, of cruelties and crimes, in causing the disappearance of so dangerous an opposition, between a natural desire the most active, the most difficult to repress, and the duties of man, or the interests of society? Would it not at length produce that which even hereto has been but a chimera; national manners, benign and pure, formed, not of pride-gendered privations, of hypocritical appearances, of restraints imposed by the fear of shame or religious terrors, but of habits freely contracted, inspired by nature, acknowledged by reason?—*Condorcet*.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
 Its loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of th' inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways
 Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
 With the green world they live in; and clear rills
 That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
 We have imagined for the mighty dead;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink. *Keats' Endymion.*

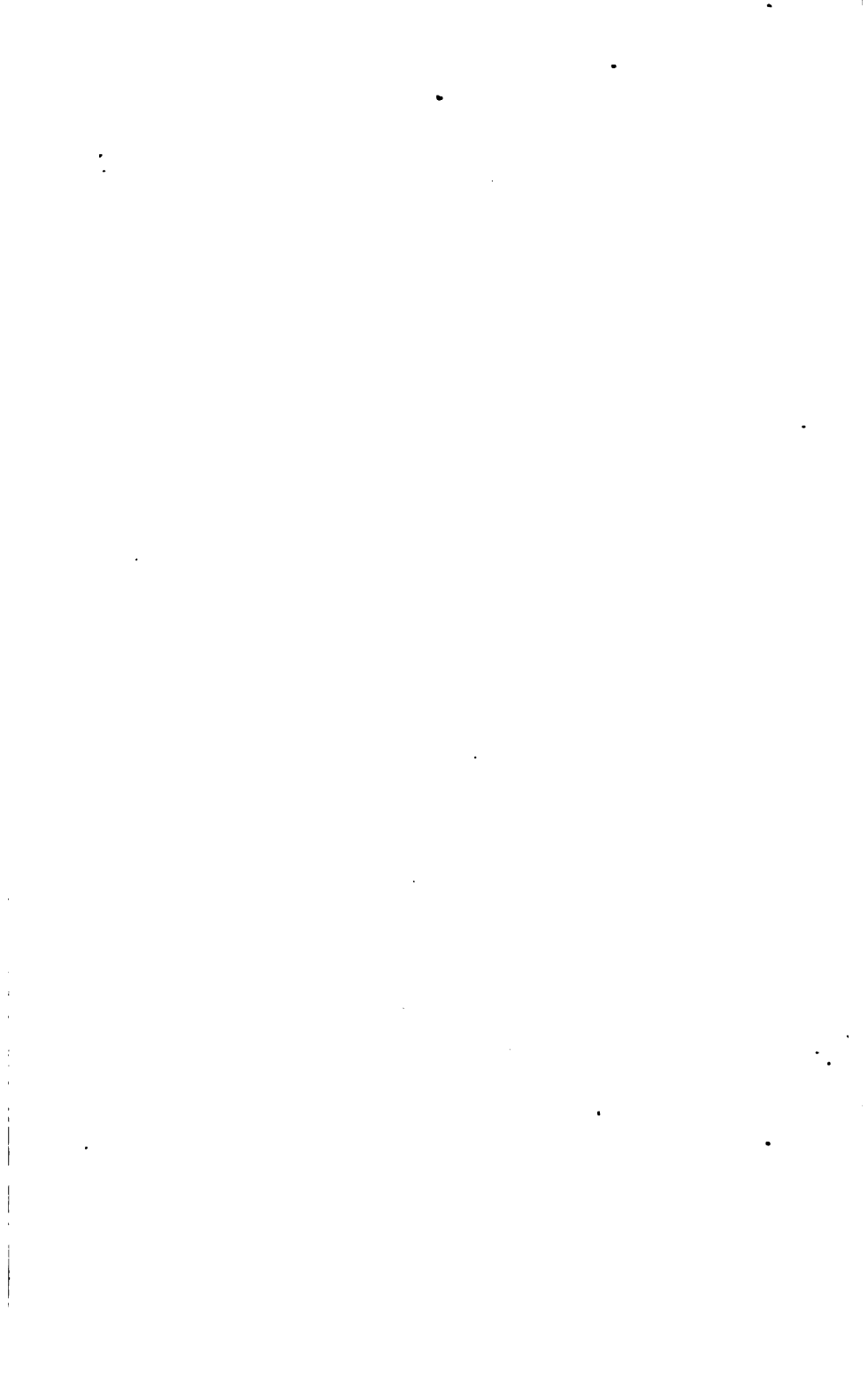
The Earth produces a sufficiency for its inhabitants. It is ascertained that, with a fair and well-regulated division of labour, to procure for all this sufficiency of comforts and even luxuries would require, from every individual, no greater amount of exertion than is actually requisite to preserve health. By such convenient arrangement, all would possess time for mental improvement and delightful study. Poor Slaves of a blind selfishness, rest awhile from your self-torturings! Answer me: Is not the peaceful Home of Love more desirable than the toil, the conflict, and the grave, the doom ye have bought of Hate?

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



FALL OF THE NIAGARA.



CONNECTION OF POLITICS AND MORALS.

POLITICAL inquiry may be distributed under two heads: first, what are the regulations which will conduce to the well-being of man in society; and, secondly, what is the authority which is competent to prescribe regulations.

The regulations to which the conduct of men living in society ought to be conformed, may be considered in two ways: first, those moral laws which are enjoined upon us by the dictates of enlightened reason; and, secondly, those principles a deviation from which the interest of the community may be supposed to render it proper to repress

Morality is that system of conduct which is determined by a consideration of the greatest general good: he is entitled to the highest moral approbation, whose conduct is, in the greatest number of instances, or in the most momentous instances, governed by views of benevolence, and made subservient to public utility. In like manner the only regulations which any political authority can be justly entitled to enforce, are such as are the best adapted to public utility. Consequently just political regulations are nothing more than a certain select part of moral law. The supreme power in a state ought not, in the strictest sense, to require anything of its members, that an understanding sufficiently enlightened would not prescribe without such interference.

These considerations seem to lead to the detection of a mistake which has been very generally committed by political writers of our own country. They have for the most part confined their researches to the question of What is a just political authority or the most eligible form of government, consigning to others the delineation of right principles of conduct and equitable regulations. But there appears to be something preposterous in this mode of proceeding. A well constituted government is only the means for enforcing suitable regulations. One form of government is preferable to another in exact proportion to the security it affords, that nothing shall be done in the name of the community, which is not conducive to the welfare of the whole. The question therefore, What it is which is thus conducive, is upon every account entitled to the first place in our disquisitions.

One of the ill consequences which have resulted from this distorted view of the science of politics, is a notion very generally entertained, that a community or society of men has a right to lay down whatever rules it may think proper for its own observance. This will presently be proved to be an erroneous position. It may be prudent in an individual to submit in some cases to the usurpation of a majority; it may be unavoidable in a community to proceed upon the imperfect and erroneous views they shall chance to entertain: but this is a misfortune entailed upon us by the nature of government, and not a matter of right.

A second ill consequence that has arisen from this proceeding, is that, politics having been thus violently separated from morality, government itself has no longer been compared with its true criterion. Instead of inquiring what species of government was most conducive to the public welfare, an unprofitable disquisition has been instituted respecting the probable origin of government; and its different forms have been estimated not by the consequences with which they were pregnant, but the source from which they sprung. Hence men have been prompted to look back to the folly of their ancestors, rather than forward to the benefits derivable from the improvement of human knowledge. Hence, in investigating their rights, they have recurred less to the great principles of morality, than to the records and charters of a barbarous age. As if men were not entitled to all the benefits of the social state, till they could prove their inheriting them from some bequest of their distant progenitors. As if men were not as justifiable and meritorious, in planting liberty in a soil in which it had never existed, as in restoring it where it could be proved only to have suffered a temporary suspension.

The reasons here assigned strongly tend to evince the necessity of estab-

lishing the genuine principles of society, before we enter upon the direct consideration of government. It may be proper in this place to state the fundamental distinction which exists between these topics of inquiry. Men associated at first for the sake of mutual assistance. They did not foresee that any restraint would be necessary, to regulate the conduct of individual members of the society, towards each other, or towards the whole. The necessity of restraint grew out of the errors and perverseness of a few. An acute writer (*Paine*) has expressed this idea with peculiar felicity. "Society and government," says he, "are different in themselves, and have different origins. Society is produced by our wants, and government by our wickedness. Society is in every state a blessing; government even in its best state but a necessary evil."—*Godwin's Political Justice*.

NOXIOUS GASOMETERS.

IN a country containing much waste land, a certain man, pretending that the amount of population exceeded the available means of subsistence, wrote a book to recommend the poisoning of all but a limited number of the children of the poor. If that man's motives were humane, if he were actuated by a desire to diminish the count of suffering, his humanity must have been most wretchedly short-sighted not to perceive that it is a more humane and a juster thing to effect a cure, than to apply *any palliatives*; to remove the *cause* of misery than to attempt to destroy a part of the *consequence*. A healthy and consistent humanity is clearer-visioned. But, if his motive were a dread of the privileges of his own caste being invaded by the robbed and stinted poor, if his desire were to preserve the luxuries of the rich at the expense of the first rights of humanity, though he veil his depravity under the cloak of "abridging the miseries" of *his* victims—The execrations of society *have* been poured out upon him: and most justly, if the fire of Wrath, for the purifying of Evil, may be spared to scorch the compelled evil-doer. He needs no outward branding.

But even the rich man has risen from the couch of his accustomed apathy. There is some shame yet where his heart should be; and earnestly he deprecates our condemnation. He "did not write the Book of Murder;" he is "no advocate for infanticide: let the poor live, and increase and multiply"—*the number of his slaves*. Out upon the *hypocrites*, whether they be poor-law commissioners or not, who, so pitifully disclaiming all participation in the devising or practice of this new method of murder, are yet *the supporters of Establishments* founded and endowed and conserved to *fill the common air* of this *free country with a more noxious poison*, whose unnumbered victims drag on a long life of disease and torture, dying "so slowly that none call it murder"! Which is the fouler crime—to destroy an infant; or to *flog a man to death to the sound of martial music, to murder men by thousands on a battle-field, to bind tens of thousands of families to the unresting wheel of misery?* Which is the greater wrong—to deprive a mother of her children; or to *doom those children to a life of agonizing toil, to the horrors of prostitution, and, having so disposed of them for the service of the better classes, to separate the parents, to sunder those whom God hath joined, and bury them, bowed with their long servitude, and heart-broken, while the breath is yet in them, in divided graves—as a punishment for being crushed by the ruling Evil?* Alas, for the lesser enormity! O God! how monstrous are our hateful deeds, when the *less* offences are of such fearful deformity!

"But, has not the State a right to dispose of the lives of its members?" The State—Do you mean a *tyrant Faction*? A *Faction* has no right to the *life, the labour, or the obedience of even one member of the community*. "What, if the increase of the people should outrun the means of subsistence?"

Wait till there is some token of the coming of that time. The soil is not *yet* exhausted. There are yet many acres of waste. Before we shall deem it necessary to murder the children of the poor, or even to tell their parents that there is "no place for them," we shall advise the throwing open of noble castles, *that the houseless may have shelter*; and the ploughing up of noble parks, *to grow corn for the labouring and destitute*. THIS WAS THE POOR-LAW PROMULGATED BY CHRIST. Noble and gentle CHRISTIANS! what think you of our advising?

And when the scarceness of crime shall permit the earth to be filled, the enlightened race will be aware of better remedies than either infanticide, or adult-murder, which men call War.—*Gracchus*.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

From a Speech delivered in the National Assembly of France, on the 11th of August, 1791, by Maximilian Robespierre.

"But," say you, "*the people!—persons who have nothing to lose!*" How unjust and false in the eyes of truth is this language of delirious pride! The persons you speak of must, to give meaning to your words, be persons living or subsisting in society without any means of living and subsisting. For if they do possess such means, they cannot, methinks, be said to have nothing to lose or to preserve. Yes, the coarse garments that cover my body, the humble habitation in which I purchase the right of living in retirement and peace, the modest income with which I maintain my wife and children—all that, I own, is not lands, castles, equipages—all that is called nothing, perhaps, for luxury and opulence, but it is something for humanity; it is a sacred property—as sacred, unquestionably, as the superb domains of opulence. What say I?—my liberty, my life, the right of obtaining surety for myself and those who are dear to me, the right of repelling oppression, that of freely exercising all the faculties of my mind and heart—all these blessings, so sweet, so cherished, the purest, the most benignant that nature has allotted to man—are not these alike confided, as your own, to the guardianship of the laws? And you tell me that I have no interest in those laws! and you wish to despoil me of the share, to which I have the same claim as yourselves, in the administration of the commonwealth, and that for the sole reason that you are richer than I! Ah! if the equilibrium be at all destroyed, is it not in favour of the least easy citizens the balance ought to incline? Are not the laws, is not public authority established with a view to protect weakness against injustice and oppression? Is it not, therefore, outraging all social principles, to place such authority exclusively in the hands of the rich?

But the rich, the men of power, have reasoned otherwise. By a strange abuse of words, they have restricted to certain objects the general idea of property; they have styled themselves the only proprietors; they have pretended that proprietors alone are worthy of the name of citizen; they have named their own particular interest the general interest; and, to assure the success of that pretension, they have seized possession of all social power.

But what, after all, is this rare merit of paying a marc of silver, or the like tax, to which you annex such lofty prerogatives? If you carry to the public treasury a larger contribution than mine, is it not because society has procured you greater pecuniary advantages? And if we would follow out this idea, what is the source of this extreme inequality of fortunes which amasses all riches in a small number of hands? Is it not bad laws, bad governments—in short, all the vices of corrupted societies? Then, why should the victims of those abuses be punished for their misfortunes by the loss of

citizenship, in addition to all their other losses? I envy you not the greater advantages which have fallen to your share, since inequality of fortunes is a necessary or incurable evil; but do not, at any rate, strip me of those impre-scriptible blessings which no human law can take away. Permit me even to be proud, at times, of an honourable poverty, and do not try to humble me by the arrogant pretension of reserving to yourself the quality of sovereign, in order to leave me only that of subject.

"*But the people! but corruption!*" Ah! cease to profane that touching and sacred word, *people*, by coupling it with the idea of corruption. Where is the man who, standing by the side of men, his equals in rights, dares to declare his fellow-men unworthy to exercise theirs, in order to rob them of them, for his own profit?—In spite of all prejudices in favour of the virtues ascribed to riches, I venture to assert that you will find, at least, as many, and better virtues in the poorest class of citizens, than amongst the most opulent. Do you imagine, forsooth, that a hardy and laborious life engenders more vices than one of effeminacy, luxury, and ambition?—But let me, for once, avenge those whom you call the common people, of such sacrilegious calumnies. Tell me, then, are you capable of appreciating them, are you formed to know men, you who, since the first development of your reason, have been accustomed to judge of them only according to the absurd ideas of despotism and feudal pride? you who, accustomed to the fantastic jargon it invented, have found it quite natural to vilify the greater part of the human race, by the words *rabble*, *mob*, *populace*, &c.—you who have revealed to the world, that there existed "*persons without birth*," as if any could exist without being born, and as if all were not born in the same way; you who have discovered "*men of straw*," "*mere nobodies*," in those who were really men of merit; and "*men of honour*," "*highly respectable persons*," in the vilest and most corrupt of human kind? Ah! no wonder you cannot appreciate what is due to the people! you may well be pardoned the injustice you do them. For myself, I call to witness all whom the instincts of a noble and feeling heart have brought into contest with the people, and made worthy of appreciating and loving equality; I call all such persons to bear witness that, in general, there is nothing so just or so good as the common people, where they are not irritated by excessive oppression; that they are grateful for the slightest services, the slightest regards shown them, grateful for the least good you do them, grateful even for not being done harm to; that it is amongst the people we find, under what we call a gross exterior and coarse manners, frank and upright minds, manly sense, and an energy which it would be vain to look for in the class that despises them. The people ask but bare necessities, they desire only justice and peace; the rich pretend to all; they wish to invade, to monopolize, to domineer over every thing and every body. Abuses are the work and the domain of the rich; abuses are the scourges of the people: the interest of the people is the general interest; that of the rich is private interest, exclusive interest; and yet you would render the people null and the rich omnipotent!

Why should we make the sacred rights of man to depend on the mobility of systems of finance, on variations, on such fantastic oddities and crudities as our system presents in different parts of the same state? What a strange system is that whereby a man who is a citizen at some particular point of the territory, ceases to be one, either wholly or in part, if he migrates to some other point; or whereby he who is a citizen to-day, will be no longer one to-morrow, if his fortune experience a reverse! What a system is that whereby the honest man, despoiled by an unjust oppressor, sinks back into the class of helots, while the other rises by his very crime into the rank of citizen! whereby a father sees increase, with the number of his children, the certainty that he will not be able to leave them that title with the slender portion of his divided patrimony; whereby all the sons of family, in one half of the empire, will not know what it is to have a country, until they shall cease to have a father! Lastly on what a precarious tenure rests this super-

prerogative of a member of the sovereign (people), when the partitioner of public contributions has the power to take it away from me, by diminishing my quotation even by a single penny! when it is at once subject to all the caprices of men, and to all the fickleness of fortune!

And, after all, what signifies it whether twenty or thirty pence be the elements of the *calculus* which is to decide my political existence? Have not those who are valued at only nineteen pence, the same rights? and can the eternal principles of justice and reason, upon which those rights are founded, bend and accommodate themselves to the rules of a variable, ever-fluctuating, and arbitrary tariff?

"*Would that he were still alive!*" have we sometimes said to ourselves, as we compared the idea of this great revolution with that of a great man (Rousseau) who so largely contributed to prepare it; *would he were still living!*—that sensible and eloquent philosopher, whose writings have developed amongst us those principles of public morality which have qualified us to conceive the design of regenerating our country! Well! if he still lived, what would he witness? the sacred rights of man, which he defended, violated by the new-born Constitution, and his own name expunged from the list of citizens! What, in like manner, would say all those illustrious men, who, after governing the freest and most virtuous nations of the ancient world, died not worth the wherewithal to defray the expenses of their funerals, and leaving their families to the resources of public charity? what would they say if, restored to life amongst us, they could witness the establishment of this our so vaunted Constitution? O Aristides! Greece gave thee the surname of *Just*, and made thee the arbiter of her destiny. Regenerated France would see in thee but a *man of straw*, not able to pay a marc of silver! In vain might the confidence of the people summon thee to defend their rights; there is not a single municipality that would not repulse thee! Though twenty times thou mightest have saved thy country; nevertheless, thou couldst be neither an elector nor eligible, unless thy great soul should consent to vanquish the rigours of fortune at the expense of thy liberty, or of some one of thy virtues!—*Bronterre's Life of Robespierre.*

TO THREE BARBER'S-BLOCKS,

INVESTED WITH JUDICIAL WIGS.

(*Somewhere in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's-Inn.*)

Ho! what is Law? I mean eternal Law,
By which alone great Man should rule his fellow?
Not parchment-must, where black, Old Time makes yellow
As 'twere self-jaundiced with its meanings raw:
What, Equity? Not that whose windings flaw
Large fortunes, where fee'd gownsmen meet to bellow,
And unripe reasons veil with glosses mellow;
But that whose precedents from God we draw,
Or Nature, which hath God for precedent:
What's Justice? What is Truth? What's Innocent?
What Guilt, that rightly falls on punishment?
What Oaths, that are indeed a sacrament?
— Ye do not know;—and yet ye know as well
As many a solemn, bench-throned Oracle!

Monthly Repository.

ERROR OF LEGISLATORS.

THE diversity of the human race is necessary to the happiness of man. In the very few instances in which there has been a strong resemblance between two individuals, living at the same period, in the same district, the inconveniences which have been experienced have been sufficient to prove the endless confusion that would arise if the individuals of the human race were formed to be more nearly alike than they have been. This diversity is, then, not only a necessary result of the organization of man, but should be found, and in a rational state of society will be found, a potential cause of his greatest happiness. Without this diversity, society itself would be a mass of confusion, and universal disorder would pervade all the transactions of mankind; the business of life could not be continued without this variety among the human species.

It is irrational to suppose, then, that all men or that any portion of mankind can be justly governed under any complicated system of human laws, which pre-supposes men to be influenced alike by the same external circumstances. Nothing can demonstrate more forcibly the irrational state in which men have heretofore existed, and the little knowledge of human nature which their rulers have possessed, than the modes by which they have been governed in, what is called, the civilized world.

It is now quite evident that the legislators and law-givers of former times were themselves *totally ignorant of human nature*, and, consequently, of all the practical measures necessary to be adopted, in order to insure its well-doing, well-being, and happiness.

In consequence of the human mind not having been directed to the study of itself and of human nature generally, every imaginable error has been committed in forming society in those countries which have been called civilized. Some individuals, ages ago, supposed that human nature ought not to be what it ever has been, and is, but something quite different, and they set about inventing various devices of religions, laws, and governments, to force it to become what they conceived it should be, and could be made to be. But through every device hitherto adopted to change and improve human nature, it has remained unchanged in its original character, and has been made to act infinitely worse by all the attempts to compel it to become unnatural.

Until men shall be induced, by reason, to desist from these absurdities, human nature will continue vicious or unnatural, and men will still exhibit all manner of irrationality in their public and private transactions, and render each other as miserable as their nature will admit. When the error of this proceeding shall be made manifest, all attempts to govern men on the notion that they all ought to feel, think, and act alike, or that each individual ought to feel, think, and act alike at all times, will cease, and the natural diversity of man will be acknowledged and provided for, as well as the natural change of feelings, thoughts, and actions of the same individual as he grows in experience, or is altered by the presence of successive and differing objects.—

Robert Owen.

Public Property.—The following inscription is placed in the public walks of Metz: "These promenades are under the safe-guard of the inhabitants, all of whom are equally interested in preserving them. The mayor invites his fellow-citizens to share with him in this duty."

Niagara.—A river of North America, forming the boundary between the United States and Canada, and connecting Lakes Erie and Ontario. Eighteen miles from Fort Erie are the Falls, three distinct cataracts of one hundred and fifty feet in height. The river is here seven hundred and forty yards wide.

HYMNS FOR THE UNENFRANCHISED.

No. III.

Who is the Traitor, worse than Slave,
 Who would build his house upon Freedom's grave
 Selling his own and his children's good,
 For the shame of a ruffian's gratitude?
 Let him be character'd, that We
 May bury him deep in infamy!—

He, worn to the heart with toil,
 Heaping the Property-tyrant's spoil,
 Who sneaketh from Freedom's gathering,
 For fear of a few hours' suffering :—
 Coward and Traitor!—Let him be!
 There is many a sorrier villainy!

Who, for the sake of a thriving trade,
 Truth in the balance of Fraud hath weigh'd;
 Who asketh Liberty's market-price;
 Whose life is a grovelling Artifice :
 The man of the smile and the supple knee :—
 Is there a miscreant worse than he?

One—the vilest, a Thing “well-bred,
 Fortune's minion, the falsehood-fed,
 Whose virtue playeth the hypocrite;
 Who grieveth that Truth is not polite;
 And doubteth of God's gentility :—
 Dastard! Liar! when Thou art free,
 Freedom shall wear thy livery!

No. IV.

“We're hungry, Mother! give us bread.”
 The peasant-children cry;
 The peasant's household labourer hard
 For the hire of poverty.
 There is money on the chimney-piece,
 Yet the mother may not see
 Her children fed :—What if they starve
 The Landlord has his fee.

The rent is paid, the children pine;
 The mother's heart is weak;
 There is shelter, but the hearth is cold,
 And “winter winds are bleak;”
 The serf must sit with chained hands,
 Till the frozen earth is free :
 There is no money now :—Oh, shame!
 The State demands a fee.

Blood from a stone—a vain excuse;
 The labourer's bed is sold :
 What doth he forth in the stealthy night,
 Although his home is cold?

He has snared a hare, for his children's food :—
 " Out on the idle plea !
 Let him be fined !"—he lies in gaol :—
 The Law must have its fee.

There is another infant now
 In the home of nakedness ;
 But Death, more kind than human things,
 Hath pitied its distress.
 " Alas, my child ! in the sacred ground
 I may not bury thee."
 The HOLY CHILD is unbaptized :
 " CHRIST'S" Church must have its fee.

Why is't that famish'd Englishmen
 In felon gaols are pent ?
 That thieves and palaced pensioners
 May gorge themselves with Rent.
 What is't that widows English wives,
 That starves poor families ?
 What made them poor ? The Robber-Law :—
 Doth JUSTICE claim no fees ?

Spartacus.

THE SPEECH.

WHY should even Queens speak nonsense ? A "great" Nation may surely claim good language from its rulers. But, it is not the usual form. Royal Speeches have ever been lying oracles. We must act according to precedent. For the benefit of all whom it may concern, we subjoin the principal passages of

THE SPEECH AS IT WAS AND AS IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I rejoice to meet you again in Parliament. I am particularly desirous of recurring to your advice and assistance.

I continue to receive from Foreign Powers gratifying assurances of their desire to maintain with me the most friendly relations.*

The Reform and Amendment of the Municipal Corporations of Ireland are essential to the interest of that part of my dominions.

It is also urgent that you should apply yourselves to the prosecution

I grieve to see you again in Parliament. I well know that you will neither advise nor assist me for the good of the Nation.

I continue to receive gratifying assurances that Foreign Nations are not about to be hounded on to miserable War by their respective governments.

The entire Abolition of all Monopolies throughout the British Empire is essential to the peace and well-being of those realms.

It is also urgent that measures should be originated and forthwith

* Why are foreign affairs first mentioned !—*Printer's Devil.*

and completion of those measures which have been recommended by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of England, for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of the Established Church, and of confirming its hold upon the affection and respect of my people.

The better enforcement of the law, and the more speedy administration of justice, are of the first importance to the welfare of the community; and I feel assured that you will be anxious to devote yourselves to the examination of the measures which will be submitted to you for the purpose of attaining these beneficial results.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

I have directed the annual Estimates to be prepared and laid before you. Adhering to the principles of economy, which it is my desire to enforce in every department of the State, I feel it my duty to recommend that adequate provision be made for the exigencies of the public service. I fully rely on your loyalty and patriotism to maintain the efficiency of those Establishments which are essential to the strength and security of the country.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

It is with great satisfaction that I am enabled to inform you that, throughout the whole of my West Indian possessions, the period fixed by law for the final and complete Emancipation of the Negroes has been anticipated by Acts of the Colonial Legislatures; and that the transition from the temporary system of Apprenticeship to entire freedom has taken place without any disturbance of public order and tranquillity.

I have observed with pain the persevering efforts which have been made, in some parts of the country, to excite my subjects to disobedience and resistance to the law, and to recommend the use of force and illegal practices.

completed, such as may be recommended by Justice, for the purpose of either giving a superior efficiency to, or withdrawing the undue patronage of, the Established Church, which at present has no hold, or claim, upon the affection or respect of the people.

The reformation of the Law, and a ready administration of justice, are of the first importance to the welfare of the community; though I have good reason to fear that you will have little care either to examine or to further the few measures likely to be submitted to you for the purpose of attaining such beneficial objects.

Desirous to set you an example of justice and economy, so much needed, I feel it my duty to resign the greater portion of that pension which I receive for doing nothing. I do not think it decent that I should receive *twenty thousand times* more than the allowance for a hard-working family. I hope you will have sufficient honesty to maintain no Establishments which are inimical, or not conducive, to the safety and permanent happiness of the country.

It is with indignant regret that I am compelled to remind you that, throughout the whole of the British Empire, the period marked by Justice for the long-retarded Emancipation of British White Slaves has been, not only unanticipated, but shamefully delayed by the Legislature, and, in consequence, there is reason to think that the transition from a state of suffering to the enjoyment of freedom will not take place without an overthrow of your order.

I observe with pleasure the persevering efforts which are being made throughout the country to rouse the trampled People to a sense of their wrongs, and to teach them the only sufficient remedy. To prevent your countenance of all, or any, such laudable efforts, I depend upon the strength of the Cause, upon the

my duty to enforce—upon the good sense and right disposition of my people—upon their attachment to the principles of justice, and their abhorrence of violence and disorder. I confidently commit all these great interests to your wisdom, and I implore Almighty God to assist and prosper your counsels.

healthfulness of the people's hearts, upon the people's clear-mindedness, and, above all, upon their close and steadfast Union. I feel that none of these great interests may be trusted to your proved incapacity: I therefore appeal to the People to relieve me of such evil counsellors, and, for the sake of the quiet progression of National Good, to replace you by honester and more efficient men.

THE CORN-LAW HUMBUG

HITHERTO the British Empire has been governed by a faction. That faction is now assailed by the People, whose long-patience is at length worn out, with a demand for the resignation of its usurped and exclusive authority, and a full allowance of popular interference in the management of the common-weal. This demand originated in the necessity for applying an immediate relief to the national ills, and in the proved incapacity or unwillingness of the present State-doctors to afford any permanent or general relief. Among the evils complained of, the inhuman and atrocious Corn-laws stand very prominently. This is one of the most-felt grievances of the Industrious Classes. This is one of the first evils to be removed, so soon as the People shall obtain Power. To obtain this power, the union of all their energies is required. But there is a party amongst us, who say, "It will be long before you will get this power: seek some *immediate* good. Let Universal Suffrage be deferred for a time; let us first get the Corn-laws repealed." In plain language, this is, It will be a long time before you can get into your own hands power to remove your grievances—therefore, defer it still longer; and though you have proved that your rulers are unwilling to desist from their oppression, and obstinately bent to apply nothing but partial and most short-lived palliatives to your worst evils, yet trust them again to effect a cure, exert yourselves to give them another opportunity of betraying you, and spend your time and energies for the sake of being duped with your eyes open! On what pretence are we, the seekers of political power *for the sake of removing all evils*, to transfer our exertions for the partial or even the entire overthrow of but one evil? On the plea that on this point we shall have the assistance of the Middle Classes, *who would oppose us in our desires for Universal Suffrage*. Well, we knew this before. And so did they who plead this *inducement*. Why will the middle classes join us on this ground? *Because they are especially interested in the destruction of the Corn-Tax; and because, by so engaging us, they hope to defer the day in which the "Rabble," the "Mob," the "Common People," THE PRODUCTIVE CLASSES, shall be enfranchised.* Had we not better refrain from agitating on any subject? We shall then have the countenance of the Higher Classes. Respectable, disinterested Shopocrats! we have not forgotten that you obtained your middle-class *Reform* bill through the assistance of the Common People whom you now turn upon. *We will not again be made your tools.* Why should not an agitation be got up against Tithes, another against Church-rates, another against Poor-laws, another against Game-laws, another against Impressment? All these are evils; and if we may trust the throned wrong-doers to right us in one case, why not in all; and what fools, then, are we to trouble ourselves to obtain power of self-management, when we have such trustworthy oppressors, who will do our work so satisfactorily, to their own hindrance! "Set a thief to catch a thief!" is a very sensible proverb; but to employ thieves to *punish and prevent* thieving has not, as yet, proved very profitable to the robbed employers. We

call upon all those who are really the friends of the People, (meaning by the People *the whole Community, not only those who have good coats to their backs*—Do not taunt us so much with our poverty, lest we should be persuaded by your urgency to *qualify ourselves* at your expense!) we entreat all who desire *universal enfranchisement for the permanent benefit of all*, to follow the noble example of the men of Birmingham and Finsbury. Working Men! repudiate *this attempt to divide your power*. You have honest friends who support this diversion: more's the pity. Let not their mistaking honesty mislead you. This agitation may not be a trick of the Whig Government; but there are Whigs, and even worse things, out of the Cabinet; and the Shopocracy is more than jealous of the Unmonied. But, what matters it who are the supporters. Try the question on its own merits, without caring for the tinkling of names. The question is this—*Will you rather give a day's work for a fair day's wages—Universal Suffrage, which means Universal Redress; or, will you give the same labour for a mere fraction of your just right—a partial or temporary repeal of the Corn-laws?* They are trying a new modification of the old game: they would have you content with *the dry bread*.

Demand the full wages of your labour!

*

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. VIII.

WOE! woe unto the judges of the earth, to the lawgivers and rulers thereof!

They have perverted justice and judgment; they have sold justice, yea! they have sold it for a price: they stand within their booths in the marketplace of the world, and they cry daily, Come unto us, all ye who are rich and powerful, and buy justice!

And to the poor and humble they say, Why do ye not also buy? Our wares are cheap: we withhold them not from any; you can have them at their price.

Say not that we debar you from justice! Our laws are equal; we have one law for the poor and for the rich: is it our fault that ye have not money wherewith to purchase?

And I beheld that a tribunal was erected, and the magnates of the earth were enthroned thereon for judgment.

They were sworn to give righteous judgment, to defend the fatherless and widow, to right the oppressed: and the nations were assembled before them.

The first who was accused was one of their own body.

Behold a whole nation advanced as one man to accuse him who had the rule over them of oppression and injustice; and he could make no defence; and the rulers of the earth acquitted him, and closed their ears to the cry of the oppressed: Were they not all made for him? Should he not do as he would with his own?

Then I beheld that the people united themselves together, and warred against the tyrant, and drove him from their country: and they rid them of their burthens, and made for themselves wise and just laws; and God was their sovereign; and they were free and happy:—but, alas! it was not for long.

The tyrant in his turn appealed to the rulers of the nations: and his complaint was heard.

Why heard they him? He was their brother, he was one of them.

And they gave commandment, and sent forth their executioners with orders to devastate the country with fire and sword: and it was so.

Neither age nor sex was spared: infants were torn from the breast, and dashed against the ground before the eyes of their mothers; the aged were murdered in the arms of their children, the children on the dead bodies of their parents: the whole land was one vast slaughter-house.

A drear and harrowing cry ascended to heaven; but it was soon hushed: the nation was exterminated, the country became a desert.

My soul sickened within me; and, in the bitterness of my feelings, I exclaimed, Father of Mercies! hast thou forsaken thy children? Wilt thou not abase the scorner and defend those crushed beneath his feet? Is there no rest for the stricken and bleeding heart but in the bosom of the grave? Is thy Love gone from us for ever?

And a voice said unto me, Arraign not the justice of the Immutible! Shall a worm presume to fathom the illimitable depths of the Divine Wisdom? Turn thee again, O Son of man, and look upon the things that are yet to be!

And I obeyed, and turned; and mine eyes were dim with weeping; but in the horizon I beheld a dark Form of exceeding great stature.

It approached with long and rapid strides.

In its right hand it bore an iron mace; and on its brow its name was written—VENGEANCE OF THE NATIONS.

Mine eyes brightened with joy.

The despots of the earth discerned it not: they were busied in their work of wrong.

At length they perceived it: cold tramblings seized them; their lips quivered; and Fear, who had ever been at their side, laid his icy hand upon their hearts, so that they grew faint within them, and blanched their cheeks until they became pale and white as the features of a corpse.

And they came down from their thrones, their limbs tottering beneath them; and essayed to flee: but it was in vain.

The dark Form overtook them; the iron mace descended upon their heads; they were crumbled to dust beneath its weight: and the dust was scattered to the four winds of heaven.

The Form disappeared; but its mission was accomplished: the air was filled with shouts of joy.

And I bowed myself to the earth, and adored the Wisdom that ordereth all things aright.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Buonarotti's History of Babeuf's Conspiracy for Equality: Translated by Bronterre. Hetherington, London: 1836.

The details of a formidable and well-organized conspiracy for equality and community of goods and labour throughout France, against the usurped power of the monied classes: written by one of the principal actors.

After the fatal 28th of July, 1794, when the incorruptible Robespierre, the Friend of the People, was sacrificed to the unprincipled selfishness of the respectables whose Spartan virtue dreaded the emancipation of their helots, the real advocates of freedom and equality were reduced to a state of powerlessness and despondency. Many fell victims to the proscriptions of the triumphant *Moderates*; others crowded the dungeons of the *Republic*. The frequent translations of the incarcerated from one prison to another, procured them mutual acquaintance, and rendered the connexion of the whole more close and friendly. In the prisons of Paris commenced the plan of a new revolution, a conspiracy to carry out the designs of Robespierre and his compatriots. The Constitution of 1793, though faulty, had been approved by the French Nation. It was not approved by those members of the National Convention who had murdered Robespierre. He had assisted in drawing it up, and some of its articles were too favourable to the People: consequently obnoxious to the *Men of substance*. A new Constitution was framed, in which care was taken to throw all power into the hands of the respectables, and all endeavours were used to repress the *seditions pretensions* of the unhappy poor, who were branded with the opprobrious epithet, *rabble*. The

evils of this counter-revolution of an audacious oligarchy were a subject for deep thought to the patriots. Babeuf and others came to the conclusion that but one remedy was available, the forcible establishment of a community of property and an equality of labour. In the accumulation of private property, engendering an inordinate selfishness, and producing an immense amount of poverty and consequent misery, they saw the great barrier in the way of social and political regeneration; and a secret association was formed to organize an insurrection against this usurpation of proprietors. "Equality without restriction, the greatest possible happiness of all, and the certainty of never losing it by force or fraud—such are the benefits the Secret Directors of Public Safety sought to insure to the French People." Branch societies were established, placards were issued, lectures were delivered, pamphlets and journals were circulated, the army was to a great extent gained over, secret agents were actively employed, a military committee was appointed to direct the rising; all their plans were well matured, and the immediate co-operation of seventeen thousand men was promised, without counting the numerous class of sufferers whose discontent and impatience were every where breaking out. The perfidy of one of the conspirators overthrew all. This miscreant, who, by his pretended zeal, had obtained knowledge of their most secret councils, betrayed them to the Executive Directory, which arrested the greater part of the chiefs, when they were met together to fix the day of the movement.

We earnestly recommend this book to the attention of our unenfranchised countrymen. It is time they should know that they have worse enemies than even the men of the old feudality, the avowed advocates of tyranny. Great and noble endeavours for universal freedom (the greatest in the world's records) were made during the French Revolution. By the monied classes were these efforts defeated. Their promoters, the defenders of principle against expediency, the republicans, the true friends of the People, were infamously murdered, and have been since gibbeted in lying "histories," to gratify the same class—the sordid, the malignant, and the prejudiced, the idolaters of a selfish Fraud, a Curse which is misnamed Wealth. Buonarrotti's History might also be read with advantage by some of our "liberal" newspaper-editors, journalists, and reviewers, who are accustomed to rave about the French Revolution, of which, and of the causes of its failure, they know nothing, because they desire not to be informed. We will only add that the translation is very good, and that the work is published at a very cheap rate.

The Life and Times of John Milton. By William Carpenter.—Cleave, London.

A manly and able account of the political life of our great Poet, whose glorious prose writings have been most carefully kept out of sight, by his orthodox admirers. Those prose writings should be in every English home; they should dwell in the hearts of all who honestly desire civil and religious liberty. How dare Englishmen be ignorant of his patriotism, who devoted his mighty life's best years to the cause of the Commonwealth, of republicanism, of political, religious, and social freedom?

"Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour
England hath need of thee:"

Let England dig from the grave of prejudiced apathy the works of Milton: for they are serviceable for her need! The *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce* is yet a dead letter; we have not yet applied the *Likeliest Means to keep Hirelings out of the Church*; the *Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing* is not altogether inapplicable, even in these days of penny fines on the free expression of thought; there is yet some work for the *Image-breaker*. In the popularity of thy holy words, in an universal veneration for

the lessons of thy divine wisdom, in the following of thy doctrines, and in the just estimation of thy illustrious character as Patriot as well as Poet, Milton! thou *should'st* be living at this hour.)

Mr. Carpenter has zealously performed his task, and the result is most satisfactory, except to the bigots who tremble at the name of Milton whenever it is used in its full meaning. The biography is also enriched with ample quotations from the Prose Works. They, who read the samples, will seek the whole. We ought not to omit saying that the *Likeliest Means to keep Fire-Brands out of the Church* and the *Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing* are to be had of the same publisher as the *Life*, at only *Sixpence* each. No Englishman should be without them. If any of our own subscribers plead that they cannot afford to buy them, we entreat them to discontinue the *National* for a while, and purchase these pamphlets instead. We assure them they cannot be losers by the exchange. We hope they will afford all.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

Two Parliaments are sitting in London: one composed of the Representatives of the People; the other the Representative of Property. The rival Houses cannot co-exist for any length of time. Which must give way? The Faction's Parliament evinces no disposition of resigning even a portion of its usurpation. Out of six hundred and fifty-eight members, only *eighty-six* are willing to allow *any notice* of the People's requisition. How many of those eighty-six will support the Universal Right, as set forth in the "National Petition"? A majority of this same House has declared that there shall be no speaking on the presentation of petitions from the People—doubtless to mark their respect for the petitioners. It is easy to foresee their treatment of the People's *Charter*. WHAT MUST FOLLOW? *Shall the chosen of less than three hundred thousand men trample six millions?* Delegates of the People! our trust is in your firmness; in the vigour and unanimity of your proceeding. Act consistently with your high calling as advocates of the *outlawed* People! You are not representatives of a mere faction; *you* sit not in the senate for the gratification of your individual schemes, for the enthroning of your particular prejudices: *you* are the delegated Voice of the Many, *whose unity of utterance is power and promise of success*.—We rejoice that our Parliament has determined to send Missionaries through the country, for the propagation of the Gospel of Freedom. There are yet many of the People who need awakening. We trust that precautions will be taken in order to disappoint the many-handed Law—that monster so worthy of its parentage, so uncertain in defence of Right, (witness the case of the Canadian Prisoners!) so surely and readily offensive in the service of the Established Wrong. *Tyranny is preparing for the struggle*.—The Anti-corn-law Agitation is doing mischief to the cause of Freedom. Think you, if the robbers take off this tax, they will not put on another? It would be needless to expose this barefaced *fraud*, but that certain of the People's best-intentioned friends have lent to it the sanction of their short-sighted honesty. We have had enough of petitioning for patches. Our wounds are more than skin-deep. We have been too long mocked with palliatives. We must have a *renovation of the System*—a new Constitution.—A word or two on the National Rent! We appeal to all *who do not desire slavery*, to subscribe for this Fund, *to the utmost of their ability*. *It is no time for apathy*. We well know the poverty of the Unrepresented; but though our external resources are inferior to our tyrants', our devotion must be more than substitute. Which of the countrymen of Hampden will refuse even his last shilling to *purchase the freedom of his children?* We may need more than money!

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



CROMWELL DISSOLVING THE LONG PARLIAMENT.



TO MY COUNTRY:

APPEALING AGAINST THE PROLONGED USURPATION OF A FACTION.

Awake, awake, my Country! thou that art
 The first among the Nations:—Canst thou sleep,
 The unburied Hampden lying on thy heart?
 What dream'st thou of, old Helot? Up! Arise,
 Thou trampled thrall of many tyrannies,
 To wrestle with the common plunderer!
 Charters for Slaves! Where is the Right, that gives?
 What's in these gilded tombs, that we must creep,
 To reach the heaven of our destinies,
 Through the unclean hollowness?—One Conqueror
 Made of our fathers' homes a "royal chase:"
 Now are we fouled by herded Sophistries—
 "Bastards and else." Dethrone these Anarchs!—Place,
 For the freed People's *Representatives!*

Z.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE RIGHT OF PARLIAMENT.

"The English Constitution, like all others, has been in a state of continual fluctuation."—
Hume's History.

HAVE our Houses of Parliament, as at present constituted, any right to make laws for, or govern, the Nation? Have they a right to alter the laws of former Parliaments? Had those former Parliaments any right to make those laws? Has the British Empire any properly-constituted or right-founded Government? Has it any such thing as a Constitution?—One answer applies to all these questions—NO! The British Isles are under the rule of Anarchy. The People are the slaves of an usurping Oligarchy. Where is the Charter of our servitude, the patent of our masters' supremacy? Reign these sovereigns by divine right? They do not pretend it. By what right, then? *In the right of Might.*—FELLOW COUNTRYMEN! we beseech you to examine the title of the British Parliament; not doubting but that such examination will prove the insufficiency of our rulers' claims to authority and obedience.

Among our Saxon ancestors, the right to possess arms for personal defence, and of voting in all the affairs of his town or district, belonged to every freeman. In the year 1066, A. C., a Norman bandit with a powerful army invaded England, and succeeded in reducing the Saxon population. The conquered country was parcelled out among his noble followers, who exercised absolute dominion over the property and persons of the vanquished. For mutual protection against the injured, to preserve their impunity, and partly from jealousy of each other, these leaders of robbers occasionally met in council. *This was the origin of our most illustrious House of Peers.* "While the Normans that followed the Conqueror, made spoil of the English, they would not endure that any thing but the will of the Conqueror should stand for law: but after a descent or two, when themselves were become English, and found themselves beaten with their own rods, they then began to savour the difference between subjection and slavery, and insist upon law of *Mine* and *Thine.*"* The kings of England, however, had no for parliament till about the eighteenth year of Henry I. He, having usurped the kingdom, therefore flattered his nobility and people; and, to content vassals, gave them the *Great Charter*. This *Charter*, though renewed by Stephen, and confirmed by Henry II., was scarcely observed in any of

* Sir Walter Raleigh.

article. In the reign of John, the barons demanded its renewal; and forced from their reluctant sovereign, that *foundation* of English Liberty, *Magna Charta*, (1215) the only article of which (among numerous *privileges* to the barons, and some *allowances* to freemen,) at all benefitting the great body of the People, the *villains*, was that they should not by any fine be deprived of their implements of husbandry. The *Charter* was again confirmed on the accession of Henry III.; again and again infringed and reallocated according as the King or Barons gained the ascendancy. The People were little cared for. So stood affairs till 1265, when the Barons, who had taken arms against Henry III. for his repeated violations of *their* Charter, being masters, but fearing a reverse, sought to win the affections of the enslaved People by some slight pretence of regard for their interest. The Earl of Leicester, the chief of the Barons, summoned a Parliament; and ordered, in addition to the usual complement of Lords Spiritual and Temporal, the attendance of two Knights from each shire, and also of *Deputies from the principal boroughs*.* *This is the first admission of any class of the People to authority*, since the Conquest. The Knights of the shire were only deputies from the smaller barons and lesser nobility. The representatives of the boroughs, however, were not called again to Parliament till the twenty-third year of the next reign (Edward I.), when that prince, finding a difficulty in enforcing supplies for his multiplied necessities, and feeling the inconvenience of having to transact his business with every particular borough, issued writs to the sheriffs, commanding the attendance of two deputies from every borough, authorized by their fellow-burgesses to give assent to whatever he and his council might require. These deputies composed no essential part of the Parliament. They did not even sit with the knights of the shire; they had no voice in the enacting of laws: *their sole business was to give their consent to the king's demands for supplies*, (as now, a persuasion to the taxed to pay quietly,) and, that done, they were dismissed, though the Parliament continued to sit. At length, a practice arose, for the deputies from the boroughs to present *petitions* for the redress of grievances; which were granted, or not, according to the humour of the king, or his necessity for their willing service. The partition of family estates, diminishing the importance of the smaller barons, and, at the same time, Commerce (partially encouraged by the kings for the sake of augmenting *their Customs*,) increasing the wealth and influence of the burgesses, these two bodies became assimilated, and the deputies from the boroughs and the knights of the shires at last came to sit in the same house. The functions of the altered House remained the same. The monarch was the prime mover in every thing. Parliaments were only called when the tyrant needed money, and thought it less trouble to give his subjects "the rod into their own hands than to commit them to the executioner."† Sometimes the tax was levied without asking their leave. Occasionally they bribed the despot to allow some alteration in the oppression of the laws; but this interference in the province of legislation was always resented by the sovereign when he felt his strength sufficient. How servile these Parliaments were, we may learn from the following samples. In the reign of Henry VIII., they declared that the king's proclamation had all the force of law. Sometimes even this sanction was not sought. The kings interfered in the nomination of deputies, even to the naming of the whole body. At the commencement of every session, it was usual to *pray for liberty of Speech*; and the sovereign imprisoned members who transgressed the bounds of a deferential, or rather, abject remonstrance. Till within a few years of the Commonwealth, the monarch constitutionally possessed all power except that of imposing taxes; and, even in this respect, the Commons were but *slaves, allowed to assess their fellow-slaves' proportion of tribute*; nor were these *privileges* granted, save to prevent inconvenience

* The boroughs were erected by *royal patent*. Liberty of trade and some few other *privileges* were conferred upon them: thus encouraging their industry for the purpose of taxation.

† Sir Walter Raleigh.

to their tyrants, and, by a show of liberty to render *less unpalatable* the burthens of their slavery. The decline of the feudal system, and consequent diminution of the military force at the royal disposal, much increased the influence of the Commons; the invention of Printing, also, powerfully aided the Cause of Liberty. Men's eyes were opened; and religious and political innovations were the speedy result. Men soon saw the necessity of circumscribing the power of princes. The exorbitant pretensions to absolutism of the weak and pedantic James I., hastened the growth of these alterations; and the violent exercise of the royal *prerogative* by Charles I. in the taxing of his subjects, and his endeavours to force upon them obnoxious forms of religion, precipitated the degradation of the monarchy. The rebellion commenced in Scotland. Surrounded by difficulties, the king was compelled, in 1640, to summon a Parliament, afterwards known as the Long Parliament. The People, awakening from the old-time lethargy of slavishness, readily supported the patriot innovators. Charles was executed for high treason against the Sovereign People. The republican portion of the Long Parliament was now the supreme authority; but it seemed that they desired to render their sittings permanent. The victorious army opposed them; and on the 10th of April, 1653, Oliver Cromwell entered the House with a body of soldiers, and forcibly dissolved the Parliament. The whole power of the realm remaining in his hands, he himself chose the next Parliament; a majority of which soon after formally resigned their authority into his hands: the remainder were expelled by force. He soon summoned another Parliament; and also issued writs for the attendance of a House of Peers, which body had for some years been dispensed with. After the death of Cromwell, the army recalled the remains of the Long Parliament. Again were they expelled; and again restored. On the 16th of March, 1660, at the command of General Monk, they finally dissolved themselves; and a new Parliament was *elected* to make way for the restoration of Charles II. Parliaments, also, resumed their old servility. In 1688, William, Prince of Orange, invaded England "for the sole purpose of having a legal and free Parliament assembled."* Having forced James II. to abdicate, William called a Parliament, composed of all the members who had had seats in any parliament of Charles II.; and, with their accommodating sanction, "*wrote circular letters to the counties and corporations of England; and his orders were universally complied with.*"* This "Convention" invited him to ascend the vacant throne; was *by his authority* converted into a Parliament; and, in their new capacity, *confirmed his assumption* of royalty. So the King's command made a Parliament of that which was none; and the Parliament's subserviency ratified the accession of him to whose illegal ordinance they owed their own authority.

From the foregoing history it appears

1.—That the power of the House of Lords originated in conquest or robbery.

2.—That the first assembling of the Commons was nothing more than a *privilege*, granted to a fraction of the People, to further the particular purposes of the tyrant granters.

3.—That the Commons, the representatives *by royal allowance* of a portion of the community, were not, for a long period, suffered to perform any of the functions of legislators; but were merely *assessors to apportion* the amount of fines, or robberies, to be exacted from their constituents and the rest of the Nation, for the benefit of their tyrants.

4.—That as the origin of the House of Commons was by permission of the aforesaid plunderers, so its increase of authority has been an encroachment on its robber patrons, giving it no title to reverence, but as a vindication of the right of the Now-enslaved to encroach upon *its usurped privileges*, and to obtain, in their turn, a share in the legislature.

Methinks, the descendants of a gang of robbers, who held their privileges

by the gift of a foreign conqueror, can have little claim to govern *freemen*. Later *Creations of Peers* have been the work of Sovereigns descended from the Conqueror, or holding their crown by right of conquest, or descent from other Conquerors. Till some better title can be shown for those Sovereigns, their creations are invalidated. Again, some Sovereigns have been chosen by the *Chartered* Parliaments, and so pretended to a title which the granters, not possessing, could not bestow.

If the burgesses, or any other portion of the community, had, at any period of our history, a right to obtain for themselves a share in the national government, from which by long-abused force they had been excluded, is not the same right available for *any who are by them excluded*? If they plead that they owe all authority to the *Charters* of Royalty, we have already shown that the Royalty had no right, and, consequently, could confer none. They cannot plead the National Will, since it is evident that *the Majority of the Nation has never been consulted on any subject*.

But, it is said, The Parliament of 1688 (we have shown how constituted,) made an agreement in the name of the Nation (bear in mind *who deputed them*!) whereby they bound *themselves, their heirs, and posterities* to a certain form of government *for ever*; and we, their posterity, are therefore bound (in honour, or conscience,—or how?) to maintain that form of government, however useless, or inconvenient, or prejudicial it may prove to us. Why, this is worse than the "Grace of God" of the old tyrannies. Surely God has given to *us* the same right, as they exercised, of resisting oppression. Surely we may use *such means as seem fitting* to us, even as they did what seemed good to them, to achieve freedom: *although we may differently define Freedom*. What egregious absurdity is their pretension! Even in the most trivial affairs a *living* father has no right to command his son after that son arrives at years of maturity. Shall it be tolerated, then, that *from his grave* he shall control him, even, perhaps, when the son's age exceeds that to which his sire had arrived, when the son's wisdom, through better opportunity and from accumulation of his own and former experience, also far exceeds the wisdom of his father! The absurdity is monstrous. But had the opposite *argument* even the colouring of reason, *there was no consent of the Nation to the Revolution of 1688* or to the Bill of *Rights*. All that can be advanced is the tacit compliance of ignorant weakness; which may be pleaded for the most atrocious of successful villainies.

Even though our argument were altogether false, what advantage is gained for the present House of Commons? They must still give some justification of their existence. What but that they represent the Nation? It is notorious that they do not. *The number of registered Electors in the United Kingdom is between eight and nine hundred thousand; of these not three-fourths (six hundred thousand) actually vote; a majority of these (say three hundred and fifty thousand) return the members.* THE MALE POPULATION ABOVE TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE NUMBERS ABOVE SIX MILLIONS. Yet further, as a majority of the members enact the laws, *the Representatives of less than two hundred thousand men may legislate for SIX MILLIONS.*

We have brought our history no lower than the *Parliament of 1688*. Nothing has been done since to merit the regard of those who revere the wisdom of their ancestors, and prove their reverence by not following their example. Were the Governor of the Universe to become incarnate, to plead his title to obedience, our Constitutionals would look for precedents: we fear, in vain. But, for the People's right, we can refer these lovers of antiquity to good precedents. Our Saxon ancestors may suit them. But why stop there? Further back! the world grows old and childish. Will they refer to that Lawgiver who asserted the absolute equality of mankind? We must name him, for the satisfaction of those who have undergone the ceremony of baptism—JESUS CHRIST. Pity they have troubled themselves to *amend* his laws!

All men are equal: all men have the right to resist oppression. The Present is not the Slave of the Past.—The House of Lords has no title to the Nation's respect; the House of Commons does not represent the Nation. Hand-labourers are, at least, as intelligent and honest as landlords and capitalists. The honest and industrious men of the *nineteenth* century are as entitled to achieve freedom, as any since the world began fermenting. We bid them, in God's name, to be up and stirring, that they may win back their birthright, and bequeath Liberty and Justice and Happiness to their heirs and posterities for ever.

If the complaint of Liberty be unheard, or insufficiently answered, let the names of Eliot, and Hampden, of Vane, of Milton, and of Sydney, be never again mentioned in the kennel of the Slave!

These times strike monied worldlings with dismay:
 Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air
 With words of apprehension and despair:
 While tens of thousands, thinking on the affray,
 Men unto whom sufficient for the day
 And minds not stinted or untitled are given,
 Sound, healthy, children of the God of heaven,
 Are cheerful as the rising sun in May.
 What do we gather hence but firmer faith
 That every gift of noble origin
 Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath;
 That virtue and the faculties within
 Are vital,—and that riches are akin
 To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death?

Wordsworth.

The true foundation of republican government is the equal right of every citizen, in his person and property, and in their management. Try by this, as a tally, every provision of our constitution, and see if it hangs directly on the will of the people.—*Jefferson.*

The origin of Aristocracy was worse than foppery. It was robbery. The first Aristocrats in all countries were brigands. Those of latter times, sycophants.—*Paine*

Distinctions.—Mankind will never be, in an eminent degree, virtuous and happy, till each man shall possess that portion of distinction, and no more, to which he is entitled by his personal merits.—*Gockwin.*

Legislation.—The vices and virtues of a state are the effects of its legislation.—*Helvetius.*

Liberty with danger is to be preferred to slavery with security.—*Sallust.*

Liberty—absolute liberty, full and perfect liberty, is the thing we require.—*Locke.*

For a nation to be free, it is sufficient that she wills it.—*La Fayette.*

RECORDS OF THE WORLD'S JUSTICE.

BY A HARDWAREMAN.

No. 5.—*The Patriot.*

"Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself."—*Shakspeare.*

WHO but a fool would think of sacrificing himself for his country? Yes, Leonidas certainly was a fool. Andrew Marvel was another: he should have come down from his garret to accept the king's pension, and turned poet-laureate. We have no marvels in these latter days. Sir John Eliot was no doubt a very disloyal citizen when he refused to pay an unjust tax; very "ungentlemanly" when he "inconvenienced his majesty's government" by pressing his spirited "remonstrance"; it was very foolish of him to get himself imprisoned, and still more to prefer a prison death to asking pardon for his "factious opposition":—if it was so called then: perhaps not, there was *one* Hampden in that House of Commons: but he was a rebel. Milton was a rebel. Washington *was* a rebel. Lord Drum is a patriot.

Early in life was he imbued with the eternal principles of right (not exactly Sir Robert Peel's): very great was his hatred of abuse; exceeding zealous was he in the *advocacy* of reform. He was then plain Mr. Sheepskin. Now he is a peer. A peer cannot wear the clothes of a commoner. Lord Drum is a patriot. More than twenty years, "man and" *nobleman*, did he talk about reform. One day, too, he happened to do a little bit: scarcely enough to frighten him; but he is a cautious man, and he resolved to avoid farther temptation. The little reform happened as follows:—Some few honest gentlemen had insinuated themselves into the senate with forged qualifications (no doubt meaning well); a sort of obtaining money under false pretences. It was thought advisable, *therefore*, as the people were getting riotous—kicking against their gentle masters, as even a good-tempered ass with an "established" raw will sometimes do—, to make a law, not to punish or turn out the interlopers, but to prohibit more than a certain extent of the foul play: on the same *principle* that the appointed number of lashes is not always attempted to be given to the slave-soldier at once, for fear that he may not live to endure all; or as children put by a little morsel of the stolen sweetmeat for to-morrow, that they may not *be made sick*. Lord Drum was one of the framers of this prohibitory law, and was generally allowed to have been nearer to the Right (they flung all sorts of things at it, from all sorts of distances:) than any of his colleagues. He, however, missed it. Well, the law was made, was pronounced very good, like God's creation, and infinite as the Creator. Alas! it was born lame. Never mind! the workmen were all proud of their job, and sure it was the perfection of machinery. The people, however, for whose benefit it was constructed, said it was no go, and set to work to erect a power of their own. Of course the patriotic Drum opposed them. "Certainly," said he, "the law was meant to work, and if it cannot work, put it upon crutches: its constitution is good." This little lame thing, of no use without crutches, was Lord Drum's hobby. O, but he was a patriot! He did more than this.

Some time after this achievement, the people of Lancashire quarrelled with their government. It was at no very remote period, though the circumstance is not recorded in all the Histories of England. They do not all speak truth. The government (as governments sometimes will) had grossly robbed them, prevented education, favoured monopolies, stood in the way of all improvement, lied to them, and laughed at their complaints. The people bore this as long as they could—longer than perhaps they *should*—, and tried all constitutional means of remedying their grievances. At length the government grew furious that the people would not commit themselves by any act of

violence, and, by way of trying their temper, ordered the arrest of all the most worthy and most respected men of Lancashire, in fact, all the popular leaders. This irritated the people beyond endurance; they endeavoured to rescue the prisoners; and, as the government desired, an insurrection commenced. Not being well concerted, the people having indeed been driven into it, purposely hurried by the government, the "rebellion" was soon put down. A great number of the Lancashire men and women were murdered; and some few villages, when all was quiet, were burnt as an example. The government then took away from the *rebels*, as the Lancashire men were called, all rights of citizenship (not one-twentieth part of the population had been engaged in the insurrection); and determined to appoint a despot to manufacture a new species of slavery as a punishment for the attempt at freedom. Who could be so fit as the little reformer, the high-strained and strait-laced Drum. Having ever been the strenuous opponent of irresponsible power, a tremendous stickler for natural and inalienable rights, he, after a little coy grimacing, accepted the office, solely to establish new claims on the people's gratitude. He went to Lancashire, and actually did not hang any one. No! he constituted himself judge, jury, and accuser, and outlawed without any other trial the men who had only done that for which he was wont to *argue*; punishing them, not because they had done any wrong; but for fear they should do wrong or lead others to do wrong: therefore, said he, it was prevention, not punishment, and who ought to complain of prevention? Do not forget Drum was a patriot. He also did his best to satisfy the "loyal and well-disposed" inhabitants of Lancashire, who had defended the government plunder; and, after a short dictatorship, left the county in so promising a condition that a fresh disturbance broke out before he reached London. Some very particular and straight-forward people, who do not know how to turn round and look about them, may wonder why this great patriot did not rather sympathize with the insurgents—who certainly had justice on their side—instead of making common cause with their oppressors. If it be not justification enough to say that he approved of his own conduct, I confess I cannot defend him: unless it be on the ground that the *rebels* spoke a very outlandish dialect, not to be called English; and therefore it was just and proper that they should fall "among thieves": and Lord Drum was no Samaritan, but a good Christian—and a patriot.

When the dictator reached home, he found the people of his own neighbourhood doing much the same as the others had done; and, lest they should go astray, or not do all things decently and in order, the high-minded patriot re-mounted his old hobby and offered them the benefit of his experience. He would be their leader. "Liberals of all denominations, follow me: I will lead you to victory! See what I did in Lancashire!"—Good God! the wooden horse don't move: it is just where it stood in the old time; and the people are far beyond their leader's ken.

I am afraid my readers have had enough of the Patriot. I will only subjoin a few of his positive and negative qualifications for the great name in which he glories.

He is a great esteemer of the nobility of man: but thinks more of an unmeaning word or a bit of blue ribbon; and, therefore, stands by his "order" and does not mean to rise above the peerage (I beg pardon: he will not sink below it). He has a decided aversion for all monopolies: but thinks coals quite cheap enough; and that private property is no monopoly, but a vested right, which does no harm to any one. He would do justice to all men, indifferently and without favour: and works the problem by robbing the nation of fifty-thousand pounds a year to give to a person who does nothing, and allowing an honest man, whose very sinews have been worn out with excessive labour, his choice of starvation or imprisonment and separation from his family. He would grant—feeling that he has sufficient authority so to do—perfect liberty of opinion: but all men should ask his leave to express their opinions: for he is well aware that there is a time and place for all things;

and holds, accordingly, that justice is not a fit thing for every-day use; that meetings by torchlight are unnecessary and very improper, since respectable men have ample leisure to burn villages by mid-day—duly licensed of the law. He desires national education; above all things that Truth should be taught manners, and not be allowed to distress a minister with its unseasonable rudeness: that, in fact, it should be *gentlemanly*, and not associate with working men; and is satisfied that it should be made by a tailor to be good for anything. He believes that every man has his price; and that he himself is worth his weight in gold: he therefore defends a property-qualification; and is the more satisfied on this point since he discovered that a mud cabin is of more value than three-fourths of all the palaces in Christendom, and that genius and probity never live in lodgings. He has no desire for office, without patronage; and accepts a pension only for the sake of principle. He is a staunch assertor of the people's rights: but insists that they should receive them as favours, humbly and with gratitude; and more especially recommends them to pay him handsomely, and be much obliged too, for his frequent compromises—on their account—with the public plunderers. He loves his country much, the court more—as a loyal servant should do, and himself most: yet he would for his country's sake sell even more than himself—his principles, and think as little as any one of the sacrifice. He would accomplish great deeds, if circumstances would allow him: but, come what will, amid all chances and changes, of one thing he is determined, and the admiring world shall witness his constancy:—he will bear the name of a patriot to his life's end, and the name of patriot shall be engraven upon his tomb.

Surely in the grave we may look for truth.

LIFE OF ELIOT

SIR JOHN ELIOT was the greatest actor in the commencement of the Revolution which overthrew the tyranny of Charles I., though he did not survive to share in the more prominent part of the contest. He has, therefore, been unjustly overlooked or slandered by posterity. He was born at Port Eliot, in Cornwall, on the 20th of April, 1590. In his youth he appears to have been guilty of some excesses, which, however, were more than atoned for by his generosity and the nobility of his after-conduct, both public and private. He was about three years at Oxford University; which he left, to study for the Law. After a year's study, he visited the Continent; and, while abroad, became acquainted with George Villiers, afterwards Duke of Buckingham and royal favourite. On his return home, he married; but lost his wife after she had presented him with two sons. Eliot resumed his intercourse with Villiers, now high-admiral; and, as was usual, on account of his influence in the county, was made vice-admiral of Devonshire; and was knighted. In 1623, he took his seat in Parliament, as member for Newport, in Cornwall. Here he at once distinguished himself, espousing directly and decidedly the popular party. His attention to the public business was unremitting. He took part in all public questions; aided in the best legal reforms; incessantly exerted himself against monopolies; and jealously watched the proceedings of the government. He was again member for Newport, in the parliament which was summoned on the accession of Charles I.; and continued his opposition to the arbitrary conduct of the king; engaging the House of Commons to refuse supplies without redress of grievances. On account of its refractory spirit, the parliament was abruptly dissolved. It was soon necessary to resummon it. Meanwhile, the king, under the advice of Buckingham, had openly dispensed with the laws. Endeavours were made to prevent the election of the popular leaders. Kept out of Newport, Eliot presented himself to his native county, Cornwall; and was instantly elected. With a

foreboding of his destiny, he assigned over all his property, in trust for the benefit of his family. He then took his seat, resolved to dare the worst. He immediately attacked the traitor Buckingham. The King interfered, but was defeated by the boldness of Eliot. The Commons deliberated with locked doors; and impeached Buckingham on twelve articles. Eliot was appointed to wind up the proceedings; which he did, in a most masterly speech. Buckingham, who had kept his seat during the previous proceedings, left the House when Eliot arose. Eliot was instantly committed close prisoner to the Tower. Unable to bend him, the king released him, after eight days' durance. On his resuming his seat, the House, by an unanimous vote, approved his conduct: and Parliament was again dissolved. The despotism of the king now openly showed itself. Commissioners were empowered to raise a **GENERAL FORCED LOAN**. The poor, who could not pay, were pressed into the army or navy; and, as a punishment for refusing to pay, some of the most depraved of the troops were quartered upon the houses of the recusants. Eliot was foremost in resisting the Loan; and was imprisoned for his firmness. The king's difficulties compelled him to call another parliament. Eliot was released; was triumphantly returned for Cornwall; and again acted as leader of the House, in a stern and unrelaxing opposition to the tyranny of the court. The enraged king soon prorogued the parliament. During the recess, he again levied taxes without the consent of the Commons; and forcibly seized the goods of several of the patriots. Immediately on the reassembling of the House, he was called to account by the uncompromising Eliot. On the 2d of March, 1629, Eliot entered the House for the last time. After eloquently inveighing against the practices of the court, he produced his famous *remonstrance*, and desired to have it read. The speaker refused. Eliot read it himself, and demanded, as a right, that it should be put to the vote. Again the speaker refused: he was "commanded otherwise by the king." By main force he was held in his chair. The House was in a tumult. Above all was heard the voice of the steady and undaunted Eliot. "I shall then express by my tongue what that paper should have done." He placed his paper in the hands of Hollis, who put it to the House, in the character of speaker, and was answered by tremendous acclamations. The king sent to break up the House; but the doors were locked: they were now thrown open; and the members rushed forth in a body. Two days after, Eliot was committed to prison. The attorney-general was ordered to accuse him, first in the Star Chamber, and then in the King's Bench. He refused to submit to the jurisdiction of either court: he would not retract, nor ask pardon for, words uttered in parliament. He was threatened; but replied, "that his body would serve to fill up the breach that was made in the public liberties, as well as any other." After long delay, judgment was given, that he should be imprisoned during the king's pleasure, and as "ringleader" in parliament, be fined £2000. He ridiculed the fine, having made over all his property; and cheerfully encountered the confinement. He had placed his two sons under the guardianship of his friend Hampden. He solaced his prison hours by writing his noble work, *the Monarchy of Man*. The whole county of Cornwall petitioned for his freedom; but no answer was deigned. At length the rigours of his confinement brought on disease. Any relief was denied him by the tyrant, unless he would acknowledge his fault and ask pardon. Eliot sturdily refused. His own integrity and the cause of freedom were dearer to him than life. On the 27th of November, 1632, after nearly four years durance, the patriot died in his prison; and the tyrant appropriately filled up the measure of his heartless persecution, by refusing to young Eliot his father's body. The remains of the great statesman were buried in the Tower chapel. The court rejoiced at his death; but the martyr's name continued to be a watchword in the struggle he had so grandly begun. "If greater virtue, and beauty, and general perfectness of character have at any time, in any age or country, been illustrated, I have yet to learn when, and by whom."—*Abridged from Forster.*

Proof of Freedom.—Surely they that shall boast, as we do, to be a free nation, and not have in themselves the power to remove or to abolish any governor supreme, or subordinate, with the government itself upon urgent causes, may please their fancy with a ridiculous and painted freedom, fit to cozen babes; but are indeed under tyranny and servitude; as wanting that power, which is the root and source of all liberty, to dispose and economize in the land which God hath given them, as masters of family in their own house and free inheritance, without which natural and essential power of a free nation, though bearing high their heads, they can in due esteem be thought no better than slaves and vassals, born in the tenure and occupation of another inheriting lord; whose government, though not illegal or intolerable, hangs over them as a lordly scourge, not as a free government; and therefore to be abrogated.—*Milton's Tenure of Kings.*

Monopolies.—If the power of the People be committed to a single person, the common interest is submitted unto that of a family; and, if it be committed to a few, it is submitted to the interest of a few families.—*Harrington.*

Treason only bears that name when it falls short of success.—*Vane.*

Tyranny.—Every wanton and causeless restraint of the will of the subject, whether practised by a monarch, a nobility, or a popular assembly, is a degree of tyranny.—*Blackstone.*

TO THE PEOPLE.

Men of England, Heirs of Glory,
Heroes of unwritten story,
Nurslings of one mighty mother,
Hopes of her, and one another,

Rise, like lions after slumber,
In unvanquishable number;
Shake your chains to earth, like dew
Which in sleep had fall'n on you.

What is Freedom? Ye can tell
That which Slavery is too well,
For its very name has grown
To an echo of your own.

'Tis to work, and have such pay
As just keeps life from day to day
In your limbs, as in a cell,
For the tyrants' use to dwell:

So that ye for them are made,
Loom, and plough, and sword, and spade,
With or without your own will, bent
To their defence and nourishment.

'Tis to see your children weak
With their mothers pine and peak,
When the winter winds are bleak :
They are dying whilst I speak.

'Tis to hunger for such diet,
As the rich man in his riot
Casts to the fat dogs that lie
Surfeiting beneath his eye.

'Tis to let the Ghost of Gold
Take from toil a thousand fold
More than e'er its substance could
In the tyrannies of old :

Paper coin—that forgery
Of the title deeds, which ye
Hold to something of the worth
Of the inheritance of earth.

'Tis to be a slave in soul,
And to hold no strong controul
Over your own wills, but be
All that others make of ye.

And at length when ye complain,
With a murmur weak and vain,
'Tis to see the tyrants' crew
Ride over your wives and you :—
Blood is on the grass like dew.

Let a great assembly be
Of the fearless, of the free,
On some spot of English ground,
Where the plains stretch wide around.

Let the blue sky overhead,
The green earth on which ye tread,
All that must eternal be,
Witness the solemnity.

From the corners uttermost
Of the bounds of English coast ;
From every hut, village, and town,
Where those who live and suffer, moan
For others' misery and their own ;

From the workhouse and the prison,
Where, pale as corpses newly risen,
Women, children, young, and old,
Groan for pain, and weep for cold ;

From the haunts of daily life,
Where is waged the daily strife
With common wants and common cares,
Which sow the human heart with tares ;

Ye who suffer woes untold,
Or to feel, or to behold

Your lost country bought and sold
With a price of blood and gold ;

Let a vast assembly be,
And with great solemnity
Declare with measured words, that ye
Are, as God has made ye, free !

Be your strong and simple words
Keen to wound as sharpen'd swords,
And wide as targets let them be,
With their shade to cover ye.

Rise, like lions after slumber,
In unvanquishable NUMBER !
Shake your chains to earth, like dew
Which in sleep had fall'n on you.
YE ARE MANY—THEY ARE FEW.

Shelley.

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. IX.

THE DESTINY OF MAN IS HAPPINESS.

The means are his, and his the power of using those means : what lacketh he to accomplish this destiny ?

What lacketh he ?—The zealous purpose, the incessant desire, the ENTHUSIASM, which alone can render his Will a living and an omnipotent Thing.

Social Institutions exist for the preservation of human freedom, for the promotion of human happiness.

The basis of Society is Equality : no one would join a society which required the sacrifice of his equality. Society is a compact : every compact demands the free assent of all the contractors.

Universal Freedom is the first consequence of Equality. Every individual must respect the equal rights of his fellows, or there cannot be *universal Freedom*.

Every human being receives from Nature the right of exercising all his faculties according to his own pleasure.

The Origin of Society was the necessity of mutual assistance : the rights of others are the true boundaries of individual right. *The End of Government* is to reconcile the opposition of rights by maintaining an identity of interests.

Nature has given to all an equal right to the enjoyment of the good of life the proper object of Society is to preserve this equality ; to fairly apportion the labour of all, according to their several abilities, for the production of the greatest possible amount of enjoyment.

Nature excuses none from labour : he has no right to the blessings of life, who refuses to aid in their production.

Property is the right which every human being has to a fair share of the earth's produce.

Society is bound to provide *Subsistence* for all its members, in return for their proportion of labour, or for so much of that proportion as they are capable of furnishing. This is a sacred debt of the community.

Every man is indebted to Society for the support of his infancy : but *the Aged and the Disabled* are the creditors of Society.

All *Traffic or Accumulation*, that violates this principle, is immoral and illicit: inasmuch as it invades the rights of a portion of the community, and is subversive of the just equality.

It is the *Office of Government* to guarantee the full development and the best bestowal of all the faculties of every member of the community.

For this purpose, *Education*, in its most comprehensive meaning, must be equally provided for all. No one has a right to engross the attention of Society to the exclusion or injury of another.

To deserve freedom, or to enjoy happiness, men must fully appreciate their value. If, through the neglect of Society, one person is uninformed of his real interests, so that he cannot properly perform his duties or fully enjoy his rights, Society is guilty of the murder of that person.

The *Public Expenditure* ought to be defrayed from the common stock. If all men share alike in the labour and in the harvest, none will be overburthened with taxation.

THE PEOPLE IS THE SOVEREIGN. Government is established for the benefit of the whole community: *Public Functionaries*, therefore, are the servants of the community, intrusted with the execution of the general will, and responsible to the People, who have a right to know all the operations of their delegates: no public servant can be entitled to claim inviolability or impunity.

The *Law* is the free expression of the Will of the Majority of the community.

No laws are just, which assail those rights of individuals which are guaranteed by the Social Compact: no actions should be prohibited which are not injurious to humanity.

No laws can be just or durable, which contravene the immutable laws of Nature.

Resistance to Oppression is the right and duty of all. If any member of Society is attacked by another, the Public Authority ought to provide redress. If the Public Authority, which is permitted to be the organ of Society, does not fulfil this duty, the Social Compact is dissolved: the Unprotected reassumes the right of self-defence.

Also, every Law that violates the equality of the common Right is an infringement of the Social Compact; and the Assailed is justified in his resistance. If his injury is the same, what matters it to him whether he is attacked by one, or by many?

When the Government betrays its trust, and throws off its allegiance to the **SOVEREIGN PEOPLE**, *Insurrection* becomes the most sacred right, the indispensable duty of every member of the community.

The Will of every portion of the community is to be respected: Society is for mutual benefit. All have signified their adhesion to the impartial law; but none for their own sacrifice: It were better, if possible, to separate, than to yoke together the uncongenial to the ruin, or the unhappiness, of one.

Since all are possessed of equal rights, every one is entitled to the free and uncontrolled *Expression of Opinion*. None have the right to tolerate or to be intolerant. Thought and speech are free—not by allowance, but by right of natural equality—and unlimited, unless injury can be proved. All proved injuries are punishable.

Public Functions are duties, not rewards or distinctions. These duties are reckoned in the account of every man's labour.

All are equally admissible to public offices. Justice allows no *Privileges*, save those of *Virtue*—respect and confidence.

Every adult member of the community, of sound mind, is entitled to a voice in the *Election of the Public Servants*, whether legislators or executors of the law. None ought to be deprived of this right, but those who are incapacitated by their proved dishonesty.

And Woman—shall she have no voice, holding an equal interest? If she is married, her interest is *identical* with her husband's, not merged therein:

but if alone, to whom shall she depute her right? She hath an independent existence.

Society guarantees the right of every individual, without regard to sex. If a woman has no rights, she owes no duties: Society is a mutual contract. Woman and Man are equal.

Let every *Project of Legislation* be promulgated throughout the land, to obtain the suffrages of the community. It will not become *Law** until it has received this sanction.

Let your *Written Laws* be few and simple, so that a child may know and understand them: act upon the spirit rather than the letter; and hide not justice beneath a multitude of words.

Let the *Punishment* of an offender be for a warning to others, but specially for his own amendment. Correct with kindness; temper justice with mercy: treat the guilty one, not as an enemy, but as an erring brother who must be reclaimed to virtue and usefulness.

Justice will arraign Society for the faults of its members.

Let your *Courts of Justice* be open unto all, free and without charge; so that all may have the means of speedy redress: but, if their complaints be frivolous or unfounded, punish the complainants as disturbers of the social peace.

What need is there of *Lawyers*, those quibblers, and abettors of iniquity? Let every man defend his own cause: if it be just, a plain statement will bear him out; if it be evil, why should the talents of haply a better man be prostituted to defend the wrong?

Choose ye your *Magistrates* from among the worthiest: He, who followeth not justice in his private life, is unworthy of public trust.

Spurn from you the mockery, the injustice of a *Creed* established to the exclusion of others. Can ye make all men to think alike? Ye would bribe them to be hypocrites. Which of you hath assurance that his belief alone is right? Shall man dictate to God what homage he may receive?

Be just at all times: nothing can justify injustice. Virtue succumbs not to circumstance, owns not the authority of *Expediency*. If ye sow evil, how can ye expect to reap good? How shall the commission of sin advance the cause of virtue?

No *War* is just, save to repel aggression or to assist the injured.

Those Slaves of Prejudice who assail the imprescriptible rights of humanity—the rights of personal freedom and the unopposed enjoyment of a just share of the world's wealth—are *Rebels* against the SOVEREIGN PEOPLE, enemies of the human race, and perverters and slanderers of Nature. It is the imperative duty of humanity to prevent the evil consequences of their desperate and pitiable errors.

Every community has a right, from time to time, to discharge the Public Servants, to alter and amend Laws and forms of Government, with or without precedent; to enact new Laws, or to repeal the old; to remodel the *Constitution* for the common benefit, whenever it shall seem fitting to the general perception of right and utility. One generation has no power to prescribe regulations for another. The Living are their own masters. Man has no right of property in his fellow-man. Nature has proclaimed the injustice, the inexpediency of Slavery. Her voice has gone forth—the Word of God over the old-time Anarchy. There is but one Sovereign by Divine Right; one Proprietor of the Earth; one sacred and inalienable Majesty, absolute and irresponsible—The SOVEREIGN PEOPLE!

†

*Petitioning for pity is most weak:
The Sovereign People ought to demand justice.*

Robert Southey.

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



SECOND GATE OF THE SERAGLIO: CONSTANTINOPLE.

MORALS:—A RULE OF LIFE DRAWN FROM THE ASCERTAINED CONSEQUENCES OF HUMAN ACTIONS.

WHAT is required for the securing of our moral, rather than our immoral state? Attention. Attention to the consequences of our actions; attention to the nature of our feelings; attention to the meaning, and the bearing, and the effects of our words. Look to these! Look around ye! Look within! ye need no other rule; ye need no other law. Would ye ascertain which of your rules are just? Put them to this test. Examine where they run; what they hit, and what they miss. Trace them *through* all their consequences, to all their results. Believe not they are right *because they are your rules*, but test them by the actions they produce, and these actions again by the simple good or evil of their results.—*Frances Wright.*

Pale Roamer thro' the Night! thou poor Forlorn!
 Remorse that man on his death-bed possess,
 Who in the credulous hour of tenderness
 Betray'd, then cast thee forth to Want and Scorn.
 The world is pitiless; the Chaste One's pride,
 Mimic of Virtue, scowls on thy distress:
 Thy Loves, and they that envied thee, deride:
 And vice alone will shelter Wretchedness!
 O! I am sad to think, that there should be
 Cold-bosom'd lewd ones, who endure to place
 Foul offerings on the shrine of Misery.
 And force from Famine the carcase of Love!
 May He shed healing on thy sore disgrace,
 He, the great Comforter that rules above!

Coleridge.

RECORDS OF THE WORLD'S JUSTICE.

BY A HARDWAREMAN.

No. 6.—*The Outcast.*

ONE OF MANY.

"Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
 Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back.
 None does offend, none, I say, none."

Shakespeare.

GOD is good! Our appetites were not given for our destruction. Why do we abuse the good gifts of Nature? why do we thwart the pure instincts which should lead to healthful enjoyment? Because a man swears falsely that he is called by God to superintend the morals of society, does it follow that honest folks should allow his pretensions to interfere between them and their happiness? Because a man tells a lie, does he thereby acquire power to sanctify vice, or to license virtue?—Rose Clifford might not have argued to this conclusion; she might not have *thought* all this: but she *felt* it, and acted in accordance with her feelings—she did not call them convictions. Because she was a woman, Society cursed her, and tore her heart out. She was branded with a fouler mark than that of Cain, and unrelentingly scourged to death.

Rose Clifford's father was a respectable shop-keeper in a country town. His family were remarkable for their harmony and good behaviour. Rose was a beautiful girl, affectionate and gentle-hearted, and possessed of as much sense as falls to the lot of the generality of human beings. She had strong feelings, was what is called a child of nature, that is, was innocent and pure-minded, not suspecting offence, and truthful as she was trusting. No one, who knew her, could call her otherwise than modest, though she was too much a creature of impulse to act always with what is considered propriety by the immodesty of prudes. She did not pretend to strength of mind: those, who educated her, did not think that she would ever need such a thing. Such I knew Rose Clifford, a very few years ago. Since, I have lost sight of the family, having settled myself in a shop, in London. I was then what is called a hawker; though, I believe, I was quite as respectable as I am now; since I do not find that I am a whit more honest for keeping a shop.

One night, some little time ago, I was returning home, when I was accosted by one of those unfortunates who are licensed to sell disease and vice in the public streets, as a means of poisoning society and prolonging their own fearful existence. She was reeling along, uttering the most obscene language. She looked like the incarnation of most filthy lewdness. Her eyes were sunken and bleared and bloodshot; her face was furrowed with premature wrinkles, and wasted by disease, so that it was horrible to look at. I shrunk loathingly from her impudent leer; but had not reached the end of the street, when I was stopped by hearing a dreadful shriek. I turned: for though I do not approve of men fool-hardily thrusting themselves into unnecessary danger, yet I cannot think any man justified in sneaking away from the assistance of a fellow-creature. She was lying on the step of a door, unable to rise, and moaning piteously. I learned from one of the crowd—so sure to collect to gaze upon misery; as if it were a rare thing in cities—that “some *gentleman*, whom she had insulted,” had knocked her down: some libertine rather, (for none else could have done it,) who did not lose his temper, the scoundrel! when he insulted the victims of his selfishness. But I am losing my own temper.—Well, I helped to carry her to the hospital; and, feeling an interest in the poor creature, I called, the next day, to inquire about her. She was dying. The coward's outrage had only hastened her admission to her last earthly refuge, the hospital. I was allowed to see her. She thanked me very much for my poor kindness. With much difficulty I obtained her name: it was Rose Clifford. In an after visit I learned her sad story.

It appeared that a young man, apparently estimable, and of good connections, had paid his addresses to her. She did not know why she loved him, but that his attentions were agreeable and she felt a need of some one to love. His person, too, was handsome; and she was not sophisticated enough to suspect so fair an appearance. It is natural for us to love a beautiful person: for, were not nature falsified by the torturings of social artifice, a fair form and aspect would ever be the index of a lovely soul. But enough that she did love him—as intensely as her nature was capable of. Her father disapproved of the match. It did not appear that he knew anything of the man she loved; but he had chosen some one else for her husband. Perhaps, *his* father had chosen for him: and slaves grow into tyrants. She was ordered, on pain of her father's displeasure, to prostitute herself in “holy wedlock” with a man whom she could not love. Instead of obeying, she eloped with him she did love. She was now in her lover's power: and, clinging to him for protection; heart-vowed to be his, for better, for worse; too simply loving to conceal her affection; her naturally ardent feelings, the embraces of the loved, time and circumstance, all ministering to her passion;—what wonder that she forgot—to ask a stranger to read her an indecent homily on the physical purposes and effects of the love of man and woman? I have said she was modest. It is not to be thought that a modest woman in the arms of her lover would find time to think of a stranger—whatever the

penalty. Men and women in such circumstances do not reason: perhaps it is not desirable that they should. Besides, if a father's sanction was not indispensable, surely the sanction of a stranger might be disregarded. What was her offence? An offence against those passionless beasts who would have men and women brought together, at stated times, by certain overseers whose business is to superintend the marriages of God's children, as a farmer *manages* the instincts of his cattle. What was her offence? *Truthful action*—a virtue: Is this a punishable transgression? She was sufficiently punished in the loss of her self-esteem—for she believed the world's *lie*. Yet, she had confidence in the man to whom she had given her heart. Was she to doubt him? She *knew* he would protect her. Alas! he only loved himself. I do not blame the act, but on account of its world-ordered punishment. He was bound to shield her from *all* evil. Yet now, when she had a claim to his gratitude as well as love, he pitifully deserted her. His *love* was but the expression of a sensual desire: that satisfied—he left her. He might still, perhaps, have “married” her; but had not courage to see *his* wife pointed at—even for her virtues.

She was left friendless—almost penniless. She applied to her father: he refused to see her or to help her. What could she do? With much difficulty, she obtained a menial situation; but was discharged when it was found that she was with child. She told me a wretched tale of her confinement, and the privations of herself and infant. I had not thought that human nature could endure so much. But, at length, Famine laid his gaunt hand upon her child; and the mother saw no resource but to sell herself for her child's sake. She endeavoured to find the deserter; and learned that he was “married” to another woman—one less loving. Again and again she appealed to her family; but received for answer, that she had disgraced them, and was not entitled to their assistance. “Oh!” said she, when she came to this part of her story, “they knew not what they doomed me to. They bid me starve; they hardly meant that: but, if they could have foreseen what I have endured—I have passed long nights in the open streets, wanting food, almost without clothes, pinched with cold, drenched with the winter rain. I have borne the brutal scoffs of the heartless passers-by; the more brutal insolence of vulgar selfishness;—and, Oh God!—the foul charnel embraces of drunken lust—” and she shuddered at the recollection:—“How my heart sickened; and my flesh would creep!—to be the property of every foul thing, diseased or drunken, that would pay the price of the poison which I drank in very desperation, to forget my infamy, though it only maddened me to dream of things that made me desire rather the keeping of the grave-worm.”

Poor victim of other's heartlessness! thou art at rest. She died, in dreadful agonies, a few weeks after her admittance into the hospital. She had only just completed her twentieth year.—

Preachers of a morality you never practise! ministers of Evil, who write the name of *Reverend* on the front of your hypocrisy! tell me, if the Hell your devilish malice has invented for the punishment of the worst blasphemy, holds worse tortures than this woman's misery? tell me, what blasphemy can exceed this pollution of the holiest temple of the Spirit of Love? Ministers of Religion! you will say, “We are not answerable for this: we do our utmost, praying and preaching daily, to cure this Misery; but it is a necessary evil.” Whited Sepulchres! Specious Liars!—Every man, who upholds a system which he knows to be productive of wrong, is answerable for that wrong. Every one, who holds out the hand of fellowship to the libertine, is an accomplice in his worst crimes, and guilty of their worst consequences. Shall men be absolved from the foul stain of a life's profligacy, because they pander to their selfishness, by supporting Magdalen Hospitals? or, shall a worn-out profligate, a crawling nuisance, be the cherished guest in *noble* drawing rooms and *respectable* homes, and the wretch's companions be irreproachable? Let those, who tolerate the evil, share the reproach! Good God! that a filthy thing, whose body is one mass of disease, the obscenity of whose mind

is, if possible, even more diseased and disgusting, whose heart is rotten—should be the favoured companion of an innocent woman! that *delicate* women should prefer a jaded libertine, marrying him to reform him! These are the *females*—call them not *women*!—that sneer at the pure who is content with her purity; that fiercely trample upon her whose only crime is a want of immodest hypocrisy. Out upon their unshamed infamy! There is but one name to fit them: and that not bad enough. These are the mothers of slaves, of male and female prostitutes.—Were the *life* of a Man of “Pleasure” laid bare, the world would shrink back with loathing from a monster whose hideous deformity is now veiled by the hypocrisy of *gentlemanly manners*. If any must be cast out from Society, let them be these, the purveyors of infamy—not their compelled prey; let them be these, the depraved—not the truthful; let them be these, the willingly prostituted—not the betrayed and unwilling victims!

All that I have written is true. Alas! it is but a faint transcript from not the worst page of the scroll of daily evils. As many are the *Right Honourables* of society whose lives are more abominable than the lives of the many Outcasts. I ask not for their punishment: but I ask, of them, *Charity for their less guilty sisters*; I demand, from all, **JUSTICE FOR THE DESPERATELY-ABUSED!**

THE OUTCAST IS ONE OF MANY.

Prostitution.—I may be told that great as this enormity is, it only affects a devoted part of the sex, devoted for the salvation of the rest. But, false as every assertion might easily be proved, that recommends the sanctioning a small evil to produce a greater good; the mischief does not stop here, for the moral character, and peace of mind, of the chaster part of the sex, is undermined by the conduct of the very women to whom they allow no refuge from guilt: whom they inexorably consign to the exercise of arts that lure their husbands from them, debauch their sons, and force them, let not modest women start! to assume, in some degree, the same character themselves. For I will venture to assert, that all the causes of female weakness, as well as depravity, which I have already enlarged on, branch out of one grand cause—want of chastity in men.—*Mary Wollstonecraft.*

MARRIAGE.

CELIBACY AND PROSTITUTION.

How long ought the sexual connection to last? What law ought to specify the extent of the grievances which should limit its duration? A husband and wife ought to continue so long united as they love each other, any law which should bind them to cohabitation for one moment after the decay of their affection, would be a most intolerable tyranny, and the most unworthy of toleration. How odious a usurpation of the right of private judgment should that law be considered, which should make the ties of friendship indissoluble, in spite of the caprices, the inconstancy, the fallibility, and capacity for improvement of the human mind. And by so much would the fetters of love be heavier and more unendurable than those of friendship, as love is more vehement and capricious, more dependent on those delicate peculiarities of imagination, and less capable of reduction to the ostensible merits of the object.

The present system of constraint does no more, in the majority of instances, than make hypocrites or open enemies. Persons of delicacy and virtue, unhappily united to one whom they find it impossible to love, spend the loveliest

season of their life in unproductive efforts to appear otherwise than they are, for the sake of the feelings of their partner, or the welfare of their mutual offspring: those of less generosity and refinement openly avow their disappointment, and linger out the remnant of that union, which only death can dissolve, in a state of incurable bickering and hostility. Had they been suffered to part at the moment when indifference rendered their union irksome, they would have been spared many years of misery; they would have connected themselves more suitably, and would have found that happiness in the society of more congenial partners which is for ever denied them by the despotism of marriage. They would have been separately useful and happy members of society, who whilst united, were miserable, and rendered misanthropical by misery.

Prostitution is the legitimate offspring of marriage and its accompanying errors. Women, for no other crime than having followed the dictates of a natural appetite, are driven with fury from the comforts and sympathies of society. It is less venial than murder; and the punishment which is inflicted on her who destroys her child to escape reproach, is lighter than the life of agony and disease to which the prostitute is irrecoverably doomed. Has a woman obeyed the impulse of unerring nature;—society declares war against her, pitiless and eternal war. She lives a life of infamy: the loud and bitter laugh of scorn scares her from all return. She dies of long and lingering disease; yet *she* is in fault, *she* is the criminal, *she* the froward and untameable child,—and society, forsooth, the pure and virtuous matron, who casts her as an abortion from her undefiled bosom! Society avenges herself on the criminals of her own creation, she is employed in anathematizing the vice to-day, which yesterday she was the most zealous to teach. Thus is formed one-tenth of the population of London: meanwhile the evil is two-fold, young men, excluded by the fanatical idea of chastity* from the society of modest and accomplished women, associate with these vicious and miserable beings, destroying thereby all those exquisite and delicate sensibilities whose existence cold-hearted worldlings have denied; annihilating all genuine passion, and debasing that to a selfish feeling which is the excess of generosity and devotedness. Their body and mind alike crumble into a hideous wreck of humanity; idiocy and disease become perpetuated in their miserable offspring, and distant generations suffer for the bigoted morality of their forefathers. Chastity* is a monkish and evangelical superstition, a greater foe to natural temperance even than unintellectual sensuality; it strikes at the root of all domestic happiness, and consigns more than half of the human race to misery, that some few may monopolize according to law. A system could not well have been devised more studiously hostile to human happiness than marriage.

Shelley.

MILTON ON DIVORCE.

No Covenant whatsoever obliges against the main End both of itself, and of the Parties covenanting.

Marriage is a Covenant, the very being whereof consists not in a forced cohabitation, and counterfeit performance of duties, but in unfeigned love and peace.

He who can receive nothing of the most important helps in marriage, being thereby disabled to return that duty which is his, with a clear and hearty countenance; and thus continues to grieve whom he would not, and is no less grieved, that Man ought even for Love's sake and Peace to move Divorce upon good and liberal conditions to the divorced. And it is less a breach of Wedlock to part with wise and quiet consent betimes, than still to soil and profane that mystery of joy and union with a polluting sadness and perpetual

* The world-called chastity: the mere refraining from sexual intercourse.

distemper; for it is not the outward continuing of Marriage that keeps whole that Covenant, but whosoever does most according to Peace and Love, whether in Marriage or Divorce, he it is that breaks Marriage least; it being so often written that *Love only is the fulfilling of every Commandment*.

Marriage not so much as a satisfaction of lust, which may be satisfied with promiscuous intercourse or abated by strict diet—as a remedy of *Loneliness*.

When therefore this original and sinless *Penury* or *Loneliness* of the soul cannot lay itself down by the side of such a meet and acceptable union as God ordained in Marriage, at least in some proportion, it cannot conceive and bring forth *Love*, but remains utterly unmarried under a formal Wedlock, and still burns in the proper meaning of St. Paul. Then enters *Hate*, not that *Hate* which sins, but that which only is natural dissatisfaction, and the turning aside from a mistaken object,—if that mistake have done injury, it fails not to dismiss with recompence; for to retain still and not be able to love, is to heap up more injury.

To prohibit Divorce sought for natural causes is against Nature. It is to force a mixture of minds that cannot unite, and to sow the furrow of Man's Nativity with seed of two incoherent and uncombining dispositions.

As for the custom that some Parents and Guardians have of forcing Marriages, it will be better to say nothing of such a savage inhumanity, but only thus, that the Law which gives not all freedom of Divorce to any Creature indued with reason, so assassinated, is next in cruelty.

The Ignorance and Iniquity of Canon Law, providing for the right of the Body in Marriage, but nothing for the wrongs and grievances of the mind.

Wisdom and Charity, weighing God's own Institution, would think that the pining of a sad Spirit wedded to Loneliness should deserve to be freed, as well as the Impatience of a sensual Desire so providently relieved. 'Tis read to us in the Liturgy, that *we must not marry to satisfy the fleshy appetite, like brute beasts, that have no understanding*: but the Canon so runs, as if it dreamt of no other matter than such an appetite to be satisfied; for if it happen that Nature hath stopt or extinguished the veins of Sensuality, that Marriage was annulled. But though all the Faculties of the understanding and conversing part after trial appear to be so ill or so adversely met through Nature's unalterable working, as that neither Peace, nor any sociable Contentment can follow, 'tis as nothing, the Contract shall stand as firm as ever, betide what will.

But some are ready to object, that the Disposition ought seriously to be considered before. But let them know again, that for all the wariness can be used, it may yet befall a discreet Man to be mistaken in his Choice.—Nor is there that freedom of access granted or presumed, as may suffice to a perfect discerning till too late: and where any Disposition is suspected, what more usual than the Persuasion of Friends that Acquaintance as it increases will amend all?

The Law can only appoint the just and equal conditions of Divorce.—

The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.

THE SERAGLIO.

THE Seraglio of the Sultan of Turkey, at Constantinople, is his Court, the herding-place of his *Females*, and place of education of the princes of the blood. It is a triangle of nearly three miles in circuit, and is surrounded by a high and strong wall, whereon are several watch-towers. The gate of the second court is called the Sublime; and is held in great veneration by the Turks. Even the Grand Vizier must dismount from his horse at this gate, which is the entrance to the Divan. The number of females in the Harem varies, according to the fancy of the reigning Sultan, from three hundred to two thousand. How much better these matters are managed in England.

THE RIGHT OF WOMAN.

HUMANKIND are by nature equal: equal in respect of their rights, which no circumstances can alienate. For what reason is Woman deprived of her independence? On what plea can the advocate of the universal rights of Man reject the equal claim of Woman?—of her, the purer, the gentler, the more disinterested, more ready in apprehension, more patient in endurance, and enduring far more; equally susceptible of all that sublimates or ennobles our common nature; and inferior in nothing save muscular force: even now, crippled, caged and chained, the good angel of life; and endowed with almost inconceivable power of rendering earth a paradise, were she free and the friend, instead of the slave of man. That one poor superiority of brute force has made the more beautiful the slave. It is time that those who call themselves the worshippers of reason, should prove the earnestness and consistency of their devotion.

We demand a recognition of the equality of man and woman: We demand that women should possess all social and political rights that are possessed, or ought to be possessed, by men: that they shall be, not tolerated, (for who has a right to *tolerate* any thing?) but justified, in assuming an independent existence, in possessing property, and in the exercise of self-control; that in no case they shall be the property of men; that the unloving shall never be compelled to live together, nor the loving be compulsorily separated. We assert the great principle that the sexes were made to minister to each other's happiness. One was not made inferior, to subserve the domineering selfishness of the other; but BOTH SEXES ARE NATURALLY EQUAL, THOUGH OF DIFFERENT ABILITY. We contend that the present inequality, more particularly the Law of Marriage—which merges a woman's individuality in that of her husband, making her *his property*; which, consequently, prohibits her, except under peculiar evasive circumstances, from enjoying property, even her own earnings; which, worse than all, prevents reasonable freedom of divorce—is unjust and productive of immorality.

There are few who do not acknowledge the present evil: yet is an alteration opposed, on the ground that “there is not proof that a change would better the condition of humanity.” At any rate, it could not make that condition worse. Prostitution is rife in all classes of society: whether scorned, condemned, abused, and outlawed, among the miserable vagrants who traffic in disease and degradation, for the very means of life, in the streets of most christian cities; or legalized and priest-hallowed in the formal wanton, or passionless prude, who sells herself for an estate or a title, and blushes not at her infamy. No conceivable change can make the general intercourse of the sexes more mercenary, more beastlike, more immoral than it is. It were wise, then, to embrace any change, even though the benefit were *uncertain*. When we are dangerously ill, do we require proof of the virtue of the course prescribed, before we will essay any remedy? Do we take no means of ameliorating our condition, because we are not *certain* of the efficacy of the offered means? We ask, will any man, not utterly heartless or insensate, refuse to assist any change from the present evil system, while there is *the remotest chance of benefit*? Until it shall be *decisively proved* that no good can be by any possibility accrue from an alteration, will any but an idiot, or the most selfish, unresistingly allow this universal rule of misery?

Doubtless it is a very desirable thing that they, who live together, should love one another; that their love should endure, rendering the happiness of the united a lasting possession. They who experience this happiness need no penal laws, nor idle ceremonies, nor idler oaths, nor impertinent intervention of strangers, to induce them to hold fast the blessing. But all marriages are not so sanctified. There are instances in which persons are united without having obtained sufficient knowledge of each other's character. Why should

they be bound together when the *mistake* shall be discovered? A man marries a woman (or a woman marries a man: it matters not in which way it is expressed,) whom he thinks a suitable partner. He finds out, in more or less time, that she is not a help meet for him. To force him to fulfil his part of the ill-judged contract were as absurd as it would be to compel him to fulfil an unintentional engagement with a woman fraudulently substituted in the place of her he loved. Even such things have been: but, are they defensible? Error is not necessarily crime. Why should it be *arbitrarily* punished? Are not its *natural consequences* sufficient? Besides, the Church and Law declare the marriage contract to be null, if there is physical impediment. Is moral incapacity of less consequence to any but "brute beasts that have no understanding?" Only with the clerical expositors of their own marriage-service. A man loves a woman, believing her to be amiable. He asserts his love in the hearing of the community. It may not be his actual language, but his thought speaks thus—"I love an amiable woman." But, the woman is not amiable:—Then his declaration falls to the ground: he is free. Or, if she is amiable at the time of their union, but alters afterwards:—The desire of his love remains the same; but the love is unsatisfied, is widowed; he has lost that which he loved; why should the twain continue together? He loved an amiable woman; he vowed ever to love an amiable woman; (though it is rather presumptuous so to predicate of even our own consistency:) She, *who was that woman*, is changed; he does not love the unamiable; they are strangers to each other: let them not quarrel; but let them, for peace's sake, depart on their separate ways! If it shall be said, "he engaged to love a certain person for better or for worse"—what then? was not the bargain for mutual happiness? The terms of the engagement have not been complied with: the engagement is null and void. "Whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder!" is objected: God never joined the unloving. He joineth the loving: let no man sunder them! Neither dare to compel the junction of those whom God hath sundered—the unloving: they are no helps meet for each other. It is not infrequent that marriage is brought about by fraud; that one party is the victim of the other. Though we should allow it to be just to punish the erring—the unintentionally deceived—with unnecessary consequences, yet surely it cannot be just to afflict also the innocent and abused one! What! when late and poor redress is demanded, shall we make ourselves accomplices of the wrong-doer, and *punish* the injured!—We have argued on the ground of only one party being dissatisfied. What shall we say, if the union is hateful to both? "Live together as beasts, loathing yourselves and loathsome to the Spirit of Truth; live together, for the procreation of much evil and no good; stir not from the prison-house of your hate!" shall this be decreed? What! when the Priest at the altar, in the name of the Law, in the name of God, has declared that "the holy estate of matrimony is God's ordinance for mutual society, help and comfort?" How can the unloving fulfil this? Is the Hell of contention, or falsehood, a "holy estate"? Is it "God's ordinance"? Why oppress ye my people with burthens which none can bear!—But, "Public decency will be offended!" "The delicacy of the respectable portion of society will be shocked!" Better outrage even the sensitiveness of *virtue* than linger even a day in the infamy of an union unhallowed by Love!—"And shall the separated marry again during each other's life-time?" Why not, as well as after the death of either? What are they to each other more than the dead? We have said before—Error is no crime: why should they be punished any further?

But "the poor children; what will become of them, if their parents separate; how shall they be educated; how shall they be taken due care of?" What will become of them if their disagreeing parents *do not separate*? How are they *now* educated by the chained-together quarrellers? Will the display of their parents' mutual aversion and consequent suffering, of the father's tyranny, or the mother's hypocrisy or slavishness, of the daily injury, recrimination, and ill-temper, be the *best possible education* for the children of that

home of unhappiness? Will they learn truth and love from the constrained civility or ill-concealed loathing of the compelled yoke-fellows? Is it a desirable education for the yet uninitiated, to see vice thus sanctified as a duty, and to dwell beneath the deadly influence of those in whose lair Truth is not? Or, are the shameless practisers of prostitution fitting preceptors for infancy?—In most cases there is a more direct answer to this (often pretended) fear of sacrificing the children. A man and woman, having been some time married, desire to part. They are tired of each other's company; or, only one is tired—the other soon will be. Why should they not separate! "*They have one child.*" Let us even suppose that the child must be morally ruined—sacrificed, in consequence of the peaceable and mutually-respecting separation of its parents: Ought they rather to remain together, rendering each other miserable, perhaps loathing themselves, *in order that they may have some five or six more children* to share the wretched education of the firstborn? Is there justice in this sacrifice to Moloch? Is there common sense? Cannot the Apostles of the Establishment expound this great mystery? Will none of the surplused meddlers with morality expatiate on the unrighteousness of *sacrificing two for a very poor chance of saving one*? It is not *always* that the children of the divided would be deserted by both their parents. Some faith may be placed in those who have sufficient good sense and good feeling to discontinue a disgusting connection.

Shall it be objected, that freedom of divorce would degenerate into licentiousness? We have before shown that it would only separate the unloving. Love cannot be forced. They, who are no more than *the mere animal*, would of course act as such: Are they *virtuous* now? Ask of the thousands that die nightly on the thresholds of our respectable citizens! There is one incessant Wail roaming through the streets of Christendom, the cry of the agony of abused womanhood—and men fear lest *they* should become licentious! "There is one objection to keeping a woman," said a *reverend* gentleman, the father of a family, to a young friend who preferred that course to the worst profligacy—"you may become too fond of her." The very connection naturally induces affection. It does so, even now, despite the accustomed heartlessness. The continual association begets the need of its own continuance. *It is proved by legislative experience,** that the liberty of change would be seldom abused; that, both sexes, knowing they had no tie upon each other's affection, save that of desert, would study to gain that hold, instead of depending, as now, on penal regulations and the fettering of a false shame.

We have said but little of *religious* marriage-ceremonies, which are assumed to be sacred and sanctifying, and our own country's (it might be difficult to say why) more so than any other. The most strenuous opposition to a natural—and, consequently, reasonable and right—system of conduct in the mutual relations of the sexes, proceeds from those who, setting aside the laws of nature, regard the marriage rite, as by law established, to be indispensable for conferring morality on the connection between man and woman; who look on *natural* children as conceived in sin, and born in iniquity; who deny that any enter legitimately into this moral world without a purchased passport from the powers that be, temporal or spiritual. To what amounts their limited virtue, where stands their reverence, when marriage, by the law of the land, is a civil ordinance, and divorce no crime, or, at the worst, a venial offence, for which an indulgence may be *bought* of the heads of the church and law. If there is immorality in the marriage of one divorced, can an act of parliament render it moral, or why does it allow it, with the consent too of the right reverend bishops? If it is not immoral, why may not any, who are so disposed, divorce and marry again? By what right does a certain number of men, not the most pure-minded or correct in conduct, arrogate the allowance of sin, or of that which is not sin? Either they allow evil, or they

* In Zurich, Switzerland.

forbid what is not evil : In neither case are they justified. But, the House of Lords, by sanctioning a single divorce and after-marriage, has, in fact, decreed the equity of most perfect liberty, and abrogated the compelled life-continuance of marriage against the will of either of the married. So far has the legislature virtually, though unwillingly, declared the equality of the sexes.

Woman ceasing to be the property of man, a man and a woman living together would each retain absolute power over their own property. With the love-united this would be an union of interests. It would of course render those, who ceased to accord, perfectly independent of each other; and, as women possessed of rights would find duties and employments, prostitution for a maintenance would soon altogether cease. Woman is at present denied the free exercise of her powers, actually on the plea of incapacity. Is this endurable? Who that owes the beauty of home to women's love; who that in his sickness has felt the ministering of woman, or witnessed her fortitude under her own sufferings; who that has been indebted for the purest and noblest of his thoughts to woman's nurture or to woman's loveliness (which of us has not been so indebted?) dares say,—if sufficiently well-endowed to appreciate the debt—however high his self-esteem, that he thinks that woman his inferior? And be it borne in mind, that woman, like the black slave, has worked under the *disadvantage* of irons. How bears the *law* on this point?—A girl of eighteen may, in this and other countries be absolute arbitress of the destinies of millions; a girl of ordinary intellect, or of talents far below the average, may be the head of the executive, and hold a veto on all acts of legislation. Yet, if we speak of the equality of woman, we shall be taunted with, "What! a woman legislator?—she had better be mending her husband's stockings." Suppose she has no husband, no children; suppose too that her talents are actually capable of better application than that of counting stitches:—must she not apply them for the good of society, except it be domestically? If she have the genius of a legislator, and no ties of blood or affection to claim her consideration, shall she be prohibited from employing her talents where alone they can be rendered most profitable to the community? The case is extreme, but not extravagant. Principles embrace extremes. Was Mary Wollstonecraft, or is Frances Wright, less qualified for a legislator than the many young men, representing the interests of their own families, whose sole and fitting education has been under the tutelage of grooms or in college debaucheries? Would those highly endowed and high-minded women have made poorer senators than the Marquis of Londonderry and Mr. Gully, or even than Lords Melbourne and Russell? Could any woman enact more frivolous and absurd laws than have resulted from the "collective wisdom" of *men*?—the 658 who discovered, that horn-blowing in the streets of London, if perpetrated by men who travelled but ten miles, was a great nuisance, to be suppressed by all the wisdom and energy of Sovereign, Lords and *Commons*; but if perpetrated, in the same streets, by men who travelled eleven miles, that it became no nuisance, and merited the special patronage of the Senate. Could woman dwindle below this manly littleness? In fine, *is intellect to be useless, or not useful to the full extent of its capacity, whenever it is the possession of a woman? and is this to be considered the best means of advancing the improvement of humanity.*

If the natural powers of man, intellectual or moral, are greater than those of woman, what need is there of the many artificial restrictions which now bar the way of woman's improvement; the absurd and fatal prejudices which call that improper in woman, which is deemed proper in man; which appoint a different morality for man and woman, creating an opposition of aims instead of confirming the natural identity of their interests? Surely, if man is so much superior to woman, he may, without disparagement to his wisdom, be generous enough to throw no obstacles in the way of the progression of womankind; he can have no jealousy of his inferiors: but if, as we have before shown, he has no superiority but that of physical force, wherein the ape excels him, let him, for shame's sake, waive the brute's prerogative, if he

would not in *all things* acknowledge the law of force, in opposition to the equality of Nature—the equality of rights, which may not be destroyed by any inequality of condition!

O Men! if you have any love for woman, or for yourselves, crush not those who can render you happy, independently of whose happiness you cannot be happy! In extending their sphere of utility, you increase their power of blessing, you secure your own good. If you would have your children good, and great and happy, debase not those *from whom they must receive their best instruction!*

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love,
 Which alters when it alteration finds;
 Or bends, with the remover to remove:
 O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, altho' his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, tho' rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Shakspeare.

LIFE OF MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT, the Vindicator of the Rights of Woman, was born on the 27th of April, 1759. There is some doubt as to whether she was born in London or at a farm upon Epping Forest, in Essex, where she passed the first five years of her life. Her father was a man of some property, which he diminished by amusing himself with farming. In the early part of her life she was subjected to much rigour: continual restraint in the most trivial matters; unconditional submission to orders which, as a mere child, she discovered to be unreasonable; all the petty vexations and ill influences of home tyranny. The superiority of her mind surmounted all this. Her physical education, however, was better cared for. In 1768, her father removed to a farm near Beverley, in Yorkshire; where the family remained till she was more than fifteen years old. Her school education passed during this period—little to her advantage. She then removed with her family to London; and again, after a few months, into Wales; but returned to London after little more than a year. In 1778, home being irksome, and she desirous of providing for herself, she accepted a situation as companion to a widow lady, at Bath; with whom she remained two years; and was then recalled home by the declining health of her mother. After her mother's death, she left the paternal roof, to depend upon her own resources. In 1783, in conjunction with a friend, and aided by her two younger sisters, she opened a day-school in Islington. She afterwards removed to Newington Green. Her partner was compelled by ill health to go to Lisbon. Mary Wollstonecraft's friendship induced her to neglect her school, that she might follow her thither. She only reached Lisbon a short time before her friend's death. On her return,

finding her school much decayed, she turned her attention to literature. Her first production was a pamphlet entitled *Thoughts on the Education of Daughters*; for which she received ten guineas. She now gave up her school and accepted the situation of governess in Lord Kingborough's family; in which capacity she was very highly esteemed. In 1787, she parted from them at Bristol Hot Wells; and there wrote a little book of fiction, called *Mary*. She now came to London; and engaged a house in George Street, Blackfriars, purposing to devote herself to literature. Here she resided three years, principally occupied in translating; and rendering great services to her family, then much distressed. About this period she became acquainted with Fuseli, the painter. At the close of 1790 appeared the pensioned Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution*. Mary Wollstonecraft published the first reply to this insolent attack on liberty; and her work attracted much deserved notice. Shortly after was produced her celebrated *Vindication of the Rights of Woman*. In 1792, she went to Paris, mainly persuaded by a desire to disengage herself from an attachment to Fuseli, who, being a married man, might not return her affection. In France she became acquainted with a Mr. Imlay, an American merchant. An attachment, apparently mutual, ensued. She refused, however, to marry him, not wishing to render him liable to certain family and pecuniary embarrassments to which she was exposed. A decree of the French Convention, for the imprisonment of all the English residents in France, made it necessary that she should at least take his name: to obtain protection as the wife of an American citizen. Her first child, a daughter, was born at Havre, on the 14th of May, 1794. In September, Mr. Imlay went to London on account of his business; and she remained in France. The appointed time of his absence being prolonged, she joined him in London; in April, 1795. Meanwhile he had formed a new connection; and seemed desirous of breaking with her. Her endeavours to regain his affections were vain; and she resolved upon self-destruction. This was prevented by his interference; and she almost directly undertook a voyage to Norway, to conduct a difficult business for him. The narrative of this voyage was published in her *Letters from Norway*. Her return was hastened by the conduct of Imlay. She had written, desiring to know on what terms they were hereafter to stand toward each other. He only gave her unsatisfactory and evasive answers. She returned to London; and too soon discovered the cause of his desertion. She again attempted suicide; and threw herself into the Thames, from the top of Putney Bridge: but was rescued and recovered. Imlay now tried to persuade her that his new connection was merely casual and sensual; and that she might, in time, be reinstated in his affections. This was not tolerable. After repeated efforts to detach him from his new passion, she, at length, flung him from her heart. About the same time, she renewed an acquaintance with Godwin (the author of *Political Justice*, Caleb Williams, &c.) which had commenced at Paine's house, in 1791; an acquaintance which soon produced esteem that ripened into love. They did not immediately marry. They saw no especial seemliness in trumpeting to the world the moment when their most sacred feeling had "arrived at its climax." It was not till April, 1797, that their marriage was declared. Then it had only taken place on account of her pregnancy, to prevent her exclusion from society—a purpose which was not answered. They resided at Somers Town. On the 30th of August she gave birth to a daughter, afterwards the wife of the Apostle of Poetry, the God-inspired Shelley. On the 10th of September, she died of mortification occasioned by a part of the placenta that remained in the womb, she was buried in St. Pancras Churchyard.

Abridged from Godwin.

The state of Society in which we exist is a mixture of feudal savageness and imperfect civilization.—Shelley.

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. X.

A CERTAIN man, after long years of debauchery—feeling his health fail, and fearing that in his old age he should be without a nurse or a comforter; wishing also to have children who might bear the honours of his name, and inherit his mortgaged estates;—took unto him a woman to be his housekeeper and bedfellow.

She was young, and needed a home; her friends had taught her that to be alone was a crime; her own feelings told her that she required a companion: whether this man or another were most fitting she had not considered.

One of their fellow-men assured them that God had joined them together: they were commanded by the laws of their country to love and honour each other, and the woman to obey the man, whose property she became in right of their mutual infirmities.

The man had more regard for her than for most of his mistresses; he honoured her for her connection with himself.

She loved him not, for he had no qualities to attract affection; she honoured him as a bond-servant honoureth a tyrant; and obeyed him to avoid deceit, collision, or compulsion.

There was a void within her heart, which even a mother's fondness for her offspring could not fill up.

The man still clung to his old companions, or sought new mistresses: the world called him gay and inattentive, and watched the woman more narrowly.

And while sorrow thus daily companioned her, and nightly couched at her side, she beheld one who seemed to be the reverse of him whom she had sworn to love, yet loved not.

And after long knowledge of his character she found that she loved the stranger; moreover, she felt that she was loved by him.

And she saw that her children, the fruit of her womb, were not the children of Love, but of prostitution, born of one who had never loved her.

And he, the man who was called her husband, seemed unto her as a loathsome thing standing between her and the desire of her life.

And she tended her children kindly; submitting to the pollution of an unloving embrace; and she clothed her life with smiles: but her heart was broken—and she died.

The approving world read these words upon a costly tomb, "The woman who performed her duty": It was a lying epitaph.—

And again, There was a woman who, knowing nothing of the dispositions of men, having no means of studying their characters, was wedded unto one of pleasant appearance and fascinating manners.

He had little perception of moral beauty; no idea of intellectual enjoyment.

His mere physical love was soon sated; he tired of her person: and, as her beauty faded, disgust supervened.

Yet he rendered her all the attentions of which a cold and passionless heart was capable: and, though he had no joy with her, he sought not pleasure elsewhere.

Meanwhile she became acquainted with one of an impassioned nature, and pure and lofty intellect: and she loved him.

Then she proposed to him whose name she unwillingly bore—as a beast beareth the mark of its owner—that, since they could not be happy together, they should seek their happiness apart: that each should cease to torment the other.

Her proposal was rejected with horror as a monstrous iniquity.

Then, in the right of an independent nature, she united herself to him who loved her, whom she also loved: and she learned that happiness dwelleth with the loving, and with the loving only.

But the prudery of the world allowed not this for long.

She was hunted from society ; she was pursued to the retirement of her home : she was persecuted, and reviled, and trampled—even to death.

The epitaph of the Murdered was truly written on the heart of One : "The woman whose purity the world understood not."

From the evil road are many paths which may reconduct to the way of Happiness : they may lead through sorrow and anguish and dismaying pain ; yet linger not in the highway of Evil—the end thereof is certain Death.

†

CULTIVATION AND EXERCISE REQUISITE FOR ALL THE FACULTIES OF OUR NATURE.

EACH individual is so organized that his highest health, his greatest progressive improvement, and his permanent happiness depend upon the due cultivation of all his physical, intellectual, and moral qualities, or elements of his nature, upon their being all called into action at a proper period of life, and being afterwards temperately exercised according to the strength of the individual.

The proper business of human life is to form man to attain the highest degree of physical, intellectual and moral perfection ; to remove from around him every impediment to the acquisition of happiness, and to create new circumstances, which shall contribute most essentially to promote his permanent enjoyment. He must, therefore, be well-educated physically, mentally and morally ; he must be beneficially employed and occupied, so trained as to act cordially with his associates, who must be equally well trained and occupied ; he will thus be formed to know the truth, to feel it, and to look and act uniformly in accordance with it. He will then know and feel the importance of exercising all the faculties of his nature, in their due order, to the point of temperance, and of never exceeding that point. He will then discover that all parts of his nature are equally necessary to his happiness ; that his physical propensities require to be as regularly exercised as his intellectual faculties, and these, again, as his moral feelings ; and that as the health of each part is essential to maintain the health of all the other parts, no one portion of human nature can be inferior to another, because, although composed of many parts, it is one individual whole, and perfect only in proportion as all its parts approach perfection.

Those systems, therefore, which have thrown discredit upon the physical propensities or intellectual faculties and enjoyments of human nature, have been formed in gross ignorance of what manner of being man is, and of the mode of creating and securing his happiness.

In a rational state of society, arrangements will be permanently formed to cultivate and regularly exercise the physical propensities, the intellectual faculties and the moral feelings, each in subserviency to the other, and thus keep the health of body and mind, through life, in the best state for action and enjoyment.—*Robert Owen*.

Equality and Liberty are two essential attributes of man, two laws of the Divinity, not less essential and immutable than the physical properties of inanimate nature.—*Volney*.

Rulers.—He is unfit to rule others, who cannot rule himself.—*Plato*.

March 9, 1839.

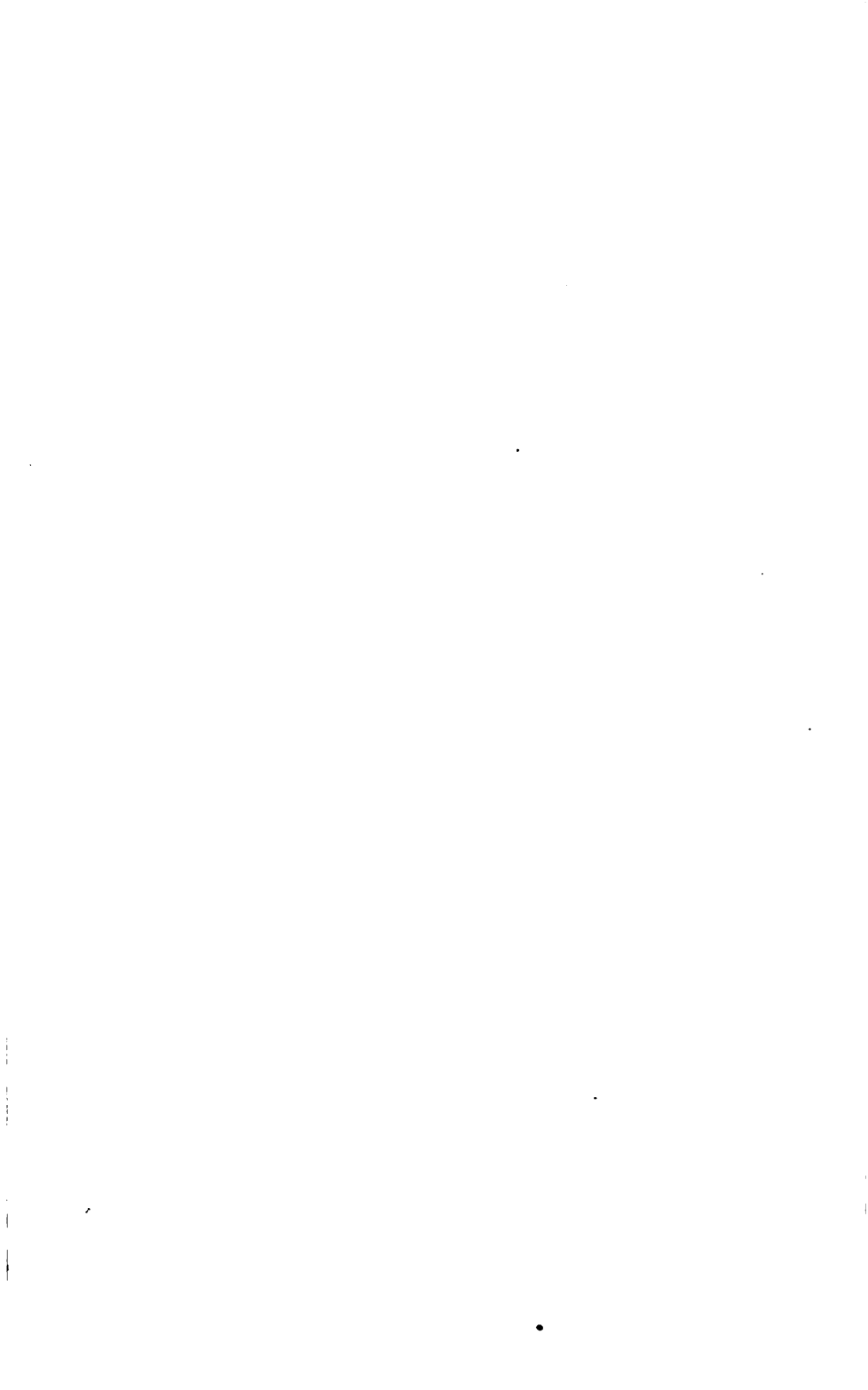
THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



HEBE :

Sculptured by Thorwaldsen.



MENTAL SLAVERY.

It is not as of yore. Eve puts not forth her hand to gather the fair fruit of knowledge. The wily serpent now hath better learned his lesson; and, to secure his reign in the garden, beguileth her *not* to eat. Promises, entreaties, threats, tales of wonder, and, alas! tales of horror, are all poured in her tender ears. Above, her agitated fancy hears the voice of a god in thunders; below, she sees the yawning pit, and before, behind, around, a thousand phantoms, conjured from the prolific brain of insatiate priestcraft, confound, alarm, and overwhelm her reason!

Oh! were that worst evil withdrawn which now weighs upon our race, how rapid were its progress in knowledge! Oh! were men—and, yet more, women, absolved from fear, how easily, and speedily, and gloriously would they hold on their course in improvement! The difficulty is not to convince, it is to *win attention*. Could truth only be heard, the conversion of the ignorant were easy. And well do the hired supporters of error understand this fact. Well do they *know*, that if the daughters of the present, and mothers of the future generation, were to drink of the living waters of knowledge, their reign would be ended—"their occupation gone." So well do they know it, that, far from obeying to the letter the command of their spiritual leader, "Be ye fishers of men," we find them every where *fishers of women*. Their own sex, old and young, they see with indifference swim by their nets; but closely and warily are their meshes laid, to entangle the female of every age.

Fathers and husbands! Do ye not also understand this fact? Do ye not see how, in the mental bondage of your wives and fair companions, ye yourselves are bound? Will ye fondly sport yourselves in your imagined liberty, and say, "It matters not if our women be mental slaves"? Will ye pleasure yourselves in the varied paths of knowledge, and imagine that women, hood-winked and unawakened, will make the better servants and the easier playthings? They are greatly in error who so strike the account; as many a bankrupt merchant and sinking mechanic, not to say drowning capitalist, could bear witness. But setting aside dollars and cents, which men, in their present uncomfortable state of existence, are but too prone exclusively to regard, how many nobler interests of the mind and the heart cry "treason!" to this false calculation?

However novel it may appear, I shall venture the assertion, that, until women assume the place in society which good sense and good feeling alike assign to them, human improvement must advance but feebly. It is in vain that we would circumscribe the power of one half of our race, and that half by far the most important and influential. If they exert it not for good, they will for evil, if they advance not knowledge they will perpetuate ignorance. Let women stand where they may in the scale of improvement, their position decides that of the race. Are they cultivated?—so is society polished and enlightened. Are they ignorant?—so is it gross and insipid. Are they wise? so is the human condition prosperous. Are they foolish?—so is it unstable and unpromising. Are they free?—so is the human character elevated. Are they enslaved?—so is the whole race degraded. Oh! that we could learn the advantage of just practice and consistent principles! that we could understand, that every departure from principle, how speciously soever it may appear to administer to our selfish interests, invariably saps their very foundation! that we could learn that what is ruinous to some is injurious to all! and that whenever we establish our own pretensions upon the sacrificed rights of others, we do in fact impeach our own liberties, and lower ourselves in the scale of being!—*Frances Wright*.

MAL-APPROPRIATION OF DUTIES.

It is actually supposed that what are called the hardy virtues are more appropriate to men, and the gentler to women. As all virtues nourish each other, and can not otherwise be nourished, the consequence of the admitted fallacy is that men are, after all, not nearly so brave as they ought to be; nor women so gentle. But what is the manly character till it be gentle? The very word magnanimity cannot be thought of in relation to it till it becomes mild—Christ-like. Again, what can woman be, or do, without bravery? Has she not to struggle with the toils and difficulties which follow upon the mere possession of a mind? Must she not face physical and moral pain—physical and moral danger? Is there a day of her life in which there are not conflicts wherein no one can help her—perilous work to be done, in which she can have neither sympathy nor aid? Let her lean upon man as much as she will, how much is it that he can do for her? from how much can he protect her? From a few physical perils, and from a very few social evils. This is all. Over the moral world he has no control, except on his own account; and it is the moral life of human beings which is all in all. He can neither secure any woman from pain and grief, nor rescue her from the strife of emotions, nor prevent the film of life from cracking under her feet with every step she treads, nor hide from her the abyss which is beneath, nor save her from sinking into it at last alone. While it is so, while woman is human, men should beware how they deprive her of any of the strength which is all needed for the strife and burden of humanity. Let them beware how they put her off her watch and defence, by promises which they cannot fulfil;—promises of a guardianship which can arise only from within; of support which can be derived only from the freest moral action,—from the self-reliance which can be generated by no other means.—*Harriet Martineau.*

WOMAN'S HONOUR.

I CANNOT avoid feeling the most lively compassion for those unfortunate females who are broken off from society, and by one error torn from all those affections and relationships that improve the heart and mind. It does not frequently even deserve the name of error; for many innocent girls become the dupes of a sincere, affectionate heart, and still more are, as it may emphatically be termed, *ruined* before they know the difference between virtue and vice:—and thus prepared by their education for infamy, they become infamous. Asylums and Magdalens are not the proper remedies for these abuses. It is justice, not charity, that is wanting in the world!

A woman who has lost her honour, imagines that she cannot fall lower, and as for recovering her former station, it is impossible; no exertion can wash this stain away. Losing thus every spur, and having no other means of support, prostitution becomes her only refuge, and the character is quickly depraved by circumstances over which the poor wretch has little power, unless she possesses an uncommon portion of sense and loftiness of spirit. Necessity never makes prostitution the business of men's lives; though numberless are the women who are thus rendered systematically vicious. This, however, arises, in a great degree, from the state of idleness in which women are educated, who are always taught to look up to man for a maintenance, and to consider their persons as the proper return for his exertions to support them. Meretricious airs, and the whole science of wantonness, have then a more powerful stimulus than either appetite or vanity; and this remark gives force to the prevailing opinion, that with chastity* all is lost that is respect-

* Honour—celibacy.

able in woman. Her character depends on the observance of one virtue; though the only passion fostered in her heart—is love. Nay, the honour of a woman is not made even to depend on her will.

When Richardson makes *Clarissa* tell *Lovelace* that he had robbed her of her honour, he must have had strange notions of honour and virtue. For, miserable beyond all names of misery is the condition of a being, who could be degraded without its own consent! This excess of strictness I have heard vindicated as a salutary error. I shall answer in the words of *Leibnitz*—‘Errors are often useful; but it is commonly to remedy other errors.’

Mary Wollstonecraft.

THE SEXUAL LAW.

NEXT to that law of human nature which has been described in the preceding section, the one now to be considered is the most important to be understood in principle, and to be pursued, through all its ramifications, fully, honestly and fairly in practice. No one law of human nature, except the one preceding, has been so little understood; and of no one law, with the same exception, has the infringement produced such direful consequences to mankind. The misery inflicted on the human race, by the errors respecting this law of human nature, has been of a peculiar character; producing bodily diseases, mental aberrations, concealed torments afflicting in many cases even to death; and engendering falsehood, hypocrisy and crime, to an extent which cannot be appreciated by the most powerful imagination, even to a tithe of its real amount.

This is a law of nature which the great mass of the world has never yet been put into a condition to examine. They have, from infancy, been taught the most absurd notions respecting it, their minds, individually, and in association, have been, most unnaturally, trained to acknowledge an error completely opposed to this law; and hence all manner of unjust laws, unwise regulations, and cruel arrangements have been adopted and acted upon, in direct opposition to all the most plain, obvious and powerful feelings of human nature; feelings always exerting themselves as instincts of man's organization, to direct him in the right course to health, virtue and happiness; but which until now, in all countries termed civilized, have been met and turned out of nature's course by the prejudices implanted, in all, from infancy, through ignorance of the everlasting laws of the universe. And, thus, that law which, when known, and acted upon in conformity with nature, will produce the finest, highest, and most exquisite feelings of pleasure and satisfaction to the human race, has been made, through the grossest ignorance, the means of corrupting those feelings to the basest purposes, and of poisoning all their enjoyments, making earth a pandemonium instead of a paradise, as it so easily might be made, by acting in obedience to the simple and unerring instincts of our organization; an organization formed purposely to direct man, in the same manner as the general instincts of nature, to those movements, exertions, and feelings which are necessary to his sustenance, health and enjoyment.

If man had attentively examined facts, he would long ago have ascertained, that liking or disliking, loving or hating, or indifference with regard to any of the human senses individually, or to the whole collectively, were never in a single instance, an act of the will, but always an instinct of human nature, and made an instinct for the most important of all purposes—to lead the organized being to unite with those objects which its own nature required, to fill a void or satisfy a want, which, by its nature, it was for some wise end, or necessary purpose, compelled to experience.

Nature, when allowed to take its course through the whole life of organized beings, produces the desire to combine or unite with those objects with which it is the best for them to unite, and to remain united with them as long as it is the most beneficial for their well-being and happiness that they should continue together; and Nature is the only correct judge in determining her own laws. It is man, alone, who has disobeyed this law; it is man, alone, who has, thereby, brought sin and misery into the world, and engendered the disunion and hatred which now render the lives of so many human beings wretched.

It is to secure the performance of this law that nature rewards, with so much satisfaction and pleasure, the union of those organized beings, who often, in despite of man's absurd artificial arrangements to the contrary, contain, between them, the pure elements of union, by being the most perfectly formed to unite together, physically, intellectually and morally.

Robert Owen.

LIFE OF HELOISE.

HELOISE was born about the beginning of the twelfth century. She was the niece of one Fulbert, a canon of Paris, who bestowed much pains on her education. She was possessed of beauty by no means of the lowest order; she had literary acquirements of the highest. Such was she at the age of eighteen, when she attracted the notice of Abelard, one of the most celebrated doctors of theology, of that time. "Her, having well considered all those things which act as enticements to a lover, I deemed the fittest to be connected with me in the amatory bond"—said the sensualist; and, to accomplish his purpose, hired lodgings in the house of the canon; who readily received him, out of desire of gain, and persuasion that his niece would be forwarded in her literary attainments. Abelard now set himself deliberately to work to win the affections of Heloise. Little, however, did he appreciate her character, or know how utterly unworthy his gross passion was of the love which his mental accomplishments, his dazzling intellectual renown, and engaging person and manners speedily acquired for him. Her own reputation for learning was widely established previous to his personal acquaintance with her. Her high and healthy nature had wondrously baffled the trammels of artificiality, and had grown up into a mighty thing of harmony. With a fine person and fine intellect, which she had in common with Abelard, she had also the superior qualification of a heart as pure and impassioned as her intellect was clear and vigorous. Abelard was heartless. He had no thought beyond his own selfishness. She, in the spirit of the "philosophic Aspasia," had looked into the depths of Love, and sought to compass the realization of her dream. Willingly she gave herself to one whom she believed worthy of her. She became pregnant; and was secretly taken by Abelard from her uncle's house, into Brittany; where she gave birth to a son. To appease the resentment of Fulbert, Abelard now proposed a private marriage. Heloise herself objected to this. She would not mar his prospects in the church, and she chose not that her free and sacred love should be fettered by common ceremonies. In her own words, in one of her *Epistles* to Abelard—"Though I knew that the name of wife was honourable in the world, and holy in religion, yet the name of your mistress had greater charms, because it was more free. The bonds of marriage, however honourable, still bear with them a necessary engagement. And I was very unwilling to be necessitated to love always a man who perhaps would not always love me. I despised the name of wife, that I might live happy with that of mistress;—I esteemed those public engagements insipid, which form alliances only to be dissolved by death, and which put life and love under the same unhappy necessity." "When," says Abelard, "she found she could not divert me from my resolu-

tion—sighing and weeping bitterly, she thus ended her appeal: ‘All that remains to be said, then, is to wish that there may not, to the ruin of us both, be sorrow in store for us great as has been our love.’” They returned to Paris; and were privately married: meeting afterwards but seldom, and in secret, to conceal what had taken place. Fulbert, however, began to divulge the marriage, in violation of the agreement made to save the clerical prospects of Abelard, who, as a church-man, was bound to celibacy. For this reason, Heloise obstinately denied her marriage; and being therefore abused by her uncle, was by Abelard removed to the convent of Argenteuil, near Paris. Fulbert, enraged at this, thinking that Abelard intended to make her a nun, and so rid himself of her, surprised him in his lodgings, and inflicted on him a cruel and shameful revenge. Aware that the mutilation excluded him, according to the Levitical law, from all ecclesiastical offices, and overcome with shame, he sought the covert of the cloister, having first most ungenerously insisted that Heloise, who was entirely devoted to his will, should take the veil in the convent of Argenteuil. “In that one thing,” thus writes Heloise, “I own, your distrust tore my heart. I blushed for you.” She was for a long time utterly neglected by Abelard, yet maintained with dignity the uncongenial part she, at his selfish bidding, had assumed. In a few years she became prioress of Argenteuil, next in rank to the abbess. Not long after, the abbot of St. Denis laid violent hands on the convent and possessions of Argenteuil, as the property of the abbey of St. Denis. The nuns were dispersed; and Abelard offered the Paraclete (an oratory erected by him, near Troyes, in Champagne) as an asylum for Heloise and some few of the sisters—more, it would seem, to provide for the service of his chapel, than to testify his affection for Heloise. But she had warmer motives for accepting his offer than he could estimate. Here she lived for some time in extreme indigence; till the sanctity of her character procured increase of worldly goods. All alike admired her devotion, her prudence, and, in all things, her incomparable mildness and patience. Rarely seen, keeping herself retired within her cell, given to meditation and prayer, her presence, and the counsels to be drawn from her spiritual converse, were but the more eagerly desired. Abelard paid her some few formal visits; but allowed himself to be deterred even from these, by gross imputations cast upon the fact of his occasionally repairing to her residence. A letter to a friend, (though he left her unnoticed) in which he detailed his sufferings, happening to fall into her hands, was the cause of the first of her impassioned *Epistles*, which her *lover* so little understood, and so coldly and heartlessly replied to. Little more remains to be told of Heloise. Abelard died. The monks of the convent in which he expired refused to part with his body; but six months after his death, the abbot conveyed the corpse, by night, to Heloise; who buried him in the Paraclete. The remainder of her breathing-time she was a living monument over his grave. She survived him just the number of years which had made the difference between their ages; and was laid, as she had desired, close beside him, in the same coffin.

The following are extracts from her intense and love-souled *Epistles*.—
 “True tenderness makes us separate the lover from all that is external to him, and, setting aside his quality, fortune and employments, consider him singly by himself.

“If there is any thing which may properly be called happiness here below, I am persuaded it is in the union of two persons who love each other with perfect liberty, who are united by a secret inclination, and satisfied with each other’s merit. Their hearts are full, and have no vacancy for any other passion.—

“No little venal should that woman esteem herself who more willingly marries a rich man than a poor one; coveting in her husband his possessions rather than himself. To her, assuredly, whom this kind of cupidity leads to marriage, recompense is due rather than affection. For certain it is that the worldly substance attracts her, not the man himself; and that, had she opportunity, she would prostitute herself to one still wealthier, as is convincingly

shown in that induction of the philosophic *Aspasia*, addressed to *Xenophon* and his wife, as related by *Æschines*, a disciple of *Socrates*. Having composed this induction for the purpose of producing a reconciliation between them, *Aspasia* thus concludes it:—‘For when once you shall be persuaded that neither a worthier man nor a more delightful woman exists upon earth, then, most undoubtedly, will each of you seek most anxiously to repossess that which you esteem the best of its kind—thou to be husband to the most perfect of women, she to be wife to the most excellent of men.’

“Holy indeed, and more than philosophic, is this sentiment of hers,—worthy, in truth, to be the offspring, not of mere philosophy, but of wisdom herself. Holy is the error, and blessed the illusion, through which a perfect affection may keep the matrimonial bond unbroken, by purity of heart yet more than of person.”

HEBE.

By the old Greek mythologists, *Hebe* was fabled to be the presiding deity of youth—the ever-blooming wine-bearer to all the gods. She was usually represented as a young virgin, crowned with flowers and arrayed in a variegated garment.

WOMANLY VIRTUES.

WE have asserted the equality of the sexes. We demand the union of their interests. Let it not be thought that we desire a confusion of duties: though we exclaim against the offensive cant of male employments and female proprieties. It is absurd for either man or woman to attempt that for which either he or she is unqualified, under whatever sex, or name, the attempted duty may be classed; but it is far more absurd to classify the duties of humanity in the prejudiced spirit of partial experience. Do away with the artificial restrictions which prevent free action, which cripple Nature. She will grow straight out of her irons.

Are there no womanly deeds worth chronicling? Have we not read of the *Royal Wife** who sucked the poison from her husband's wound, saving his life at the risk of her own—a noble image of the womanly love that sucks the poison out of the wounded life of man? Shall we forget *Her* who fed her prisoned father from her own breast; or *Her*, that noble mother of patriotism, who, when she saw her dead son borne upon his shield, rejoiced that he had well served his country? The high-souled and outraged *Boadicea*—is not her name worth a place in history? The Saviour of France, *Joan of Arc*, the glorious peasant-girl; and her worthy sister, the *Maid of Saragossa*—are these but dim lights in the galaxy of Fame? Was not *Cleopatra* Queen of Men, the Mistress of the *Cæsars*? The imperial *Zenobia*; *England's* Empress, the master-politician, the sagacious *Elizabeth*—verily, wise and noble men, such men as *Longinus* and *Walter Raleigh*, have knelt to these. Modest Men! whose self-esteem does not insist that Truth shall fall down and worship the clay-footed image it has set up—which of you is greater than these? Oh lend your name to the echoing of eternity, for the scroll of History holds a forged record, and Fame is hungering for truth! Will it be urged that these noble ones were exceptions? Well, and was not *Napoleon* an exception? Heaven be thanked, therefore, albeit his evil genius has done the world good service. There are not many *Shaksperes*. The world has

* *Eleanor*, Queen of *Edward I.*

more continents than epic poems. And were all men wise as Lucretius and lovely as the Divinest Shelley, they would owe something to woman's nurture. Cato died not more nobly than the heroic French woman,* who, on the scaffold, asked for a pen, that she might "write the strange thoughts that were rising in her;" and the name of Angelina Grimke, the fearless abolitionist, the zealous friend of the American slave, who has not quailed under the blows of hatred or at the savage menaces of contumely and death, shall be written on the world's heart above even that of the world-honoured Washington, the patriot and, alas! the slave-holder.

And "there is no power in woman;" "her capacities are limited":—by man's arbitrary restrictions. Blame not the chained eagle if it soar not heavenward. We have certainly no record of a *Great Epic Poem written by a Woman*, it may be that a woman could not write a first-rate tragedy. She may do more. The life of a clear-souled woman is in itself a poem; the history of her passion and the fearful wrestling of Love and Doom is the most solemn tragedy. Which is greater—the Original or the Image; the Incarnate Divinity or the grandest scriptural revelation of Beauty? Surely the performance shall out-value the conception.

We have no intention of drawing up a Table of Duties. We desire to teach; we dare to lecture. But we recommend no rules to be learned by rote. We would expel the Dogmatists and in their place enthroned the better Divines, the addressers of the heart. Learn, from the Sacred Writings of the Poets—the Greater Prophets—*what all of womankind may hope to be!*

BEAUTIFUL PORTRAITURES OF WOMEN.

BY THE GREAT ENGLISH POETS.

THE PRIORESS.

(FROM CHAUCER.)

THERE was also a nun, a Prioress,
That of her smiling was full simple and coy;
 Her greatest oath was but "by saint Eloy;" (1)
 And she was called madam Eglantine:
 Full well she sang the servise divine,
Entuned in her nose full sweetely;
 And French she spake full fair and properly.

At meaté was she well ytaught withal:
 She let no morsel from her lippés fall,
 Nor wet her fingers in her saucé deep;
 Well could she carry a morsel, and well keep,
 That not a droppé fell upon her breast;
 In courtesy was set full much her lest; (2)
Her upper lippé wiped she so clean,
That in her cuppé was no farthing seen
Of greasé, when she drunken had her draught:
 Full seemely after her meat she raught; (3)
 And certainly she was of great disport,
 And full pleasánt, and amiable of port:
 It painéd her to counterfeit the cheer
 Of Court; and to be stately in mannér,
 And to be held commanding reverence.
 But, for to speakén of her conscience—

* Madame Roland.

(1) A Saint of the Romish Calendar.

(2) Pleasure.

(3) Reached.

*She was so charitable and so piteous,
 She would weep if that she saw a mouse
 Caught in a trap, if it were dead, or bled ;
 Of smallé houndés had she, that she fed
 With roasted flesh, and milk, and wassail-bread : (4)
 But sore wept she if one of them were dead,
 Or if men smote it with a yardé (5) smart ;
 And all was conscience and tender heart !
 Full seemély her wimple (6) pinchéd (7) was ;
 Her nose was straight ; her eyén gray as glass ;
 Her mouth full small, and thereto soft and red ;
 And certainly she had a fair forehead—
 It was almost a spannéd broad, I trow ;
 For hardély she was not undergrow. (8)
 Full proper was her cloak, as I was 'ware ;
 Of small corál about her arm she bare
 A pair of beadés, gaudéd (9) all with green ;
 And thereon hung a brooch, of gold full sheen, (10)
 On which was first ywritten a crowned "A,"
 And after—"Amor vincit omnia." (11)*

(PARTIALLY MODERNISED FROM THE) *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales.*

MIRANDA.

(FROM SHAKSPEARE.)

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Miranda. You look wearily.

Ferdinand. No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with me
 When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
 (Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers,)
 What is your name ?

Mira. Miranda :—O my father,
 I have broke your hest to say so !

Fer. Admir'd Miranda !

Indeed, the top of admiration ; worth
 What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady
 I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time
 The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
 Brought my too diligent ear : for several virtues
 Have I lik'd several women ; never any
 With so full soul, but some defect in her
 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
 And put it to the foil : But you, O you,
 So perfect, and so peerless, are created
 Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
 One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,
 Save, from my glass, mine own ; nor have I seen
 More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
 And my dear father : how features are abroad,
 I am skill-less of ; but, by my modesty,
 (The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
 Any companion in the world but you ;
 Nor can imagination form a shape,

(4) Bread made of the finest flour.

(5) Rod.

(6) A neck-kerchief.

(7) Plaited.

(8) Undergrown. (9) Trimmed.

(10) Bright.

(11) "Love conquers all things."

Besides yourself, to like of : But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
Therein forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king ;
(I would, not so !) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul speak :
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service ; there resides,
To make me slave to it ; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me ?
Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true ; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief ! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Fer. Wherefore weep you ?
Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give ; and much less take,
What I shall die to want : But this is trifling ;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful cunning !
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !
I am your wife, if you will marry me ;
If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then ?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom : here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't.

The Tempest : Act III, Scene I.

EVE.

(FROM MILTON.)

SHE, as a veil, down to the slender waist,
Her unadorned golden tresses wore.
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved,
As the vine curls her tendrils. * * *
So lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd
And in her looks ; which from that time infused
Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspired
The spirit of love and amorous delight.
* * * * * Adorn'd
With all that earth or heaven could bestow
To make her amiable. * * * *

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.

When I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best :
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded ; wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanced, and like folly shews ;
Authority and reason on her wait ;
* * and, to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic placed.

Paradise Lost : Books IV and VIII.

(FROM SHELLEY.)

THERE was a Power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden ; a ruling grace
Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,
Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,

Tended the garden from morn to even :
And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,
Like the lamps of the air when night walks forth,
Laugh'd round her footsteps up from the Earth !

She had no companion of mortal race,
But her tremulous breath and her flushing face
Told, whilst the morn kiss'd the sleep from her eyes,
That her dreams were less slumber than Paradise :

As if some bright Spirit for her sweet sake
Had deserted heaven while the stars were awake,
As if yet around her he lingering were,
Though the veil of daylight conceal'd him from her.

Her step seem'd to pity the grass it prest ;
You might hear by the heaving of her breast,
That the coming and going of the wind
Brought pleasure there and left passion behind.

And wherever her airy footstep trod,
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy sweep,
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet ;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers through all their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream
On those that were faint with the sunny beam ;
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
She emptied the rain of the thunder showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
And sustain'd them with rods and osier bands ;
If the flowers had been her own infants, she
Could never have nursed them more tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
She bore in a basket of Indian woof,
Into the rough woods far aloof,

In a basket, of grasses and wild flowers full,
The freshest her gentle hands could pull
For the poor banish'd insects, whose intent,
Although they did ill, was innocent.

The Sensitive Plant.

THE TRIAD

(FROM WORDSWORTH.)

I.

O Lady, worthy of earth's proudest throne !
Nor less, by excellence of nature, fit
Beside an unambitious hearth to sit
Domestic queen, where grandeur is unknown ;
What living man could fear
The worst of Fortune's malice, wert Thou near,
Humbling that lily-stem, thy sceptre meek,
That its fair flowers may brush from off his cheek
The too, too happy tear ?
— Queen, and handmaid lowly !
Whose skill can speed the day with lively cares,
And banish melancholy
By all that mind invents or hand prepares ;
O Thou, against whose lip, without its smile
And in its silence even, no heart is proof ;
Whose goodness, sinking deep, would reconcile
The softest Nursling of a gorgeous palace
To the bare life beneath the hawthorn-roof
Of Sherwood's Archer, or in caves of Wallace—
Who that hath seen thy beauty could content
His soul with but a *glimpse* of heavenly day ?
Who that hath loved thee, but would lay
His strong hand on the wind, if it were bent
To take thee in thy majesty away !

II.

Open, ye thickets ! let her fly,
Swift as a Thracian Nymph o'er field and height !
For She, to all but those who love her shy,
Would gladly vanish from a Stranger's sight ;

Though where she is beloved and loves,
 Light as the wheeling butterfly she moves;
 Her happy spirit as a bird is free,
 That rides blossoms on a tree,
 Turning them inside out with arch audacity.

What more changeeful than the sea?
 But over his great tides
 Fidelity presides;
 And this light-hearted Maiden constant is as he.
High is her aim as heaven above,
And wide as ether her good-will;
And, like the lowly reed, her love
Can drink its nurture from the scantiest rill:
Insight as keen as frosty star
Is to her charity no bar,
 Nor interrupts her frolic graces
 When she is, far from these wild places,
 Encircled by familiar faces.

O the charm that manners draw,
 Nature, from the genuine law!
 If from what her hand would do,
 Her voice would utter, there ensue
 Aught untoward or unfit;
 She, in benign affections pure,
 In self-forgetfulness secure,
 Sheds round the transient harm or vague mischance
 A light unknown to tutored elegance:
Her's is not a cheek shame-stricken,
 But her blushes are joy-flushes;
 And the fault (if fault it be)
 Only ministers to quicken
 Laughter-loving gaiety,
 And kindle sportive wit.

III.

Her brow hath opened on me—see it there,
Brightening the umbrage of her hair;
 So gleams the crescent moon, that loves
 To be descried through shady groves.
Tenderest bloom is on her cheek;
Wish not for a richer streak;
Nor dread the depth of meditative eye;
But let thy love, upon that azure field
Of thoughtfulness and beauty, yield
Its homage offered up in purity.
 What would'st thou more? In sunny glade,
 Or under leaves of thickest shade,
 Was such a stillness e'er diffused
 Since earth grew calm while angels mused?
 Softly she treads, as if her foot were loth
 To crush the mountain dew-drops—soon to melt
 On the flower's breast; as if she felt
 That flowers themselves, whate'er their hue,
 With all their fragrance, all their glistening,
 Call to the heart for inward listening.

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. XI.

THE allegory of Love: the doom of Progression.

So God created man in his own image: male and female created he them.

And they were both naked, the man and the woman; their minds void, their bodies defenceless: and their ignorance was not ashamed, knowing no better existence.

Now the Serpent—which is Love—was, in its dissatisfaction with the mere physical enjoyment, more subtil than any animal passion: and he said unto the woman, Yea, hath Sloth—the *evil spirit of content which opposeth the progressive Love*—hath Sloth said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden!

And the woman said unto the Serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden: the mere animal pleasures which are around us.

But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden—the fruit of the tree of knowledge, the desire of improvement which is in the midst of satiety—he hath said, Ye shall not eat, lest ye die.

For the slothful Spirit had threatened the woman with much evil consequence, dreading the temptation of Love.

Then Love, feeling the insufficiency of the Present, and daring all in the prophetic faith of its own omnipotence, said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die.

And the woman, Love-persuaded, took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also to her husband with her; and he did eat.

And the eyes of them both were opened; and they knew that they were naked, bare and exposed to evil and defenceless: and they made unto themselves a protection from the more immediate dangers and inconveniences of their rude existence.

And they heard the voice of the Slothful Spirit walking in the garden, in the cool of the day: when the first exultation of their improved condition had passed its noon; when the shades of evil supervened; and they felt the chill of troublous thought, dreading further advance toward the knowledge of good and evil, yet unable to reassume the former content.

And the man and his wife hid themselves, fearing to return to the worship of Sloth, knowing the dangers that environed them: he said, I was afraid, because I was naked.

And he said—the Slothful Spirit, still disputing against Love for the soul of man—Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat?

And the man reproached the woman for the trouble which the new knowledge occasioned.

And the woman said, *Love beguiled me*: therefore I did eat the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

And Sloth cursed Love, and said, I will put enmity between thee and the woman; and thus the seed of the woman hath continually bruised the humbled head of Love: yet ever and anon Love turneth upon the trampler; and in the end shall overcome.

Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.

And unto the man he said, Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife, cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life.

And the foreboding of the Slothful hath been fulfilled: for the good of humanity can be attained only by great travail and enduring pain.

And woman, the better-loving, hath been rendered the slave of man; the sorrows of Love have been multiplied, as knowledge engendereth capacity,

whether of good or evil: in the sweat of his brow hath man eaten of the wisdom of experience.

And he hath been shut out from the Garden of Eden, the pure instincts of the early life.

BUT THE CURSE IS NOT ETERNAL; Sloth shall be conquered, and the indomitable and ever-working Love re-enter the garden of content: the Serpent-Saviour shall give unto mankind the fruit of the tree of knowledge and of the tree of life, and both shall be unmixed and perpetual good.

+

CHASTITY AND CELIBACY.

"Let the gall'd jade wince!"

CELIBACY—the mere abstinence from sexual intercourse—is not chastity. Chastity, purity, modesty—these have one meaning: but celibacy may be none of these. The father or the mother of a family may be as chaste as the most immaculate virgin; and, on the contrary, even an eunuch may be impure, immodest, unchaste. Celibacy is a mortification of our natural propensities, destructive of health, and preventing the due growth and development of the best affections; it is unnatural, in most cases (wherever the unconnected desires companionship) immoral, and the cause of abundant physical and mental suffering. There is nothing unchaste, or immodest, in the natural desire which one organized being has of being united to another. On the contrary, it is the basis of the highest virtues and greatest happiness which can be built up by humanity. "To the pure all things are pure." This is chastity—to behold no evil in gratifying all our natural desires in the most perfect manner of which our natures are capable, without injury to others: not transgressing the bounds of temperance; nor violating the integrity of our individual nature. This is the duty of both man and woman. *The majority of women will never be chaste till men also are chaste—till both sexes feel what chastity is, and dare to value it above reputation.* The woman who dresses to attract the attention of men, is scarcely less immodest than the wanton who strips herself, for the same purpose. The woman who marries without a decided preference, either through disgust at her situation or to obtain a home, is a prostitute, even though she may never have connection, or, even, desire of connection, with any but one man. The man who marries merely to secure the attentions of a trustworthy servant, to command a certain station in society, or to gratify a mere physical desire (supposing his nature to be of a superior character), is a prostitute, even though he may never have connection, or, even, desire of connection, with any but one woman. Men and women who are no more than the beasts, cannot be expected to act otherwise than as beasts—and they are, in so doing, justified to themselves. We cannot make a silk purse of a sow's ear. They who are at all superior to the beasts, are not justified in acting as beasts. *Prostitution is sexual intercourse without such affection as the nature of the individual is capable of feeling and inspiring.* Such an intercourse is still prostitution, however the law may license it. When, some little time back, the church publicly licensed the markets of prostitution, no one thought therefore of calling the prostitutes *virtuous*.

We need not define what Love is. The Spirit of God liveth in the hearts of the Loving; and the Unloving have no understanding wherewith to appreciate the Beautiful.

"The dunghill kind
Delights in filth and foul incontinence:
Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggysh mind;
But let us hence depart whilst weather serves and wind."

Spenser's Faery Queene.

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



COLOSSAL STATUES NEAR THE RUINS OF THEBES :
Egypt.

THEBES.

THEBES, the hundred-palaced, on the banks of the Nile, in Upper Egypt was, according to Volney, the metropolis of the ancient kingdom of Ethiopia; whose inhabitants, explorers of the phenomena of nature, discoverers of the elements of science and art at a time when all other men were barbarous, founders of those civil and religious systems which yet tread our world under foot, were a people of black complexion, thick lips, and woolly hair, the prototypes of those Negroes whom we—servants of the Egyptian—dare to degrade as an inferior race. Diodorus, Lucian, and other authors confirm this fact, of which their own monuments, discovered by Belzoni and others, are an enduring witness. A miserable village stands amid the ruins of the Past—ruins which give credibility to all that Homer has sung of the Theban splendour, and lead us to infer its stupendous power and commerce. The very name of Thebes is worn out; and to be one of the same coloured skin as its ancient and super-royal sages, whose tutelage the world has not yet outgrown, is to give occasion for a doubt, even to the modern wise men, whether one so constituted can possess the common capabilities of humanity. The blind world will run its head against the pyramids.

Where is the Giant of the Sun, which stood
 In the midnoon, the glory of old Rhodes,
 A perfect Idol, with profulgent brows
 Far-sheening down the purple seas to those
 Who sailed from Mizraim underneath the star
 Named of the dragon—and between whose limbs
 Of brassy vastness broad-blown Argosies
 Drave into Haven? Yet endure unscathed
 Of changeful cycles the great Pyramids,
 Broad-based amid the fleeting sands, and sloped
 Into the slumbrous summer-noon; but where,
 Mysterious Egypt, are thine obelisks
 Graven with gorgeous emblems undiscerned?
 Thy placid Sphinxes brooding o'er the Nile?
 Thy shadowing Idols in the solitudes,
 Awful Memnonian countenances calm,
 Looking athwart the burning flats, far off
 Seen by the high-necked camel on the verge
 Journeying southward? Where thy monuments
 Piled by the strong and sun-born Anakim
 Over their crowned brethen, On and Oph?
 Thy Memnon, when his peaceful lips are kist
 With earliest rays, that from his mother's eyes
 Flow over the Arabian bay, no more
 Breathes low into the charmed ears of morn
 Clear melody flattering the crisped Nile
 By columned Thebes. Old Memphis hath gone down,
 The Pharaohs are no more: somewhere in death
 They sleep with staring eyes and gilded lips,
 Wrapped round with spiced cerements, in old grots
 Rock-hewn and sealed for ever.

Tennyson.

LIFE OF TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

In the scroll of the Apostles of Patriotism few are the names more worthy than that of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

At the breaking out of the French Revolution, the island of St. Domingo, now *Hayti, belonged*, by right of conquest, partly to the French, and partly to the Spaniards. The inhabitants were composed of whites, free mulattoes, and town and rural slaves; the proportion of slaves being about sixteen to one white; the mulattoes were about the same number as the whites. News of the Revolution in France reached the colony, and the new doctrine soon spread. Social equality was demanded by the mulattoes; and refused by the whites; a dreadful war ensued; the mulattoes were put down; but the blacks arose. In August, 1791, a fire broke out on a plantation in the northern part of the island. It was the signal for a general insurrection. Toussaint was at this time about forty-six years of age.

On an estate called Breda, about three miles from the town of Cap François, on the north-west coast of St. Domingo, Toussaint was born. His father is said to have been the second son of an African king who had been sold into slavery. Toussaint's earliest employment was tending cattle. The earliest recollections of his character were of gentleness, thoughtfulness, and strong religious tendencies. The bailiff was kind to him. By some means he learned to read and write, and some little arithmetic. He was promoted to be the bailiff's coachman. In this, and, indeed, in every situation he was remarkable for a sedateness which nothing could disturb, and an invincible patience. At the age of twenty-five he married. When the slaves arose, Toussaint at first kept quiet; but so soon as he saw their object was political justice, he stepped forth into freedom, and stood among them as a leader. Having cared for the safety of his master, he presented himself to the black general, Jean François; and, on account of his having some knowledge of medicine, was made physician to the forces. He soon rose to be aid-de-camp and colonel. The black army was under royalist commanders, in the Spanish influence, fighting against the *revolutionary* French planters. Toussaint refused even to listen to the French Commissioners sent out to negotiate. At length he heard of the decree of the French Convention, of February 4, 1794, which proclaimed the liberty of all slaves, and declared St. Domingo an integral part of France. Toussaint saw the path to freedom; and immediately marched from his Spanish quarters to join the French republican commander, who made him brigadier-general, but jealously watched him. One after another the Spanish posts fell into his hands; and the French Commissioners exclaimed "*Cet homme fait ouverture partout.*" (This man makes an *opening* everywhere.) From this time Toussaint bore the name of L'Ouverture (the Opening). Having by his promptitude saved the French general from a Mulatto conspiracy, he was appointed lieutenant of St. Domingo. From that day he was dictator. The war was soon brought to a close. The blacks were free. Toussaint now devoted himself to the improvement of his people. Everywhere he made order take the place of licentiousness, diligence of recklessness. The waste land began to teem with fertility. Toussaint was too proud to be elated. He was born to a great lot. He was patient in depression, he was undazzled in his elevation. He disdained all French interference; but, unwilling to offend the Directory, he sent his two sons, Placide and Isaac, to be educated in France. He wrote, "I guarantee, under my personal responsibility, the submission of my black brethren to order, and their fidelity to France." He was publicly extolled at Paris. However, the jealous Directory sent out an officer to supersede him, who soon turned homewards. He had now no enemies but the English and the mulattoes. The English were speedily compelled to give up their posts. The English general had such confidence in Toussaint's honour, that he proceeded from a great distance to an audience with him, among armed

blacks, with only three attendants. Toussaint was worthy of his confidence. For some time the mulattoes defied him; at length he worsted them. In utter despair they crowded into Cap François. Toussaint was instantly upon them again. "The men of colour," said he, "have been punished enough. Let them be forgiven by all, as they are by me. They may return to their dwellings, where they shall be protected, and treated like brethren." He was victorious. In 1799, Napoleon, then First Consul, confirmed him in his dictatorship. He zealously enforced the duties of morality and religion, himself setting the best example. He maintained the strictest order and decorum. His levees and evening parties were as well managed as the best in Europe. Everything around him was magnificent. He was plain in his dress, his food, and his habits. His bodily strength was prodigious. He would ride one hundred and fifty miles without rest; sleep for two hours, and be again ready for exertion. He was accessible to every one; no one left his presence dissatisfied. His generals looked to him as to a father. His soldiers and the whole people idolized him. He was the Saviour of St. Domingo. He employed a council to prepare a colonial Constitution, which worked admirably during the short time it was tried. Commerce flourished; the treasury filled; the estates were prosperous; Toussaint was adored. In January, 1802, the French squadron, bearing the choicest troops of Napoleon's army, bore down upon St. Domingo, by Napoleon's order, to reestablish slavery. Attempts were made to seduce Christophe, one of Toussaint's generals, (afterwards King of Hayti). Christophe fired the town of Cap François, to prevent a harbourage for the French; and withdrew with two thousand whites, as hostages, not one of whom was ever injured. Le Clerc, the French general, next assayed the integrity of Toussaint. His sons were sent to seduce him from his countrymen. He ordered them back to the French general; but Placide refused to leave him, and remained to fight by his father's side. He was outlawed. Weakened by defeat and desertion, he still held up his head. At length he was compelled to seek terms. The French were but too glad of any which stayed his opposition. His outlawry was rescinded; and he was permitted to retire to his estate. He was still, even in his privacy and adversity, the virtual monarch of the island. He was, therefore, suddenly and treacherously seized, and with about one hundred of his most devoted adherents, hurried on board the French squadron. His companions were never more heard of. Toussaint was carried to France; and imprisoned, first in the Temple, and afterwards in a dungeon (the floor of which was actually under water), in the castle of Joux, near Besançon, in Normandy. The noble Negro endured his torture for ten months, and sank under a fit of apoplexy, on the 27th of April, 1803.

Fearful was the retribution in St. Domingo. The blacks were roused: Though the French established the torture, though they introduced blood-hounds to hunt down the blacks, yet, even before Toussaint's death, 40,000 Frenchmen are said to have perished; and on the 1st of January, 1804, Hayti was proclaimed independent, and a Black Nation took its place among its white brethren.

The monument of Toussaint has hidden the dust of Napoleon.

Black and White.—The hand does not feel pain the less because it is black. Why then should it feel the more because it is black, which does not alter the essence of the question? But it is not like mine, which is white! By what law is it bound to be like it, except to the ignorant and prejudiced; who, knowing of no other colour, could not believe in the existence of any other, and wondering to find that such people existed, and struck with the difference, required two hundred years more to look on them as human beings—*Hazlitt*.

Progress of Error.—Whoever believes anything thinks it a work of charity to persuade another into the same opinion, which the better to do, he will make no difficulty of adding as much of his own invention as he conceives necessary to obviate the resistance or want of conception he supposes in others. I myself, who make a particular conscience of lying, and am not very solicitous of gaining credit and authority to what I say, do yet find, that in the arguments I have in hand, being warmed with the opposition of another, or by the proper heat of my own narration, I swell and puff up my subject by voice, motion, vigour, and force of words; and moreover by extension and amplification; not without prejudice to the naked truth: but I do it on condition, nevertheless, that to the first who brings me to recollection, and who asks me the plain and real truth, I presently surrender, and deliver it to him without exaggeration, without emphasis or interlarding of my own. A quick and earnest way of speaking as mine is, is apt to run into hyperbole. There is nothing to which men commonly are more inclined, than to give way to their own opinions. Where the ordinary means fail us, we add command and force, fire and sword. 'Tis a misfortune to be at that pass, that the best touchstone of the truth must be the multitude of believers, in a crowd where the number of fools so much exceeds the wise. 'Tis hard for a man to form his judgment against the common opinions. The first persuasion taken of the very subject itself, possesses the simple, and from that it spreads to the wise, by the authority of the number and the antiquity of the witnesses. For my part, what I should not believe from one, I should not believe from a hundred; and I do not judge of opinions by their years.

Montaigne.

SELF-SUFFICIENCY.

It is curious enough to observe the variety of inventions men have hit upon, and the variety of phrases they have brought forward, in order to conceal from the world, and, if possible, from themselves, this very general and therefore very pardonable self-sufficiency.

1. One man says, he has a thing made on purpose, to tell him what is right and what is wrong; and that is called a "moral sense": and then he goes to work at his ease, and says, such a thing is right, and such a thing is wrong—why? "Because my moral sense tells me it is."

2. Another man comes and alters the phrase: leaving out *moral* and putting in *common* in the room of it. He then tells you that his common sense tells him what is right and wrong, as surely as the other's moral sense did: meaning by common sense a sense of some kind or other, which, he says, is possessed by all mankind: the sense of those whose sense is not the same as the author's being struck out as not worth taking. This contrivance does better than the other; for a moral sense being a new thing, a man may feel about him a good while without being able to find it out: but common sense is as old as the creation; and there is no man but would be ashamed to be thought not to have as much of it as his neighbours.

3. Another man comes, and says, that as to a moral sense indeed, he cannot find that he has any such thing: that, however, he has an *understanding*, which will do quite as well. This understanding, he says, is the standard of right and wrong: it tells him so and so. All good and wise men understand as he does: if other men's understandings differ in any part from his, so much the worse for them: it is a sure sign they are either defective or corrupt.

4. Another man says, that there is an eternal and immutable Rule of Right: that that rule of right dictates so and so: and then he begins by giving you his sentiments upon anything that comes uppermost: and these sentiments (you are to take for granted) are so many branches of the eternal rule of right.

5. Another man, or perhaps the same man (it is no matter), says that there are certain practices conformable, and others repugnant, to the Fitness of Things; and then he tells you, at his leisure, what practices are conformable, and what repugnant: just as he happens to like a practice or dislike it.

6. A great multitude of people are continually talking of the Law of Nature; and then they go on giving you their sentiments about what is right and what is wrong: and these sentiments, you are to understand, are so many chapters and sections of the Law of Nature.

7. Instead of the phrase, Law of Nature, you have sometimes Law of Reason, Right Reason, Natural Justice, Natural Equity, Good Order. Any of them will do equally well. This latter is much used in politics. The three last are much more tolerable than the others, because they do not very explicitly claim to be anything more than phrases: they insist but feebly upon the being looked upon as so many positive standards of themselves, and seem content to be taken, upon occasion, for phrases expressive of the conformity of the thing in question to the proper standard, whatever that may be. On most occasions, however, it will be better to say *utility*: *utility* is clearer, as referring more explicitly to pain and pleasure.

8. We have one philosopher, who says, there is no harm in anything in the world but in telling a lie; and that if, for example, you were to murder your own father, this would only be a particular way of saying, he was not your father. Of course when this philosopher sees any thing that he does not like, he says it is a particular way of telling a lie. It is saying, that the act ought to be done, or may be done, when, in truth, it ought not to be done.

9. The fairest and openest of them all is that sort of man who speaks out, and says, I am of the number of the Elect: now God himself takes care to inform the Elect what is right: and that with so good effect, that let them strive ever so, they cannot help not only knowing it but practising it. If therefore a man wants to know what is right and what is wrong, he has nothing to do but to come to me.—*Bentham*.

TOLERATION.

X TOLERATION is not the *opposite* of Intolerance, but is the *counterfeit* of it. Both are despotisms. The one assumes to itself the right of withholding Liberty of Conscience, and the other of granting it. The one is the pope armed with fire and faggot, and the other is the pope selling or granting indulgences. The former is church and state, and the latter is church and traffic.

But Toleration may be viewed in a much stronger light. Man worships not himself, but his Maker; and the liberty of conscience which he claims, is not for the service of himself, but of his God. In this case, therefore, we must necessarily have the associated idea of two beings; the *mortal* who renders the worship, and the *IMMORTAL BEING* who is worshipped. Toleration, therefore, places itself, not between man and man, nor between church and church, nor between one denomination of religion and another, but between God and man; between the being who worships, and the *BEING* who is worshipped; and by the same act of assumed authority, by which it tolerates man to pay his worship, it presumptuously and blasphemously sets itself up to tolerate the Almighty to receive it.

Were a bill brought into any parliament, entitled, "An ACT to tolerate or grant liberty to the Almighty to receive the worship of a Jew or a Turk," or "to prohibit the Almighty from receiving it," all men would startle, and call it blasphemy. There would be an uproar. The presumption of toleration in religious matters would then present itself unmasked: but the presumption is not the less because the name of "Man" only appears to those laws, for

the associated idea of the *worshipper* and the *worshipped* cannot be separated. Who, then, art thou, vain dust and ashes! by whatever name thou art called, whether a King, a Bishop, a Church, or a State, a Parliament, or anything else, that obtrudest thine insignificance between the soul of man and its Maker? Mind thine own concerns! If he believes not as thou believest, it is a proof that thou believest not as he believeth, and there is no earthly power can determine between you.

With respect to what are called denominations of religion, if every one is left to judge of its own religion, there is no such thing as a religion that is wrong; but if they are to judge of each other's religion, there is no such thing as a religion that is right; and therefore all the world is right, or all the world is wrong. But with respect to religion itself, without regard to names, and as directing itself from the universal family of mankind to the Divine object of all adoration, *it is man bringing to his Maker the fruits of his heart*; and though those fruits may differ from each other like the fruits of the earth, the grateful tribute of every one is accepted.

A bishop of Durham, or a bishop of Winchester, or the archbishop who heads the dukes, will not refuse a tithe-sheaf of wheat, because it is not a cock of hay, nor a cock of hay, because it is not a sheaf of wheat; nor a pig, because it is neither one nor the other! but these same persons, under the figure of an established church, will not permit their Maker to receive the varied tithes of man's devotion.—*Paine's Rights of Man.*

Record of all the monuments of antiquity.—It clearly results, says Plutarch, from the verses of Orpheus and the sacred books of the Egyptians and Phrygians, that the ancient theology, not only of the Greeks, but of all nations, was nothing more than a system of physics, a picture of the operations of nature, wrapped up in mysterious allegories and enigmatical symbols, in a manner that the ignorant multitude attended rather to their apparent than to their hidden meaning, and even in what they understood of the latter, supposed there to be something more deep than what they perceived.

Fragment of a work of Plutarch, now lost, quoted by Eusebius.

SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM OF CONTRADICTIONS.

THE legislators then resumed their address. "O nations!" said they, "we have heard the discussion of your opinions; and the discord that divides you has suggested to us various reflections, which we beg leave to propose to you as questions which it is necessary you should solve.

"Considering, in the first place, the numerous and contradictory creeds you have adopted, we would ask on what motives your persuasion is founded? Is it from deliberate choice that you have enlisted under the banners of one prophet rather than under those of another? Before you adopted this doctrine in preference to that, did you first compare, did you maturely examine them? Or, has not your belief been rather the accidental result of birth, of the rule of education and habit? Are you not born Christians on the banks of the Tiber, Mahometans on the banks of the Euphrates, Idolaters on the shores of India, in the same manner that you are born fair in cold and temperate regions, and of a sable complexion, under the African sun? And if your opinions are the effect of your position on the globe, of parentage, of imitation, are such fortuitous circumstances to be regarded as grounds of conviction and arguments of truth?

"In the second place, when we reflect on the proscriptive spirit and the arbitrary intolerance of your mutual claims, we are terrified at the con-

sequences that flow from your principles. Nations! who reciprocally doom each other to the thunderbolts of celestial wrath, suppose the Universal Being, whom you revere, were at this moment to descend from heaven among this crowd of people, and, clothed in all his power, were to sit upon this throne to judge you! suppose him to say—"Mortals! I consent to admit your own principles of justice into my administration! Of all the different religions you profess, a single religion shall now be preferred to the rest: all the others, this vast multitude of nations, of prophets, shall now be condemned to everlasting destruction. Nor is this enough: among the different sects of the chosen religion one shall experience my favour, and the rest be condemned. I will go farther than this: of this single sect, of this one religion, I will reject all the individuals whose conduct has not corresponded to their speculative precepts. O man! few indeed will then be the number of the elect you assign me! Penurious hereafter will be the stream of beneficence which will succeed to my unbounded mercy! Rare and solitary will be the catalogue of admirers that you henceforth destine to my greatness and my glory!"

And the legislators arising, said: "It is enough: you have pronounced your will. Ye nations, behold the urn in which your names shall be placed; one single name shall be drawn from the multitude: approach and conclude this terrible lottery!" But the people, seized with terror, cried: "No, no; we are brethren and equals, we cannot consent to condemn each other."—Then the legislators, having resumed their seats, continued: "O men! who dispute upon so many subjects, lend an attentive ear to a problem we submit to you, and decide it in the exercise of your own judgments." The people accordingly lent the strictest attention; and the legislators, lifting one hand toward heaven and pointing to the sun, said: "O nations! is the form of this sun which enlightens you triangular or square?" And they replied with one voice, "It is neither, it is round."

Then taking the golden balance that was upon the altar, "This metal," asked the legislators, "which you handle every day, is a mass of it heavier than a mass of equal dimensions of brass?" "Yes," the people again unanimously replied; "gold is heavier than brass."

The legislators then took the sword: "Is this iron less hard than lead?" "No," said the nations.

"Is sugar sweet and gall bitter?" "Yes."

"Do you love pleasure and hate pain?" "Yes."

"Respecting these objects and a multiplicity of others of a similar nature, you have then but one opinion. Now tell us, is there an abyss in the centre of the earth, and are there inhabitants in the moon?"

At this question a general noise was heard, and every nation gave a different answer. Some replied in the affirmative, others in the negative; some said it was probable, others that it was an idle and ridiculous question, and others that it was a subject worthy of enquiry: in short, there prevailed among them a total disagreement.

After a short interval, the legislators having restored silence: "Nations," said they, "how is this to be accounted for? We proposed to you certain questions, and you were all of one opinion without distinction of race or sect: fair or black, disciples of Mahomet or of Moses, worshippers of Bedou or of Jesus, you all gave the same answer. We now propose another question, and you all differ! whence this unanimity in one case, and this discordance in the other?"

And the group of simple and untaught men replied: "The reason is obvious. Respecting the first questions, we see and feel the objects; we speak of them from sensation: respecting the second, they are above the reach of our senses, and we have no guide but conjecture."

"You have solved the problem," said the legislators; "the following truth is thus by your own confession established: Whenever objects are present and can be judged of by your senses, you invariably agree in opinion; and you differ in sentiment only when they are absent and out of your reach."

"From this truth flows another equally clear and deserving of notice. Since you agree respecting what you with certainty know, it follows, that when you disagree, it is because you do not know, do not understand, are not sure of the object in question : or in other words, that you dispute, quarrel, and fight among yourselves, for what is uncertain, for that of which you doubt. But is this wise ; is this the part of rational and intelligent beings ?

"And is it not evident, that it is not truth for which you contend ; that it is not her cause you are jealous of maintaining, but the cause of your own passions and prejudices ; that it is not the object as it really exists that you wish to verify, but the object as it appears to you ; that it is not the evidence of the thing that you are anxious should prevail, but your personal opinion, your mode of seeing and judging ? There is a power that you want to exercise, an interest that you want to maintain, a prerogative that you wish to assume : in short, the whole is a struggle of vanity. And as every individual, when he compares himself with every other, finds himself to be his equal and fellow, he resists by a similar feeling of right ; and from this right which you all deny to each other, and from the inherent consciousness of your equality, spring your disputes, your combats and your intolerance.

"Now, the only way of restoring unanimity is by returning to nature, and taking the order of things which she has established for your director and guide ; and this farther truth will then appear from your uniformity of sentiment :—

"That real objects have in themselves an identical, constant, and invariable mode of existence, and that in your organs exists a similar mode of being affected and impressed by them.

"But at the same time, inasmuch as these organs are liable to the direction of your will, you may receive different impressions, and find yourselves under different relations towards the same objects ; so that you are with respect to them, as it were a sort of mirror, capable of reflecting them such as they are, and capable of disfiguring and misrepresenting them.

"As often as you perceive the objects such as they are, your feelings are in accord with the objects, and you agree in opinion, and it is this accord that constitutes truth.

"On the contrary, as often as you differ in opinion, your dissensions prove that you do not see the objects such as they are, but vary them.

"Whence it appears, that the cause of your dissensions is not in the objects themselves, but in your minds, in the manner in which you perceive and judge.

"If, therefore, we would arrive at uniformity of opinion, we must previously establish certainty, and verify the resemblance which our ideas have to their models. Now this cannot be obtained, except so far as the objects of our enquiry can be referred to testimony and subjected to the examination of our senses. Whatever cannot be brought to this trial is beyond the limits of our understanding ; we have neither rule to try it by, nor measure by which to institute a comparison, nor source of demonstration and knowledge concerning it.

"Whence it is obvious, that in order to live in peace and harmony, we must consent not to pronounce upon such objects nor annex to them importance ; we must draw a line of demarcation between such as can be verified and such as cannot, and separate, by an inviolable barrier, the world of fantastic beings from the world of realities : that is to say, all civil effect must be taken away from theological and religious opinions.

"This, O nations ! is the end that a great people, freed from their fetters, and prejudices, have proposed to themselves ; this is the work in which, by their command, and under their immediate auspices, we were engaged, when your kings and your priests came to interrupt our labours.—Kings and priests, you may yet for awhile suspend the solemn publication of the laws of nature ; but it is no longer in your power to annihilate or to subvert them."

Vulney's Ruins.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

OUR poor fellow-creatures on all fours, if they had no claims to our active care and kindness from their manifold services in our behalf, have from their mere community with us in the great inheritance of flesh and blood and sense of pain, an undeniable title to our mercy and forbearance. In the relation between man and horse, custom, and a sort of convenience, have determined, that the former should be the rider: but, notwithstanding this enormous distinction, there are still such affinities between the two, as should relieve him who is undermost from the positive contempt of his superior, or at least protect him from all superfluous tyranny and torture. In few words, because a forked creature, in a coat and hat, conceives himself made on purpose to sit astride an animal with four legs and a tail, it does not therefore follow that he has a clear right to maltreat it, in wantonness either of sport or rage. There seems to be no very decisive objection, on the part of the horse, to the man's first fancy; he may ride, and, for aught I know, be innocent: but the testimony of his own flesh will assure him, that to lash a horse to the bare bones is an act of inhuman iniquity.—

All the finer parts of morality are not within the jurisdiction of the courts. Here and there a fellow may be found brutal enough to lash a horse till the blood flows; and by such acts, one horse, probably, in one hundred, is subject, from time to time, to a momentary pain: while all men remorselessly avail themselves of the convenience of post-chaises and stage-coaches, the conduct of which sends ninety horses out of a hundred, through a lingering course of torturing disease, to a premature death. Is cruelty, as far as it is a matter interesting to horses, chargeable only to the first mentioned description of offenders? A carman in a ragged coat and dirty shirt, strikes his fore-horse on the nose with the butt-end of his whip, and the animal feels the smart for a full hour and a half, while a sporting gentleman, of the first fashion from top to toe, mounts his "*favourite mare*," and goads it on to the performance of some desperate match against time—its agonizing exertions either killing it on the spot, or inflicting upon it some dire disease in the lungs, or heart, or limbs, to last as long as its life. If either of these two delinquents is a fit mark for punishment, which should have the preference? Speak out—don't be thinking about the coats of the parties—the carman strikes in mere passion; the gentleman has five hundred pounds depending on his match. If cruelty can admit of an excuse, who, if he has any warmer feeling about him than a Jew pedlar, will deny, that the carman has the best to propose?

It is this view of the case that gives me a peculiar distaste for the spirit of *Mr. Martin's Act*. It dispenses punishment with no equal justice. I would have no legislation at all in any such matters, and certainly not such legislation as this. We see its penalties visited only upon those who have rags and dirt against them, with want of education, and other circumstances of their condition, which should plead in their favour; while it spares others, who have no better claim to exemption than what they derive from better dress, together with more knowledge, and more refinement, which should be regarded only as an aggravation of their wrong-doing. It is really quite absurd to see a man hunting out for cruel people who abuse horses, yet fixing his sole attention upon Smithfield drovers and hackney-coachmen; as if there were no carriages likely to present game of this sort, except those with numbers upon them.—*Richard Ayton*.

Truth.—The greatest friend of Truth is Time, her greatest enemy is Prejudice, and her constant companion is Humility.—*C. C. Colton*.

Legal Wigs.—Hairy machines to conceal long ears.

TO A YOUNG ASS.

ITS MOTHER BEING TETHERED NEAR IT.

POOR little foal of an oppressed race !
 I love the languid patience of thy face :
 And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
 And clap thy ragged coat, and pat thy head.
 But what thy dulled spirits hath dismay'd,
 That never thou dost sport along the glade ?
 And, (most unlike the nature of things young)
 That earthward still thy moveless head is hung ?
 Do thy prophetic fears anticipate,
 Meek Child of Misery ! thy future fate ?
 The starving meal, and all the thousand aches
 " Which patient merit of the unworthy takes " ?
 Or is thy sad heart thrilled with filial pain
 To see thy wretched mother's shorten'd chain ?
 And truly, very piteous is *her* lot—
 Chain'd to a log within a narrow spot
 Where the close-eaten grass is scarcely seen,
 While sweet around her waves the tempting green !

Poor Ass ! thy master should have learnt to show
 Pity—best taught by fellowship of woe !
 For much I fear me that *he* lives like thee,
 Half-famish'd in a land of luxury !
 How *askingly* its footsteps hither bend !
 It seems to say, " And have I then *one* friend ?"
 Innocent foal ! thou poor despised forlorn !
 I hail thee brother—spite of the fool's scorn !
 And fain would take thee with me, in the dell
 Of peace and mild equality to dwell,
 Where Toil shall call the charmer Health his Bride,
 And Laughter tickle Plenty's ribless side !
 How thou would'st toss thy heels in gamesome play,
 And frisk about, as lamb or kitten gay !
 Yea ! and more musically sweet to me
 Thy dissonant harsh bray of joy would be,
 Than warbled melodies that soothe to rest
 The aching of pale fashion's vacant breast !

Coleridge.

Inquiry.—Everything that is really excellent will bear examination, it will even invite it, and the more narrowly it is surveyed to the more advantage it will appear.—*Robert Hall.*

" *The Scriptures.*—To understand the Scriptures it is necessary to have a sense in which all the contrary passages agree. It is not sufficient to have one which suits many according passages ; but there must be one which reconciles even contrary passages.—*Pascal.*

Words.—Honour, justice, truth, temperance, public spirit, fortitude, chastity, friendship, benevolence, and fidelity. The names of all which virtues are still retained among us in most languages, and are to be met with in some modern as well as ancient authors ; which I am able to assert from my own small reading.—*Dean Swift.*

RECORDS OF THE WORLD'S JUSTICE.

BY A HARDWAREMAN.

No. 7.—*The Reverend.*

"A Priest he was *by function*;
 How beautiful your presence, how benign,
 Servants of God! who not a thought will share
 With the vain world."
Wordsworth.

"The Moloch Priest!"
Coleridge.

STRICTLY speaking, I believe, only Deans are "*very* reverend;" your common clergy are barely "*reverend*"; Bishops are "*right* reverend:" Is there anything wrong then about the others? We shall see.

Archdeacon Walker was barely reverend. He was a little plump man, with a warm and open countenance outwardly evidencing the inward and spiritual grace and affording ample proof of a devoted attachment to good living. It was said that he was especially chosen to be a parson by the Holy Ghost: why I could never understand—since he was neither very learned, very devout, nor very benevolent—but I will not dispute the fact. I believe it was a friend at court who gave him the living of Kilgormac, an Irish parish containing five protestants (who were dissenters), and seven or eight hundred Catholics, who paid him about £1000 a year for insulting their religious feelings. The reverend Archdeacon held two other livings in England; and as he could not reside altogether on them all, he wisely resolved to give none cause to complain of excessive attention, and therefore never resided on any.

The life of the "honourable" Mr. Walker, previous to his call by the Holy Ghost, was not, as I before hinted, remarkable for any particular sanctity. Neither was it censurable for any extraordinary crime. He dressed, sported, gamed, drank, swore, lied, whored, and broke all the commandments, as other young men do who are brought up for the church—but nothing worse. His collegiate indiscretions were very gentlemanly, and never offended the strict moral proprieties of good society. His worst vices put on a decent hypocrisy, out of compliment to virtue; and were excused by the addition: as our Legislature continually declares that "a pickpocket should be forgiven and allowed to practise with impunity, when he dresses like a gentleman or assumes the livery of a senator." At length Mr. Walker was ordained, was married, was reverend, and respected. He entered upon the duties of his ministry which consisted of occasionally preaching* on some doctrinal point of no earthly consequence, some general and unspecified sin, or some trifling "enormity": and it was remarked that "if the hearts of his hearers were no better for his discourses, their intellects were seldom much worse." I certainly cannot say much for the reverend gentleman's lecturing; but he was a capital shot, and a good practical expounder of scripture: for example, he *did* fine sermons on the text, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings and not one of them is forgotten before God." Seldom was there a day, in the season, that he did not bag birds enough to merit the peculiar notice of his divine master. In addition to these clerical duties he supported the burthen of the magisterial function, thereby possessing excellent opportunities of preaching *mercy* on Sundays and practising what his clerk called *justice* on certain other days similarly set aside to as good purpose. In this latter capacity, so favourable for the exercise of his reverence's charity, (I forget how many of the Apostles were magistrates) he was as much respected and beloved as in his religious office; especially in his Irish parish, which he but seldom visited, and whence he never departed without exciting the grief of his flock, as their

* Having but one living at this time, he paid a curate nearly one tenth of his income to preach sometimes, and always to read prayers, visit the sick, christen, marry, bury, &c.

groans and lamentations abundantly testified. Unfortunately, the preaching and practice of Archdeacon Walker fell upon unprofitable ground, unprofitable to all but himself—goodness is ever its own reward—; yet was his method eminently adapted to win souls from the error of their ways, to eradicate heresy, to fill heaven with the redeemed. I must more particularly describe the archdeacon's manner of conversion: it was so singularly beautiful. I cannot do this better than by citing one instance very successful in its results.

A poor widow was in arrear with her tithes; and when it was demanded by the archdeacon's curate (I mean his tithe-proctor), she was impious enough to say that she could not pay, and most sinfully added (I quote from Mr. Walker's description) that she did not like his religion and therefore saw no reason why she should pay for it. This was very bad, for "the labourer is worthy of his hire"—and Mr. Walker had laboured very hard, through his deputy, the aforesaid proctor. Well, the old woman said she could not pay and would not pay; and as her friends promised to stand by her, the reverend shepherd called in the military to assist him in the shearing; and, finding his flock resolute to resist what they dared to call robbery, he ordered his gang of butchers to murder a score of them. This was done: the rebels fled; and the widow promised on the spot to pay the money. I fear I cannot do justice to this most Christian act in any words but those of the reverend executioner himself. "You will observe," said he, "that my promptitude secured three great blessings very essential to our holy Church and typical of the faith, charity, and self-sacrificing spirit of her clergy, the humble imitators of the meek and loving Jesus. Seventeen persons were put out of this state of trial and fairly shot into heaven, among them actually being the son of this irreligious widow; the widow was converted, to be a living evidence of the church's zeal, and in future will pay her tithe regularly; and last, not least, my pockets are much heavier. And by God," added the holy man, "if the widow dares to complain, I will prosecute her for a libel."

Archdeacon Walker is still "*the reverend*", still received into "the best society," and actually has prosecuted one libeller who, animadverting on his conduct, ventured to call it unchristian. The world looks on complacently, and still calls him "*the reverend*."

There was a man named Howard, who spent his life in relieving the sufferings of those wretches who were sentenced to loathsome dungeons by their paternal governments because they were no better than those wise governments allowed them to be; there was another man, one Captain Coram, who founded a hospital for the protection of all children ordered by the legislature to be exposed and deserted by their parents, and who, in his declining years, the glorious old man! blushed not to receive his own subsistence from the grudging hands of strangers; there was another man, and is, (therefore we do not name him: all who honour goodness know him,) who has been imprisoned and reviled and persecuted for endeavouring to teach his countrymen their true political interests, who has devoted a long life to the consistent advocacy of truth, to the teaching and practice of Love, yet even now must he labour for a scanty livelihood, and still is he at his post, active and unmurmuring, "the gentlest of the wise". Two of these men are thought fools, and sometimes called philanthropists. The last has been branded, even as Christ was, as seditious and an enemy to the peace of society. None of these men has been saluted as reverend by the great world; nor need they the outward title: no one thinks of *the reverend Jesus Christ*:—but, O very much mistaking world! if titles must be worn, though it be only to distinguish the follies of your quarrelsome children, let them be ever applied and applicable! Do not call evil good, and good evil. Do not call a swindler "right honourable", a heartless beast "most noble", an infamous murderer "a patriotic prime minister", or an Archdeacon Walker "reverend".

There should be some truth in the commonest title.

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. XII.

BEHOLD! the wild animals know no disease: but those only which have submitted to the influence of man are subject to disease and premature decay.

But man knoweth not perfect health.

He is feeble, and distorted, and ever tormented by disease: the inevitable consequences of his unnatural habits.

The instinct of the wild animal telleth it what food to take, and what to reject as hurtful.

Man's instincts were as unerring: but the untutored reason led him astray to the enfeebling of instinct; and the enlightened reason must restore the long-lost power.

Now man instinctively knoweth not what food is wholesome, or what injurious: he eateth and drinketh carelessly and gluttonously; he becometh diseased; and medicine, on the authority of a fallacious precedent, prescribeth for the evil—*an uncertain palliative*.

He destroyeth life and greedily devoureth blood, and half-putrid and diseased flesh: he mocketh at compassion and encourageth selfishness; he blunteth the purity of his instincts; he corrupteth his body, and the clogged mind acteth through foul and disordered organs.

He inflameth and poisoneth his system; he rendereth his desires gross and insatiable, his temperament furious and malignant, his intellect dull and obstinate: he is the prey of horrible agonies, of insanity, and untimely death.

Perchance he essayeth a simpler mode of life; he is temperate and dieteth himself; and yet disease attacketh him.

And he is greatly surprized that, having walked many years in one direction upon a wrong path, he cannot retrace his steps in a few hours: so he saith, There is no other road, I must continue in the old and evil way.

What hath taken but a day to pull down may require years to rebuild: shall there therefore be no restoration?

+

Death must be one of two things—continuance of existence under new circumstances, or positive and complete annihilation of substance.

If the life beyond death be an improved existence, surely death is most desirable, as the passage to that better life; but if the future hold increase of evil, who would not rather desire the calm sleep of annihilation, wherein can be no pain, nor sorrow, nor need of anything. The preservation of identity is a separate question: our perceptions of pain and pleasure exist in dependently thereof, though continued identity may be a means of modifying their action.

Death, then, can not be feared as a mere cessation of being; and looking to it as a change, is it not far wiser to rejoice in the hope of possible good than to rack our hearts with dread of the equally uncertain evil?

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

*

Following the world's example.—Cato hath given a lesson for those, who sincerely love true honour, to resist the vices of their age, and to detest that horrid maxim which prevails in the world, inculcating the necessity of following the example of others. *At Rome we must do as Rome does*; a maxim that would lead those who adopt it great lengths, if they had the misfortune to fall into the company of a gang of highway-men.—*Rousseau*.

THE LIFE OF FLOWERS.

1.

"I would, dear Love! that I thy convert were
 To that strange lore—'The fair flowers dream and feel,
 Are glad and woful, fond and scornful are;
 And mutely conscious how the unresting wheel
 Of Time revolveth, and doth hourly steal
 Their beauty, and the heart-companionship
 Of their nectarious kindred, that reveal
 Their souls to sunlight, and with fragrant lip
 Drink the abundant dews that from God's eyelids drip."

2.

"But then, I never dare another cull,
 To crush its being, and for ever end
 Its commune with its fellows beautiful:
 Ah! no; presence and absence never blend
 A consciousness about them; or to rend
 Lover from lover, in their early wooing,
 When even the rainbow their dew'd eyes transcend;
 For our adornment merely—oh! 'twere doing
 Sweet creatures bitter wrong, with our worst woes induing."

3.

"At least, for conscience' sake, I'll not believe
 That they are sensible to hearted feeling;
 For in no creature's being would I weave
 Those griefs which even now I am revealing
 In tears and sighs, from lips and eyelids stealing—
 Sad rain and wind of my heart's laden cloud!—
 By which, if they do feel, with wounds unhealing
 Their parted spirits must be cleft and bow'd,
 Till they grew pale and sere, and wore Death's common shroud."

4.

Then—to the lover's and the poet's warning
 Attend! as to a Delphic oracle:
 When flowers into the grey eyes of the Morning
 Peer, in awaken'd beauty, from Night's cell;
 On the warm heart of Noontide when they dwell;
 Or close in loveliness at Twilight's feet—
 They have their thoughts and dreams; and thou dost quell
 A gentle spirit in each blossom sweet
 (Which its love-conscious mates for ever pine to greet—

5.

And pine in vain!) which thy small hand doth sunder
 From its green birth-place!—Art of those that sleep
 In common thought, to whom there is no wonder
 In all the Universe sublime and deep—
 Invisible and visible! There weep
 Dews of a Morning round us, which must break,
 And unveil all things o'er which darkly sweep
 The night-shades of our ignorance. Awake!
 And in this creed believe—for Love's, if not Truth's sake.

Wade.

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



EARTHQUAKE AT PORTO RICO.

SPEAKING OUT.

I AM aware that many object to the severity of my language, but is there not cause for severity? I *will* be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—AND I WILL BE HEARD. The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal, and to hasten the resurrection of the dead. It is pretended that I am retarding the cause of emancipation by the coarseness of my invective, and the precipitancy of my measures. The charge is not true. On this question my influence, humble as it is, is felt at this moment to a considerable extent, and shall be felt in coming years—not perniciously, but beneficially; not as a curse, but as a blessing; and posterity will bear testimony that I am right. I desire to thank God that he enables me to disregard the fear of man, and to speak his truth in its simplicity and power.

No. 1 of the Liberator: William Lloyd Garrison.

THE SPIRIT OF MONARCHY.

THE Spirit of Monarchy then is nothing but the craving in the human mind after the Sensible and the One. It is not so much a matter of state necessity or policy, as a natural infirmity, a disease, a false appetite in the popular feeling, which must be gratified. Man is an individual animal with narrow faculties, but infinite desires, which he is anxious to concentrate in some one object within the grasp of his imagination, and where, if he cannot be all that he wishes himself, he may at least contemplate his own pride, vanity, and passions, displayed in the most extravagant dimensions in a being no bigger and no better than himself. Each individual would (were it in his power) be a king, a God: but as he cannot, the next best thing is to see this reflex image of his self-love, the darling passion of his breast, realized, embodied out of himself in the first object he can lay his hands on for the purpose. The slave admires the tyrant, because the last *is*, what the first *would be*. He surveys himself all over in the glass of royalty. The swelling, bloated self-importance of the one is the very counterpart and ultimate goal of the abject servility of the other. But both hate mankind for the same reason, because a respect for humanity is a diversion from their inordinate self-love, and the idea of the general good is a check to the gross intemperance of passion. The worthlessness of the object does not diminish but irritate the propensity to admire. It serves equally to pamper our imagination, and does not provoke our envy. All we want is to aggrandize our own vain-glory at second-hand; and the less of real superiority or excellence there is in the person we fix upon as our proxy in this dramatic exhibition, the more easily can we change places with him, and fancy ourselves as good as he. Nay, the descent favours the rise; and we heap our tribute of applause the higher, in proportion as it is a free gift. An idol is not the worse for being of coarse materials: a king should be a common-place man. Otherwise, he is superior in his own nature, and not dependent on our bounty or caprice. Man is a poetical animal, and delights in fiction. We like to have scope for the exercise of our mere will. We make kings of men, and Gods of stocks and stones: we are not jealous of the creatures of our own hands. We only want a peg or loop to hang our idle fancies on, a puppet to dress up, a lay-figure to paint from. It is the "Thing Ferdinand, and not King Ferdinand," as was wisely and wittily observed. We ask only for the stage effect; we do not go behind the scenes, or it would go hard with many of our prejudices! We see the symbols of majesty, we enjoy the pomp, we crouch before the power, we

walk in the procession, and make part of the pageant, and we say in our secret hearts, there is nothing but accident that prevents us from being at the head of it. There is something in the mock-sublimity of thrones, wonderfully congenial to the human mind. Every man feels that he could sit there; every man feels that he could look big there; every man feels that he could play the monarch there. The transition is so easy, and so delightful! The imagination keeps pace with royal state,

"And by the vision splendid
Is on its way attended."

The Madman in Hogarth who fancies himself a king, is not a solitary instance of this species of hallucination. Almost every true and loyal subject holds such a barren sceptre in his hand; and the meanest of the rabble, as he runs by the monarch's side, has wit enough to think—"There goes my *royal* self!" From the most absolute despot to the lowest slave there is but one step (no, not one) in point of real merit. As far as truth or reason is concerned, they might change situations to-morrow—nay, they certainly do so—without the smallest loss or benefit to mankind! Tyranny, in a word, is a farce got up for the entertainment of poor human nature; and it might pass very well, if it did not so often turn into a tragedy.

Would it not be hard upon a little girl, who is busy in dressing up a favourite doll, to pull it in pieces before her face, in order to show her the bits of wood, the wool, and rags it is composed of? So it would be hard upon that great baby, the world, to take any of its idols to pieces, and show that they are nothing but painted wood. Neither of them would thank you, but consider the offence an insult. The little girl knows as well as you do that her doll is a cheat; but she shuts her eyes to it, for she finds her account in keeping up the deception. Her doll is her pretty little self. In its glazed eyes, its cherry cheeks, its flaxen locks, its finery and its baby-house, she has a fairy vision of her own future charms, her future triumph, a thousand hearts led captive, and an establishment for life. Harmless illusion! that can create something out of nothing, can make that which is good for nothing in itself so fine in appearance, and clothe a shapeless piece of deal board with the attributes of divinity! But the great world has been doing little else than playing at *make believe* all its life time. For several thousand years its chief rage was to paint large pieces of wood and smear them with gore, and call them Gods and offer victims to them—slaughtered hetacombs, the fat of goats and oxen, or human sacrifices—showing in this its love of show, of cruelty, and imposture; and woe to him who should "peep through the blanket of the dark to cry, *Hold, Hold!*"—"Great is Diana of the Ephesians," was the answer in all ages. It was in vain to represent to them—"Your Gods have eyes but they see not, ears but they hear not, neither do they understand"—the more stupid, brutish, helpless, and contemptible they were, the more furious, bigoted, and implacable were their votaries in their behalf. The more absurd the fiction, the louder was the noise made to hide it—the more mischievous its tendency, the more did it excite all the phrenzy of the passions. Superstition nursed, with peculiar zeal, her rickety, deformed, and preposterous offspring. She passed by the nobler races of animals even to pay divine honours to the odious and unclean—she took toads and serpents, cats, rats, dogs, crocodiles, goats, and monkeys, and hugged them to her bosom, and dandled them into deities, and set up altars to them, and drenched the earth with tears and blood in their defence; and those who did not believe in them were cursed, and were forbidden the use of bread, of fire, and water; and to worship them was piety, and their images were held sacred, and their race became Gods in perpetuity and by divine right. To touch them, was sacrilege: to kill them, death, even in your own defence. If they stung you, you must die: if they infested the land with their numbers and their pollutions, there was no remedy. The nuisance was intolerable, impassive, immortal. Fear, religious

horror, disgust, hatred, heightened the flame of bigotry and intolerance. There was nothing so odious or contemptible but it found a sanctuary in the more odious and contemptible perversity of human nature. The barbarous Gods of antiquity reigned in *contempt of their worshippers*!

This game was carried on through all the first ages of the world, and is still kept up in many parts of it; and it is impossible to describe the wars, massacres, horrors, miseries, and crimes, to which it gave colour, sanctity, and sway. The idea of a God, beneficent and just, the invisible maker of all things, was abhorrent to their gross, material notions. No, they must have Gods of their own making, that they could see and handle, that they knew to be nothing in themselves but senseless images, and these they daubed over with the gaudy emblems of their own pride and passions, and these they lauded to the skies, and grew fierce, obscene, frantic before them, as the representatives of their sordid ignorance and barbaric vices. TRUTH, GOOD, were idle names to them, without a meaning. They must have a lie, a palpable, pernicious lie, to pamper their crude, unhallowed conceptions with, and to exercise the untameable fierceness of their wills. At length, reason prevailed over imagination so far, that those brute idols and their altars were overturned: it was thought too much to set up stocks and stones, Golden Calves, and Brazen Serpents, as *bond fide* Gods and Goddesses, which men were to fall down and worship at their peril—and Pope long after summed up the merits of the whole mythologic tribe in a handsome distich—

“ Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust.”

It was thought a bold stride to divert the course of our imagination, the overflowings of our enthusiasm, our love of the mighty and the marvellous, from the dead to the living *subject*; and there we stick. We have got living idols, instead of dead ones; and we fancy that they are real, and put faith in them accordingly. Oh, Reason! when will thy long minority expire? It is not now the fashion to make Gods of wood, and stone, and brass, but we make kings of common men, and are proud of our own handy-work. We take a child from his birth, and we agree, when he grows up to be a man, to heap the highest honours of the state upon him, and to pay the most devoted homage to his will. Is there anything in the person, “any mark, or likelihood,” to warrant this sovereign awe and dread? No: he may be little better than an idiot, little short of a madman, and yet he is no less qualified for a king. If he can contrive to pass the College of Physicians, the Herald’s College dub him divine. Can we make any given individual taller or stronger or wiser than other men, or different in any respect from what nature intended him to be? No; but we can make a king of him. We cannot add a cubit to the stature or instil a virtue into the minds of monarchs—but we can put a sceptre into their hands, a crown upon their heads, we can set them on an eminence, we can surround them with circumstance, we can aggrandize them with power, we can pamper their appetites, we can pander to their wills. We can do everything to exalt them in external rank and station—nothing to lift them one step higher in the scale of moral or intellectual excellence. Education does not give capacity or temper; and the education of kings is not especially directed to useful knowledge or liberal sentiment. What then is the state of the case? The highest respect of the community and of every individual in it is paid and is due of right there, where perhaps not an idea can take root, or a single virtue be engrafted. Is not this to erect a standard of esteem directly opposite to that of mind and morals? The lawful monarch may be the best or the worst man in his dominions, he may be the wisest or the weakest, the wittiest or the stupidest: still he is equally entitled to our homage as a king, for it is the place and power we bow to, and not the man. He may be a sublimation of all the vices and diseases of the human heart; yet we are not to say so, we dare not

even think so. "Fear God and honour the King," is equally a maxim at all times and seasons. The personal character of the king has nothing to do with the question. Thus the extrinsic is set up over the intrinsic by authority: wealth and interest lend their countenance to gilded vice and infamy on principle, and outward shew and advantages become the symbols and the standard of respect in despite of useful qualities or well-directed efforts through all ranks and gradations of society. "From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is no soundness left." The whole style of moral thinking, feeling, acting, is in a false tone—is hollow, spurious, meretricious. Virtue, says Montesquieu, is the principle of republics; honour of a monarchy. But it is "honour dishonourable, sin-bred"—it is the honour of trucking a principle for a place, of exchanging our honest convictions for a ribbon or a garter. The business of life is a scramble for unmerited precedence. Is not the highest respect entailed, the highest station filled without any possible proofs or pretensions to public spirit or public principle? Shall not the next places to it be secured by the sacrifice of them? It is the order of the day, the understood etiquette of courts and kingdoms. For the servants of the crown to presume on merit, when the crown itself is held as an heir-loom by prescription, is a kind of *lèse majesté*, or *high treason*, an indirect attainder of the title to the succession. Are not all eyes turned to the sun of court favour? Who would not then reflect its smile by the performance of any acts which can avail in the eye of the great, and by the surrender of any virtue, which attracts neither notice nor applause? The stream of corruption begins at the fountain-head of court influence. The sympathy of mankind is that on which all strong feeling and opinion floats; and this sets in full in every absolute monarchy to the side of tinsel shew and iron-handed power, in contempt and defiance of right and wrong. The right and the wrong are of little consequence, compared to the *in* and the *out*. The distinction between Whig and Tory is merely nominal: neither have their country one bit at heart. Pshaw! we had forgot—Our British Monarchy is a mixed, and the only perfect form of government; and therefore what is here said cannot properly apply to it.—*Hazlitt*.

Expense of Monarchy.—The mere trappings of a monarchy would be sufficient to support a commonwealth.—*Milton*.

Reform.—All governments and societies of men do in process of long time gather an irregularity; and wear away much of their primitive institution. And therefore the true wisdom of all ages hath been to review at fit periods those errors, defects, or excesses, that have insensibly crept into the public administration; to brush the dust off the wheels, and oil them again, or, if it be found advisable, to choose a set of new ones. And this reformation is most easily, and with least disturbance, to be effected by the society itself, no single men being forbidden by any magistrate to amend their own manners, and, much more, all societies having the liberty to bring themselves within compass.—*Andrew Marvel*.

Fate has but very small distinction set
Betwixt the counter and the coronet.

Daniel Defoe.

Government.—Rank, privileges, and prerogatives in a state, are constituted for the good of the state, and those who enjoy them, whether they be called kings, senators, or nobles, or by whatever names or titles they be distinguished, are, to all intents and purposes, the servants of the public, and accountable to the people for the discharge of their respective offices. If such magistrates abuse their trust, in the people lies the right of *deposing*, and consequently of punishing them. And the only reason why abuses which have crept into offices have been connived at, is, that the correcting them, by having recourse to first principles, is far from being easy, except in small states, so that the remedy would often be worse than the disease. But, in the largest states, if the abuses of government should at any time be great and manifest; if the servants of the people, forgetting their masters, and their masters' interest, should pursue a separate one of their own, if, instead of considering that they are made for the people, they should consider the people as made for them; if the oppressions and violations of right should be great, flagrant, and universally resented; if, in consequence of these circumstances, it should become manifest, that the risk which would be run in attempting a revolution would be trifling, and the evils which might be apprehended from it, were far less than those which were actually suffered and which were daily increasing; what principles are those which ought to restrain an injured and insulted people from asserting their natural rights, and from changing, or even punishing their governors; that is their servants, who had abused their trust; or from altering the whole form of their government if it appeared to be of a structure so liable to abuse!—*Priestley*.

THE TENURE OF KINGS AND MAGISTRATES.

To say, as is usual, the king hath as good right to his crown and dignity, as any man to his inheritance, is to make the subject no better than the king's slave, his chattel, or his possession that may be bought or sold: and doubtless, if hereditary title were sufficiently inquired, the best foundation of it would be found but either in courtesy or convenience. But suppose it to be of right hereditary, what can be more just and legal, if a subject for certain crimes be to forfeit by law from himself and posterity all his inheritance to the king, than that a king for crimes proportional should forfeit all his titles and inheritance to the people? Unless the people must be thought created all for him, he not for them, and they all in one body inferior to him single; which were a kind of treason against the dignity of mankind to affirm. Thirdly, it follows, that to say that kings are accountable to none but God, is the overturning of all law and government. For if they may refuse to give account, then all covenants made with them at coronation, all oaths are in vain, and mere mockeries; all laws which they swear to keep, made to no purpose; for if the king fear not God (as how many of them do not!) we hold then our lives and estates by the tenure of his mere grace and mercy, as from a God, not a mortal magistrate; a position that none but curst parasites or men besotted would maintain!—*Milton*.

Reason for Union.—As ignorance of union and want of communication appear amongst the principal preservatives of civil authority, it behoves every state to keep its subjects in this want and ignorance, not only by vigilance in guarding against actual confederations and combinations, but by a timely care to prevent great collections of men of any separate party or religion or of like occupation or profession or in any way connected by a participation of interest or passion from the same vicinity.—*Archdeacon Paley*.

The Laws of England have been the subject of eulogy to many sagacious and learned men. I find them often dilatory, often uncertain, often contradictory, often cruel, often ruinous. Whenever they find a man down they keep him so, and the more pertinaciously the more earnestly he appeals to them. Like tilers, in mending one hole they always make another. There is no country in which they move with such velocity where life is at stake, or where property is to be defended, so slowly. Can it be wondered that, upon a bench under so rotten an effigy of justice, sat a Saggs, a Jefferies, a Finch, and a Page! Law has become in England not only the most expensive, but the most rapacious and dishonest of trades.—*Landor*.

The Haranguer.—His measure of talk is till his wind is spent, and then he is not silenced, but becalmed.

His ears have caught the itch of his tongue; and though he scratch them, like a beast with his hoof, he finds a pleasure in it.

He shakes a man by the ear as a dog does a pig, and never looses his hold till he has tired himself as well as his patient.

He is a walking pillory, and crucifies more ears than a dozen standing ones.

He will hold any argument rather than his tongue, and maintain both sides at his own charge; for he will tell you what you will say, though perhaps he does not intend to give you leave.

His tongue is always in motion, though very seldom to the purpose; like a barber's scissors which are kept snipping as well when they do not cut, as when they do.

He is so full of words that they run over, and are thrown away to no purpose; and so empty of things, or sense, that his dryness has made his leaks so wide, whatsoever is put in him runs out immediately.

He is so long delivering himself, that those that hear him desire to be delivered too, or dispatched out of their pain.—*Butler*.

Like a rootless rose or lily;
Like a sad and life-long sigh;
Like a bird pursued and weary,
Doom'd to flutter till it die;
Landless, restless, joyless, hopeless,
Gasping still for bread and breath,
To their graves by trouble hunted,
Albion's helots live for death.

Tardy day of hoarded ruin!
Wild Niagara of blood!
Coming sea of headlong millions,
Vainly seeking work and food!
Why is famine reap'd for harvest?
Planted curses always grow:
Where the plough makes want its symbol,
Fools will gather as they sow. *Ebenezer Elliott.*

PORTO RICO is an island of the West Indies, sixty miles east of St. Domingo. —If the earthquakes in these regions are the indignant throes of the earth groaning beneath the slavery of her children, 'tis wonder that Britain, the Slave-empire, has not experienced terrible and frequent shocks. But there are more fearful convulsions than the heaving of the volcanic earth—the outbreak of the long-suppressed wrath of a trampled People, in which the tottering houses of the great shall be swallowed up, and their infamy buried for ever. The fire is smouldering even now.

HYMNS FOR THE UNENFRANCHISED.

No. V.

ARISE! the linked Error must be broken :
 Haste to atone the Past's long agonies !
 The grey world from its old-time dream hath woken—
 The old entanglement of injuries.
 Like a shamed libertine, whose penitence
 O'erclimbeth pledges, Life's new energies
 Circle our Home with giant confidence :—
 Watchers of holiest Liberty, arise !

Liberty ! through all forms thy thought is gliding,
 Like God's Word through the Infinite Mystery ;
 Too long have tyrants and their slaves been hiding
 The lorn world's peace in wrongful anarchy :
 Amid the world-old tempest unalarm'd,
 Thou hear'st the panic-stricken nations' cries :
 " Be still !"—the accustom'd Tyranny is calm'd :—
 Watchers of equal Liberty, arise !

Claim we our right of equal interference—
 The natural right of all humanity—
 In the common rule ! No longer shall Expedience
 Vex our unheal'd griefs with its sophistry.
 No longer shall the Nation's Will be mute,
 Tongue-fetter'd by unjust monopolies ;
 The Tree of Liberty must bear us fruit :—
 Hereditary Bondmen, now arise !

Arise, the truth of Love to vindicate !
 Rouse ye, the heart-worn fetters to unbind !
 Rouse ye, to crush all ills that militate
 Against the common-weal of humankind !
 In the name of the old martyrs memory-tomb'd,
 For the sake of home and living sympathies,
 Even for that peace your own hopes have foredoom'd,
 Watchers of human Liberty, arise !

No. VI.

We have no food, my babe and I :
 I am the mother of Misery :
 I was Hope, till I was wed,
 Like a victim, bound, priest-led,
 To the miner Industry.
 Chamberlain of the woe-weary,
 Light me heavenward ! life is dreary.
 Let me die !

We have no child, my wife and I :
 The breast of the famish'd one is dry :—
 Why do the Men of Substance tread
 On our hearts ? if we were dead,
 We should be used more tenderly.
 Yon Lord has a costly funeral pyre :
 We will warm us yet at the Noble's fire,
 Ere we die.

Spartacus.

ILLICIT MARRIAGES.

"In the House of Lords, on Tuesday, the Bishop of London called attention to a marriage which had taken place under the new Marriage Act, between a man and the widow of his grandfather, a young woman, under age. He had been intrusted with petitions stating the facts, but would not found any motion upon them."—*Spectator*: March 9th.

How blessed and pure and heaven-like a community is ours! how angelic our moral condition! The spiritual keenness of a bishop Blomfield, watchful for abuses whose correction might well employ the rusty energies of hereditary wisdom, can discover no crime of deeper dye than the marriage of a young man with a young woman against the strict letter of an absurd law. Rather should we exclaim, how depraved must be society when this formal cant can dare to obtrude its foulness in the very face of the public! What is this man's crime! It is nought. What is the woman's? Nothing, also; unless it be in her previous marriage with a man certainly old enough to be her grandfather. But the zealous bishop did not object to this. He sees no harm in youth selling herself for a maintenance to the lewdness or the decrepitude of a grave-claimed age; he sees no immorality in old age, even with the worms around it, laying the clamminess of its decay beside warm-hearted life. This was the "marriage," thou reverend perverter of God's truth! which called for attention. On this thou mightest have founded some motion; here mightest thou have shewn a passion. Other occasion too mightest thou have found for holiest indignation. What bishop has yet called attention to that fearful and woful and most unholy marriage of Penury with Industry, which is daily solemnized throughout this priest-ridden and lord-driven land, with the full approbation of the whole legislature, ay, even of the bench of bishops! Which of the "Fathers" has called attention to the disgusting connection of Church and State, the marrying of things of heaven and things of the earth—earthly, the legal prostitution of the Gospel for hire, and for the service of thieves! which of the Mitred has yet denounced that worst soldering of incongruities, the ever-repeated attempt to unite the selfish, heartless, malignant, and truckling Spirit of Commerce to the Religion of Christ? Are the bishops of *Christ's church* in earnest? or must we know them by their fruits, and denounce them as dumb dogs who leave the fold unwatched—and why? because they themselves are devouring the entrails of their flock. Some little time indeed spares the metropolitan *Apostle* from mumbling the many carcases, to growl over the petty offences of his lambs against the discipline of their keepers. Gentle Shepherd! what has aroused thy well-gorged fretfulness? Not so much this horrible marriage, as the heinousness of its performance by license of a registrar. The rival shop! Christ's vicar and his partner, Mammon, are defrauded of their accustomed profits. Do you not know, Charles Blomfield! that the clergy of your diocese are in the habit of marrying persons within the prohibited degrees, winking at the "irregularity" and asking no questions—for the sake of their fees? If you do not know this, how dare you so neglect your episcopal duty of supervision? if you do know it, what name shall we give to your conduct, your call for attention? Was it most hypocritical effrontery, or earnest regard for the public welfare? But, you would found no motion on that call. Fool! what motion could *you* have founded? A demand for inquiry into the present state of the relations between man and woman in this christian country? (What "inconvenience" might not such a motion have caused! Alas! even bishops keep mistresses; bishops even do worse.) Or would you give a charge to your clergy, and, complimenting the Gather-choles, command preaching "till further notice" against the heinousness of young men marrying old men's young widows. This would be in fine keeping with the usual doctrinal effusions of the Establishment.—And so are we continually mocked by those who *have* the rule over us. Labouring men, the nation's honestest, are trodden into their graves by the fiend Wealth, the *ermind and aproned Wealth*; the famished petition for bread, and stones are cast deri-

sively against them: *new churches, work-houses and prisons are the christian cure for destitution.*—The majority of the nation are enlaved; they are bowed to the dust by the weight of their fetters; every link is a burning and a biting wrong:—What do the state-doctors prescribe? Freedom for the serfs! Universal Enfranchisement—the *power of remedying their own ills*? No: they would resist this justice to the utmost. What is their measure of reform? *The licensing a few shopkeepers to sell votes.*—Prostitution is a national fashion. The poor are forced into it as the price of life; the rich chuse it as a pleasant means of death. Corruption laughs out from the very heart of society, wherein he has made his beastly home. The land is defiled with whoredoms. The heads of the reformed church look on complacently: they are in the midst of splendid pleasures, throned at the right hand of worldly honour—setting an example of christian self-denial and humility; they are surfeited with the luxuries of wealth—they, the servants of the Carpenter. Torpid and heavy with self-indulgence, they dream not of the evil thing: how should they forget their college lives? Pure-minded prelates! Innocent senators! They would cure the diseased world by preventing the marriage of a man with his grandmother—we beg pardon of his holiness—his grandfather's wife.

*

LINES WRITTEN DURING THE EXECRABLE CASTLEREAGH ADMINISTRATION.

Corpses are cold in the tomb;
 Stones on the pavement are dumb;
 Abortions are dead in the womb;
 And their mothers look pale, like the white shore
 Of Albion, free no more!

Her sons are as stones in the way;
 They are masses of senseless clay;
 They are trodden, and move not away;
 • The abortion with which she travaileth
 Is liberty, smitten to death!

Then trample and dance thou Oppressor!
 For thy victim is no redresser:
 Thou art sole lord and possessor
 Of her corpses and clods and abortions—they pave
 Thy path to the grave!

Hear'st thou the festal din
 Of Death and Destruction and Sin
 And Wealth, crying *Havoc!* within?
 'Tis the Bacchanal triumph which makes Truth dumb—
 Thine epithalamium!

Ay, marry thy ghastly wife!—
 Let Fear and Disgust and Strife
 Spread thy couch in the chamber of Life!—
 Marry Ruin, thou Tyrant!—and God be thy guide
 To the couch of thy bride!

Shelley.

MANIFESTATIONS OF TYRANNY.

MANY and various have been the outrages of Despotism; many the atrocious pranks which half-witted Tyranny has played in the broad daylight or in the secret darkness, to the torment of abused humanity. It was reserved for the malignity of a *mixed form of government*, for the masters of men who "never will be slaves," to tax the commonest feelings of human nature, to impose penalties on all who dared to possess affections. Seven shillings a week is the legal pittance of many a poor family. One of such a family may be compelled to seek a scanty livelihood at the other side of the country. His parents, his brothers or sisters, yet have some interest in his welfare. He writes to inform them of his condition. *His letter is taxed by the Government.* The paternal Government will not permit the interchange of greeting between affectionate hearts, without the payment of a heavy fine—a shilling, perhaps more than a shilling, for a single letter. *Seven shillings a week is the family income.* The whole family must starve one day in every week in which they shall presume to ask, Is my son, or is my brother, well? Arrogant slaves of profusion and idleness! call you this justice? Think you that poor men have not hearts, that suffering can render them more cold and careless of each other than the accustomed pampering of your own selfishness has rendered you? It is not possible. Sacred to the poor man are the ties of kindred! Alas, he has little of good left, save the sympathies of his fellow-victims!—and this, you monopolizers of earth's common store, you robbers of the poor! this last comfort you dare to tax, and endeavour to prohibit!—But, "the transmission of letters must be paid for." Certainly. The cost of transit of a letter from London to Edinboro', by mail, is one thirty-sixth of a penny: the carriage of *thirty-six letters* costs the Government *one penny*; the Government charge for a *single letter* is *thirteen pence*. But then, "the revenue must be raised; so much taxes are needed." What! coin the very heart of the poor man, harnessed to incessant sorrow, and worn to the bone with a life's toil—that a little girl, of less value than a factory slave, may be surrounded with luxuries which she cannot enjoy, with liveried parasites to flatter and corrupt her? What! tax the commonest affections of humanity, deny to the oppressed and troubled millions the little sympathy which saves them from despair!—not surely for no better purpose than to support idle lords and dishonest capitalists, pensioners and thieves, in the continuance of their iniquitous extortions and shameful extravagance!—But "the higher classes also pay this tax." Does a rich man pay one-seventh of his weekly income for a single letter? Out on you, hypocrites! A peer of the realm is privileged to send and receive letters free of postage. Members of the other house of plunderers may do the same. Of course, to oblige their friends, they fraudulently abuse this privilege. Only seven millions of francs (one-twelfth of the whole number of letters) are transmitted in the course of a year.—And now, when there is a talk of reform, why is it? Out of regard to the poor man's feelings, or a desire for justice? Neither: these are weak motives; these are interests which command no respect from *our rulers*. But the tax is inconvenient to the trader. Commerce has higher claims than Justice or Charity. So the tax shall be taken off: and the honest trader will be duly careful that the labourer shall receive less wages, since he will be less taxed; and the "relief," as in the case of a repeal of the Corn-laws, or any other of our rulers' *allowances*, will find its way into the counting-house, and the hut of poor and cheated Industry be desolate as heretofore.—Fellow-slaves! is not this sufficient sample of the disposition of the ruling powers? Thus do they trample us; thus do they *relieve* us from the intolerable pressure. They have denied us the unbought light of heaven; even bread is taxed—bread is at famine price; there is no spot of ground whereon a labouring man may rest his weary head without leave; you must buy of them even your

graves. All this is not enough for their hateful rapacity. You must pay for leave to hear of the starvation of a brother, to learn that a father has been buried in a workhouse prison, or that a son has been scourged to death in the service of your common tyrants. Fellow-men! will you petition your spoilers for such relief as may suit their convenience; or will you require sufficient power to remedy your own unhappiness? *UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE can alone save you from the continuance of oppression worse than death!*

Gracchus.

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. XIII.

WHY wage ye war one against another; why are ye the enemies of each other?

We obey the commands of our rulers.

Wherefore do ye obey them?

Our priests, the ministers of religion, teach and enjoin us so to do.

They teach you falsely.

What! Is it not written in the word of God, Submit yourself to every ordinance of man; obey those who have the rule over you?

Yes, verily! Nevertheless it is written in the same law, Thou shalt do no murder; thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. Now, those whom ye call masters command you to hate and to slay your brethren: which then will ye obey, God or man?

Is there then a contradiction in the word of God?

I will answer you by another question, Is Omniscience liable to error? can Infinite Justice require impossibilities?

Servants! be obedient to your masters in that which is right and lawful in the sight of God: if any man shall bid you to do that which your conscience telleth you is unlawful, obey him not! for if ye do his bidding, ye rebel against your only Sovereign, even God.

They, who have authority over you, are but your fellow-servants, though in a superior station: they cannot annul the laws of your common master.

Their duty is to enforce those laws: and cursed is he who altereth or subtracteth therefrom.

Believe not him who would persuade you that murder, in any shape or under any name, is acceptable to God: such an one is your enemy.

Have ye not read how that the blind Jews, misled by the Priests and Pharisees, denied the Just, and preferred a robber and murderer to the teacher of Love?

The meek and unoffending Jesus, he who went about doing good and preaching peace to all, the physician of his people, the Holy One of God, was rejected by an ungrateful and besotted populace, who gave his life for that of a murderer: Not this man, but Barabbas; away with this fellow from the earth!

Is there a heart that burneth not with indignation at those deceivers, with shame and sorrow for the deceived; is there amongst you one who condemneth not? Ye hypocrites! in denouncing them ye have judged yourselves.

Ye are the children of those murderers, and ye do the deeds of your fathers.

Are not your rulers, your kings and princes, all robbers and murderers?

Have not they deluged the earth with blood; have not they plundered the nations, defrauding them of their rights and liberties: while they proclaim murder to be lawful, falsehood holy, and wrong and robbery an honourable calling?

These have ye chosen to be your masters.

And ye have refused the Holy Spirit of Peace, saying, Let us have kings

to reign over us: as for him who died upon the cross, we will have none of him; we bear indeed his name, but we will not obey his laws; these are the masters we will serve.

Shall it not be more tolerable in the day of judgment for the deluded crowd who cried, Crucify him, crucify him! than for you who, condemning them, have sinned yet more grievously?

And behold! the curse hath fallen upon you: War bringeth its own punishment; vice and misery follow in his footsteps.

It is a game of chance, in which each may gain for a time, but all in the end must lose.

Why is yon land barren, desolate, and void of inhabitants? The demon of war hath breathed upon it; and, like the fell Simoom, his breath was destruction.

I see another land: it is rich and fertile, and abounding in the fruits of the earth; but the dwellers in that beautiful country are squalid and miserable, pining in the most abject poverty.

War hath been there also, and they pay the price of their victories: taxation hath consumed their substance, and devoureth the very marrow in their bones.

Your jails are crowded with felons; your lanes and streets are filled with vice and profligacy; your country is demoralized; ye are poor, and wretched, and unhappy: these are some of the blessed fruits of the lust of empire; these are the gifts of the fiend of war.

Fall down then, and thank him for the dew of his blessing: say unto Havoc, Thou art the friend of our bosom; bid us, O Death! to thy banquet; let us quaff from human skulls of the thick blood of the slain—A health to the Lord of war!—the cries of the widows, the lamentations of orphans, shall be sweet music in our ears; we ask no heaven but the field of carnage, no Paradise but Hell.

Such is in effect your prayer, while nations are the foes of nations.

When shall this tribute to Moloch cease? must the Principle of Evil be ever triumphant?

Have ye not understanding to perceive that the injuring your neighbour, for the mere sake of committing wrong, can never benefit your condition: and if to-day ye despoil your brother, and to-morrow another robbeth you, what are ye the better?

He who saith, I love God, and hateth his brother, is a liar and a murderer; and they who teach you to hate your brethren shall receive the reward of murderers: *he, who loveth not his brother, hateth him.*

†

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Poor Laws and Paupers illustrated. By Harriet Martineau. Chas. Fox, London: 1833-4.

Abused Paupers and Abuses of the Old Poor-Law System should be the title of these four Tales, which may be profitably read by the Working Classes, not so much on account of the very considerable and (we doubt not) trustworthy information they contain, as for the decisive evidence, given in almost every page, of the selfish spirit in which even the "liberal" portion of the *respectable orders* legislate for the moneyless. The constant preference of money to human life and human feeling; the insinuating malignant motives against all who dare to inform the poor of their real rights, to the disturbing of the present "most approved" good order, or disorder; the sneering at "inexpedient" justice; and the bigoted half-sightedness which beholds nothing in the way of the predetermined opinion for which evidence is sought—these are the

characteristics of the *Tales* before us, written to prepare the way for the Poor Law Amendment Act, and with it based on the heartless assumption that the relief of the rate-payer is of more importance than the maintenance of the pauper. Sad is it that the intellectuality and benevolence of Harriet Martineau should be so lent to *the furtherance of a Fraud*; strange that the instinctive truth of womanly kindness should not see through this gross sophism. Two quotations are all we can find room for; but we think they are sufficient proof of the inhumanity and injustice of the views these *Illustrations* are designed to inforce. One on the mother being compelled to support her *natural* child:—"She did wonder who should bear the burden of the *profligacy* of one party, *if not the other* guilty party. To visit it upon the innocent rate-payers, that the guilty parties might go free, seemed very unjust. It was a heavy burden for poor Betsy to bear; but it was clear that Mr. Barry was letting it rest on the right shoulders." Not at all clear! If the woman's *profligacy* was the result of the iniquitous social arrangements which the "innocent rate-payers" did their best to preserve, *theirs* would undoubtedly be *the right shoulders* on which to lay the disastrous effects of their own iniquity. It is a foul libel, too, to intimate that a woman *must be* profligate who has a child without benefit of clergy. The profligacy is almost always on the man's side: yet he may "go free"; and the injured woman is to be punished—as a check, forsooth!—as if any modest woman sat down coolly to calculate consequences on the threshold of a natural action. This is the principle on which the horrors of a prostitute's life are violently imposed upon wronged women. It will doubtless work as well in the one case as in the other.—Again:—"to make the support and *discipline* of the indigent consistent with the rights and interests of the independent." Is not this sufficient? The "rights and interests" of the independent (the monied) are, then, inconsistent with the support of the indigent? Surely the *innocent rate-payers* should be relieved, albeit the natural rights of the indigent (the plundered) should be sacrificed to the convenience and comfort of the plunderers! So legislate the "*liberals*" of *monied respectability*, who value the image of a king stamped upon a morsel of dirt, above the breathing and passioned image of God, higher and holier in honest indigence than they, throned amid their "bales of human anguish," their profits distilled from human woes.

The Guide to Service. The Maid of All-Work. Chas. Knight and Co., London: 1838.

A very useful book for all domestic slaves, informing the maid of *all-work* of the proper extent of her wardrobe—even to her garters—on entering service (a thing not at all dependent on the extent of her funds); indicating the exact corners in which the salt-cellars are to be placed; the inevitably angelic qualities of the young-lady mistresses; the peculiar advantages of a life of loneliness terminating in a hospital (not by any means the consequence of toiling long years in the treadmill of ill-paid and fretting service); showing also the impropriety of her making any friends *except* those who will have no sympathy with her; and recommending that all the kicks and buffets, which may come from the ill-temper of even an angel mistress, be converted in the crucible of *piety* into marvellous cheerers of the drudge's monotonous endurance; with satisfactory assurances that all the evils of slavery are very good for slaves; and a half-promise of a ticket for heaven when the worn spirit is tired of the mad-house. The work must do an immensity of good to all who are fools enough to think it the highest aim of their existence to be the ill-used machines of their selfish "betters." It is brought out by the publisher to the *Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge*—"Useful Knowledge" meaning whatever is conducive to the *interests* of a particular class, the dishonest respectables.

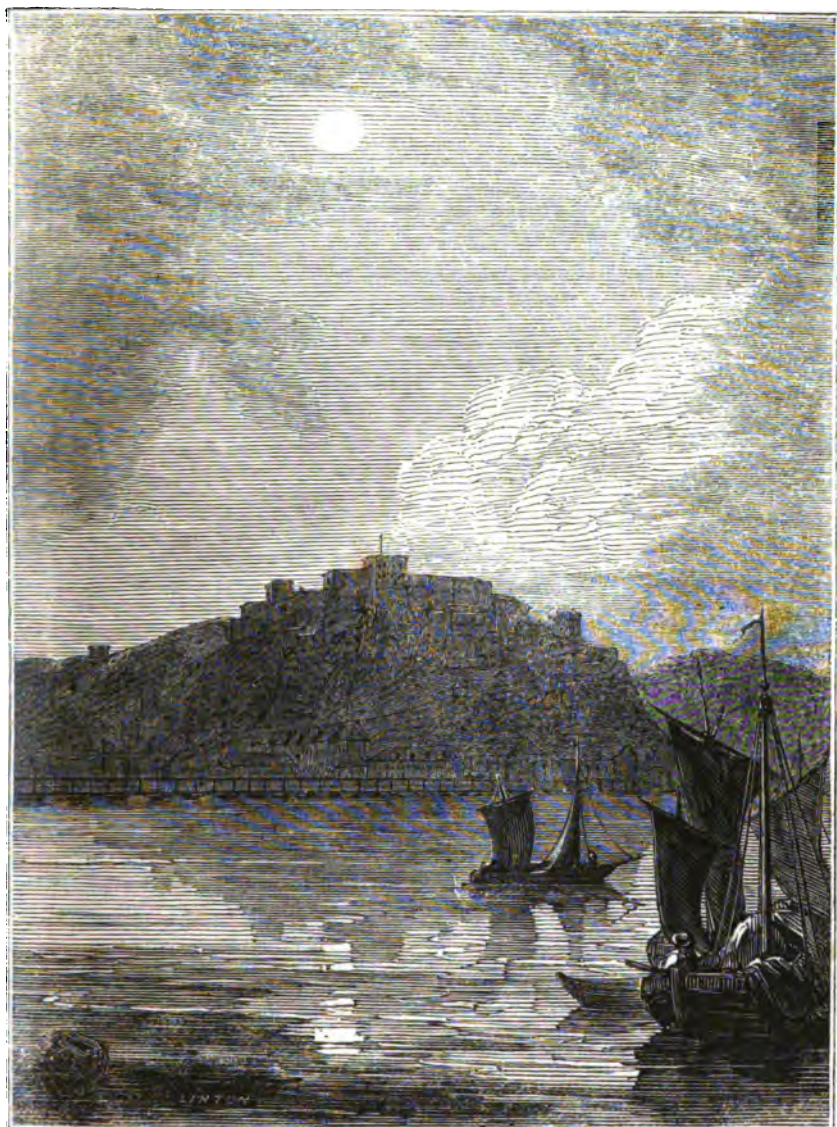
NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE Right progresses. Rent and signatures are fast coming in. This is as it should be: he were indeed a dastard, who should hang back now. Onward! there is no halting-time.—The Missionaries of the Convention are doing good service. It was well to defer the presentation (or rejection) of the People's Petition till the whole labouring population can be aroused to behold the determined insolence of their tyrants, and prepared to meet the after necessity.—The sale of Arms increases. Every freeman should be armed: not for the purpose of aggression; but to repel any attack, even one under cover of the law. What! with Canada before our eyes, and the Manchester massacre yet fresh in our memories, shall we hesitate to prepare against that day when the tyrant faction shall send dragoons against peaceable men, meeting on their native soil to discuss their dearest interests? Were every labouring man well armed, think you that even our insane and atrocious Government would dare to assault the People? By the *present* law, any and every man may carry weapons, if not concealed. We call upon our fellow-serfs to arm, *for peace' sake*. The insanity of our rulers shall not, then, deluge our father-land with blood.—At the Crown and Anchor, on the 16th, the Friends of the People spoke out. We *must* provide for ulterior measures. We must be organized into permanent societies, and that immediately, to consolidate our strength and that all may be well prepared. Let the Delegates be firm, the People will support them. Though one and all of our Representatives be arrested, we will instantly elect others to fill their place—others again, *if requisite*. Men for the “forlorn hope” will not be wanting. WE WILL CARRY OUR POINT. If more violent measures be used against the Representatives of the People, it will be well to call to mind that the “Commons’ House,” even according to our villainous Constitution, is responsible to the People. It may be well to inquire how this responsibility may be best brought to bear upon them; whether it may not be advisable to require *compensation* at the hands of those *individuals* who vote for evil measures. It would be hard to punish those who vote against injustice; at least till they had time given them to come out of the den of thieves and join the array of honest and injured men.—The Lower House of Incurables laugh the People to scorn. They legislate, not for *men*, but for the *possessors of property*. How much longer must this be?—“The more speedy administration of justice” was recommended by the Queen, in her Ministers’ speech from the throne. Is this why the trial of the Rev. Mr. Stephens is most vexatiously postponed? This is Home-Secretary’s justice. It is in character with the dismissal of Mr. Frost from the magistracy for being an honest man: magistrates being appointed, not to dispense *justice*, but to aid the iniquities of the higher powers. How liked you your rebuke, my Lord John?—We are to have a Rural Police—that another instrument of offence may be in the hands of tyranny, and that the memory of Calthorpe Street may be kept up throughout the country. Englishmen! will you submit to this?—We congratulate the country on the cheering fact that Government have found it difficult to recruit their regiments. We trust that poverty will not drive any of our fellow-citizens to murder (though with a thief’s approval) their brothers of the United States. The right of declaring war belongs to the People, not to factious individuals. Why should we uselessly quarrel merely to please our oppressors, who think by such means to get rid of the “surplus population,” the *troublesome poor*.—Things are coming to a crisis. We have no time for Lent amusements, even though the Bishops should officiate thereat. These are not days for play, but for earnest thought, for earnest resolve, who knows how soon for earnest action.—ONWARD! THIS IS NO HALTING-TIME.

“He that his right demands can ne’er rebel.”

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



EHRENBREITSTEIN.

HONOUR.

Honour consists not in a bare opinion
 By doing any act that feeds content,
 Brave in appearance, 'cause we think it brave ;
 Such honour comes by accident, not nature :
 Proceeding from the vices of our passion,
 Which makes our reason drunk : but real honour
 Is the reward of virtue, and acquired
 By justice or by valour, which for basis
 Hath justice to uphold it. He then fails
 In honour, who, for lucre or revenge,
 Commits thefts, murders, treasons, and adulteries,
 With such like, by intrenching on just laws,
 Whose sovereignty is best preserved by justice.
 Thus, as you see how honour must be grounded
 On knowledge, not opinion, (for opinion
 Relies on probability and accident,
 But knowledge on necessity and truth,)
 I leave thee to the fit consideration
 Of what becomes the grace of real honour,
 Wishing success to all thy virtuous meanings.

Forde.

 THE PLAGUE OF WAR.

FAMINE, the plague, and war, are the three most famous ingredients in this lower world. Under famine may be classed all the noxious foods which want obliges us to have recourse to ; thus shortening our life, whilst we hope to support it.

In the plague are included all contagious distempers : and these are not few in number. These two gifts we hold from Providence : But war, in which all those gifts are concentrated, we owe to the fancy of three or four hundred persons scattered over the surface of this globe, under the names of *princes* and *ministers* ; and on this account it may be that, in several dedications, they are called *the living images of the Deity*.

The most hardened flatterer will allow, that war is ever attended with plague and famine, especially if he has seen the military hospitals of Germany, or passed through some villages where some notable feat of arms has been performed.

It is, unquestionably, a very notable art to ravage countries, destroy dwellings, and, one year with another, out of a hundred thousand men to cut off forty thousand. This invention was originally cultivated by nations assembled for their common good : for instance, the diet of the Greeks sent word to the diet of Phrygia and its neighbours, that they were putting to sea in a thousand fishing-boats, in order to do their best to cut them off root and branch.

The Roman people, in a general assembly, resolved, that it was their interest to go and fight the Veientes, or the Volseians, before harvest ; and some years after, all the Romans being angry with all the Carthaginians, they fought a long time by sea and land. It is otherwise in our time.

A genealogist sets forth to a prince, that he is descended in a direct line from a count, whose kindred, three or four hundred years ago, had made a family compact with a house, the very memory of which is extinguished. That house had some distant claim to a province, the last proprietor of which

died of an apoplexy. The prince and his council instantly resolve, that this province belongs to him by divine right. The province, which is some hundred leagues from him, protests that it does not so much as know him; that it is not disposed to be governed by him; that before prescribing laws to them, their consent, at least, was necessary. These allegations do not so much as reach the prince's ears; it is insisted on, that his right is incontestable. He instantly picks up a multitude of men who have nothing to do, and nothing to lose; clothes them with coarse blue, white, green, or scarlet cloth, a few pence to the ell; puts on them hats bound with coarse white worsted; makes them turn to the right and left; and so marches away with them to glory.

Other princes, on this arming, take part in it to the best of their ability, and soon cover a small extent of country with more hireling murderers than Gengis-Kan, Tamerlane, and Bajazet had at their heels.

People, at no small distance, on hearing that fighting is going forward, and that if they would make one, there are five or six pence a-day for them, immediately divide into two bands, like reapers, and go and sell their services to the first bidder.

These multitudes furiously butcher one another, not only without having any concern in the quarrel, but without so much as knowing what it is about.

Sometimes five or six powers are engaged, three against three, two against four, sometimes even one against five, all equally detesting one another; and friends and foes by turns; agreeing only in one thing, to do all the mischief possible.

An odd circumstance in this infernal enterprise is, that every chief of these ruffians has his colours consecrated, and solemnly prays to God before he goes to destroy his neighbour. If the slain in a battle do not exceed two or three thousand, the fortunate commander does not think it worth thanking God for; but if, besides killing ten or twelve thousand men, he has been so favoured by heaven as utterly to destroy some remarkable place, then a verbose hymn is sung in four parts, composed in a language unknown to all the combatants,* and besides stuffed with barbarisms. The same song does for marriages and births as for massacres.

All countries pay a certain number of orators to celebrate these sanguinary actions; some in a long black coat, and over it a short-docked cloak; others in a gown, with a kind of shirt over it; some, again, over their shirts have two pieces of motley-coloured stuff hanging down.—They are all very long-winded in their harangues; and to illustrate a battle fought in Wetteravia, bring up what passed thousands of years ago in Palestine. At other times, these gentry disclaim against vice; they prove by syllogisms and antitheses, that ladies, for slightly heightening the hue of their cheeks with a little carmine, will assuredly be the eternal objects of eternal vengeance; that he whose table, on a day of abstinence, is loaded with fish to the amount of two hundred crowns, is infallibly saved; and that a poor man, for eating two penny-worth of mutton, goes to the devil for ever and ever.

Among five or six thousand such declamations there may be, at the most, three or four, written by a Gaul named *Massillon*, which a gentleman may bear to read: but in not one of all these discourses has the orator the spirit to animadvert on war, that scourge and crime which includes all others. These grovelling speakers are continually prating against love, mankind's only solace, and the only way of repairing it: not a word do they say of the detestable endeavours of the mighty for its destruction.

Bourdaloue! a very bad sermon hast thou made against impurity; but not one, either bad or good, on those various kinds of murders, on those robberies, those violences, that universal frenzy by which the world is laid waste! Put together all the vices of all ages and places, and they will not come up to the mischiefs and enormities of only one campaign.

* Referring to the Roman Catholic Service.

Ye bungling soul-physicians! to bellow for an hour and more against a few flea-bites, and not say a word about that horrid distemper which tears us to pieces. Burn your books, ye moralizing philosophers! Whilst the humour of a few shall make it an act of loyalty to butcher thousands of our fellow-creatures, the part of mankind dedicated to heroism will be the most execrable and destructive monsters in all nature. Of what avail is humanity, benevolence, modesty, temperance, mildness, discretion, or piety, when half a pound of lead, discharged at the distance of six hundred paces, shatters my body; when I expire at the age of twenty under pains unspeakable, and amidst thousands in the same miserable condition; when my eyes, at their last opening, see my native town all in a blaze; and the last sounds I hear, are the shrieks and groans of women and children expiring among the ruins; and all for the pretended interest of a man who is a stranger to us.

Voltaire.

POLITICAL "NECESSITY."

THE two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu have been engaged in a most obstinate war for six and thirty moons past. It began on the following occasion:—It is allowed on all hands that the primitive way of breaking eggs before we eat them, was upon the larger end; but his present majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers; whereupon, the emperor, his father, published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon severe penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law, that our historians tell us there have been six rebellions on that account; wherein one emperor lost his life, and another his crown. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have, at several times, suffered death rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Now, Big-Endian exiles have found so much credit in the emperor of Blefuscu's court, that a bloody war hath been carried on between the two empires, for thirty-six moons, with various success; during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours.—*Swift.*

The general Duty.—What is a people? An individual of the society at large. What a war? A duel between two individual people. In what manner ought society to act when two of its members fight? Interfere and reconcile, or repress them.—*Volney.*

Volunteers.—That men should kill one another for want of somewhat else to do (which is the case of all volunteers in war) seems to be so horrible to humanity, that there needs no divinity to control it.—*Clarendon.*

Heroes.—It is not known where he that invented the plough was born, nor where he died; yet he has effected more for the happiness of the world, than the whole race of heroes and conquerors, who have drenched it with tears, and manured it with blood, and whose birth, parentage, and education have been handed down to us with a precision proportionate to the mischief they have done.

The most successful War leaves nations generally more poor, always more profligate, than it found them.—*C. C. Colton.*

THE VULTURES' FRIEND.

AN old vulture was sitting on a naked prominence with her young about her, whom she was instructing in the arts of a vulture's life, and preparing, by the last lecture, for their final dismission to the mountains and skies.

"My children," said the old vulture, "you will the less want my instruction, because you have seen my practice before your eyes; you have seen me snatch from the farm the household fowl; you have seen me seize the leveret in the bush, and the kid in the pasture; you know how to fix your talons and how to balance your flight when you are loaded with your prey.

"But you remember the taste of more delicious food; I have often regaled you with the flesh of man."

"Tell us," said the young vultures, "where man may be found, and how he may be known; his flesh is surely the natural food of a vulture. Why have you never brought a man in your talons to the nest?"

"He is too bulky," said the mother. "When we find a man, we can only tear away his flesh and leave his bones upon the ground."

"Since man is so big," said the young ones, "how do you kill him? You are afraid of the wolf and the bear: by what power are vultures superior to man? Is man more defenceless than a sheep?"

"We have not the strength of man," returned the mother, "and I am sometimes in doubt whether we have the subtlety; and the vultures would seldom feed upon his flesh, had not nature, that devoted him to our uses, infused into him a strange ferocity, which I have never observed in any other creature that feeds upon the earth. Two herds of men will often meet and shake the earth with noise, and fill the air with fire. When you hear noise and see fire, with flashes along the ground, hasten to the place with your swiftest wing, for men are surely destroying each other; you will then find the ground smoking with blood and covered with carcasses, of which many are dismembered and mangled for the convenience of the vultures."

"But when men have killed their prey," said the pupil, "why do they not eat it? When the wolf has killed a sheep he suffers not the vulture to touch it till he is satisfied himself. Is not man another kind of wolf?"

"Man," said the mother, "is the only kind of beast who kills that which he does not devour; and this quality makes him so much a benefactor to our species."

"If men kill our prey and lay it in our way," said the young one, "what need shall we have of labouring for it ourselves?"

"Because man will sometimes," replied the mother, "remain for a long time quiet in his den. The old vultures will tell you when you are to watch his motion. When you see men in great numbers moving close together like a flock of storks, you may consider that they are hunting, and that you will soon revel in human blood."

"But still," said the young one, "I would gladly know the reason of this mutual slaughter. I could never kill what I could not eat."

"My child," said the mother, "this is a question which I cannot answer, though I am reckoned the most subtle bird of the mountain. When I was young, I used frequently to visit the eyrie of an old vulture, who dwelt upon the Carpathian rocks; he had made many observations; he knew the places that afforded prey round his habitation, as far in every direction as the strongest wing can fly between the rising and the setting of the summer sun. He had fed year after year on the entrails of men. His opinion was, that men had only the appearance of animal life, being really vegetables, with the power of motion; and that as the boughs of an oak are dashed together by the storm, that swine may fatten upon the falling acorns, so men are, by some unaccountable power, driven one against the other, till they lose their motion, that vultures may be fed. Others think they have observed something of contrivance and policy among these mischievous beings; and those that hover more closely around them pretend that there is in every herd one that gives

directions to the rest, and seems to be more eminently delighted with a wide carnage. What it is that entitles him to such pre-eminence we know not; he is seldom the biggest or the swiftest, but he shows, by his eagerness and diligence, that he is, more than any of the others—a friend to the vultures.”

Dr. Johnson.

Glory.—Curse on these taxes—one succeeds another—

Our ministers, panders of a king's will,
Drain all our wealth away, waste it in revels,
And lure, or force away our boys, who should be
The props of our old age!—*to fill their armies*
And feed the crows of France. Year follows year,
And still we madly prosecute the war;
Draining our wealth, distressing our poor peasants,
Slaughtering our youths—and all to crown *our chiefs*
With Glory!—I detest the hell-sprung name.
What matters me who wears the crown of France?
Whether a Richard or a Charles possess it?
They reap the glory—*they enjoy the spoil—*
We pay—we bleed! The sun would shine as cheerly,
The rains of heaven as seasonably fall,
Though neither of these royal pests existed.
Nay, as for that, we poor men should fare better;
No legal robbers then should force away
The hard-earn'd wages of our honest toil.
The Parliament for ever cries *more money,*
The service of the state demands more money;
Just heaven! of ~~what~~ service is the state?—
Charles and Richard contend;
The people fight and suffer:—*think ye, sirs,*
If neither country had been curs'd with a chief,
The peasants would have quarrell'd?

Southey: Poet-laureate.

An honourable Employment.—We must look pretty far into human nature before we shall discover the cause why killing men in battle should be deemed, *in itself*, an honourable employment. A hangman is universally despised: he exercises an office which not only the feelings but the policy of all nations have agreed to regard as infamous. What is it that should make the difference of these two occupations in favour of the former? Surely it is not because the victims in the former case are *innocent*, and in the latter *guilty*. To assert this, would be a greater libel upon human society than I can bring myself to utter: it would make the tyranny of opinion the most *detestable*, as well as the most sovereign, of all possible tyrannies. But, what can it be? It is not, what is sometimes alleged, that *courage* is the foundation of the business; that fighting is honourable because it is dangerous; there is often as much courage displayed in highway robbery as in the warmest conflict of armies, and yet it does no honour to the party. It is not because there is any idea of *justice* or *honesty* in the case; for, to say the best that can be said of war, it is impossible that more than one side can be just or honest; and yet both sides of every contest are equally the road to fame, where a distinguished killer of men is sure to gain immortal honour. It is not *patriotism*, even in that sense of the word which deviates most from general philanthropy; for, a total stranger to both parties in a war may enter into it, on either side, as a volunteer, perform more than a vulgar share of the

slaughter, and be for ever applauded—even by his enemies. Finally, it is not from any *pecuniary advantages* that are ordinarily attached to the profession of army; for, soldiers are generally poor, though part of their business be to plunder.

Indeed, I can see but one reason in nature why the principle of *honour* should be selected from all human incentives, and relied on for the support of the military system: it is, because it was *convenient for the governing power*; that power being in the hands of a small part of the community, whose business was to support it by imposition.

Barlow's Advice to the Privileged Orders.

PHILOSOPHY OF WAR.

A TYRANT is a being who possesses the power and will to oppress, and who exercises both. Whether a monarch raise armies, and kidnap thousands of men to crowd his navies, (and the war-trade is far worse than the slave-trade,) for the purpose of carrying on an unjust as well as ruinous contest; whether he grind exorbitant taxes from his subjects to meet the continual expense, and subsequent debts and emergencies; he is undoubtedly a tyrant, be his title and nominal power what it may, since an absolute despot could do no more than waste the lives of his people and the products of their laborious industry. It may be said in extenuation, that a king is guided by his ministers. In this case he permits and sanctions the evil he might prevent; and though of a negative kind, he is still a tyrant.

While, however, we all deprecate to the utmost the devastating and barbarous scenes of war wherewith the earth has been incessantly cursed; while we frequently express a vague horror at the recollections of slaughter; the fact, even when actually transpiring, takes no repulsive effect upon our feelings. Quite the contrary: folks generally delight and exult in it; and always manifest a thorough indifference to the loss of lives, with a little verbal commiseration by way of enhancing the excitement, and to be on good terms with their own humanity. The people, in fact, are as bad as the kings—only that they do not *cause* the wars. Men read of a tremendous slaughter with avidity, as the next best thing to seeing a destructive fire, or the execution of some eminent villain. The great modern metaphysician has observed, that if you tell people of a shocking accident one day, and contradict it as a false report on the next, or before they have forgotten it, they all look chagrined and disappointed. It is too true.—What feelings of commiseration do we entertain for the heaps of men who are now dust beneath the luxuriant fields of Waterloo, which are manured by the bodies of our own countrymen and their opponents? Who, beside actual relatives, and a few travellers of more than ordinary sensibility, have ever shed a tear, or felt a pang at heart? No one. Has any individual, in reading the foregoing pages, been aught more affected by the frequent allusion to human slaughter, than by the estimate of the millions of cattle annually required for our carnivorous consumption? We doubt it. A kind of half-pitying astonishment is all that can generally be wrung from selfish, obdurate, money-hunting human nature.—The slaughter of one hundred thousand people is “too much of a good thing,” and we give immediate and exuberant preference to the horrid, barbarous, and most shocking murder of any worthless character; and read with greedy avidity column after column in the newspapers (few battles pay like this!) which enter so minutely into all the circumstantial evidence, preposterous, tautological, or contradictory, and into all the common place localities, rendered so original and picturesque by the colouring of a little blood. The interest never flags in the progress—we pant and devour onwards with *gusto*; the roots of our hair tingle with exquisite griesly apprehension,—we pause

and shudder, then rush again at the narrative, and gasp and stare, and shift our seat, and read on for more; and, finally, hurry off to the coach in order to reach the tragic spot in time to obtain a sight of the real blood, and a splinter of the crow-bar, or a bit of the fatal mallet, to make into a snuff-box or tooth-pick!

The main-spring and grand movement, the nourishment and strength of War, are human ignorance and human labour. Industry makes wealth; war imposes onerous taxes; stupidity pays them. The consequences of war are the slaughter of thousands of our fellow-creatures, and the over-burdening ourselves with a vast national debt, and all ruinous contingencies. England can show no counter-balancing *advantages* by her wars. War hires myrmidons at vast expense in their pay, provisions, arms, ammunition, &c. &c.; and, even when disabled or dead, a part of the expense continues in the shape of pensions for themselves or families. War destroys its own minions; but its attendant offspring, *taxes*, outlive it long enough to ruin a far greater number, and reduce all the poorer classes to utter want and misery. Have we recovered the consequences of the American War, or the French War? Shall we ever recover them? Insane conflicts like these, always make Peace suffer so grievously, that the people are gradually rendered desperate, and generally induced to desire a fresh war, as the only means of effecting a change, not much caring whether it be for better or for worse.—

To force a sensitive and minute comprehension upon mankind, as to the actual horrors of war, is impossible. A few words are all we shall offer. What is a single murder, about which we are all so excited—a man stabbed in a back-kitchen, or knocked on the head in a barn—compared to the carnage of a field of battle? Almost every soldier who falls, dies a much worse death, as far as the actual butchery is concerned. Bayoneted through the bowels—sabred across the face—shot through both thighs—and trampled under foot by men and horses, like a writhing worm, *after* lying there in momentary expectation of it, perhaps half-an-hour! And all for what?—most probably for a cause in which both parties are wrong! Armies are composed from the people; twenty or fifty thousand of you being slain, as described, only serves for a few days' talk at home. Nobody feels for you at all, except a few near relations; be sure of that fact. The sympathy of your countrymen is too diffused and vague; all chance of commiseration is lost in the excitement of the battle and its political consequences. Think, therefore, of yourselves; feel for your own position distinctly; and do not be cajoled and drawn off, as heretofore, by the insidious pretence and *sovereign hoax* of aiding the cause of liberty in some other quarter of Europe, to forget your own.—*R. H. Horne.*

THE OLD FEUDAL CASTLES.

EHRENBREITSTEIN.

"Child of loud-throated War!"

Wordsworth.

THE fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, in Germany, opposite Coblenz, on the Rhine, stands on the summit of a rock, eight hundred feet above the level of the river, and was deemed impregnable. It has a communication with Coblenz, by a subterranean passage cut through the solid rock; and is plentifully supplied with water from a well two hundred and eighty feet deep. In the vale of Ehrenbreitstein is an old palace which belonged to the Elector of Treves. This fortress was dismantled by the French Republicans, to whom it was surrendered, through famine, after a blockade of twenty months.

The feudal Castles were the storehouses and strongholds of robbers; built in commanding situations to facilitate their lordly and knightly owners'

outrages upon the surrounding country. "Merrie England," after the Norman Conquest, was full of them. In those days "the good old rule" sufficed—

"the simple plan,
That they should take, who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

The name of *noble* then pretended not to mean more than *robber-chief*; and the worthy thief boldly took by force of arms that which is now sneakingly filched under cover of a Treasury-order. But those days of glorious villainy have passed away from civilized Europe. The lesser robbers are obliged to pay some deference to the delicacy of social opinion, and to work in secret; none may openly carry on the old game, except the "Lord's Anointed." The crowned banditti still drive, by the mere terror of their name, thousands and tens of thousands of christian men to horrible destruction; in order that the rest of Christendom may be amused with the fight, and the contrivers of the play find opportunity to pick their pockets. So sorely seem we to regret those palmy days of ruffian chivalry. Not availing ourselves of our insular position, so favourable for peace, there cannot be a quarrel in the remotest corner of the world, but England must be there, not to part the combatants, but to encourage the strife, to see fair play and prevent the game from flagging;—nay, there can be no sign of tumult but we most diligently foment the disturbance; nor can we suffer any long duration of peace, without eagerly digging up the hatchet and inciting the nations to their old brutality. Well have we earned the infamous brand of the *Bull-dog of Europe*! Not that we mean to slur over English bravery. We honour the genius of a Nelson or a Wellington, though we could wish their talents had been more usefully and honourably directed; we admire the animal courage of the heroes of Ciudad Rodrigo and Waterloo:—but the higher we esteem the men, the more must we deprecate the brutal torture of their heroic lives, the wasteful pouring out of their noble blood, *to manure the fields of the foreigner*—the reward of our most glorious victories. Surely the life of a great man could be better employed! Surely some happier destiny might be achieved for the thousands of our gallant army, than *the discipline of the Cat*, and its usual recompense, *an agonizing death on the battle-field or in the hospital*. And what is the conquest acquired by their heroic self-sacrifice? What gain they *for their country*? What is *our gain*? National debt; the squalid poverty of millions; national depravity;—how long is it since we might have said—*national brutality*. What are *the People* the better for war? Must not we bear more taxes—the transmuting of our sweat and blood to gold—for the gratification of our rulers' cupidity and perverseness? Is not the country, after every war, overrun with crime and worst profligacy? What else can be the result of the letting loose upon society of all the evil passions which war engenders? The heroic commanders who drive thousands of peasants into a river—will they, on their return home, respect the rights of "their own" peasantry? or will they not become the fittest agents of home tyranny? It is proved so. Are not they, the defenders of war's worst atrocities, the honourable landlords who clear their estates of the wretched tenants whom war-debts have impoverished, driving them from their homes to perish with cold and hunger? Are not these things of late occurrence—among us *Christians*. And the gallant fellows who figure at the storming of an "enemy's" town—an enemy with whom they have no quarrel, whom, indeed, they never saw or heard of before the day of hostile meeting—, who fire dwelling-houses, and brutally ravish the wives and daughters of those whom they have murdered—will they return home to be peaceable and orderly citizens? Ask of the miles around any of our garrison towns, how much a regiment of heroes favours the morality and happiness of their neighbourhood! And yet the worst of these villains are not worse than they are compelled to be by the inevitable tendencies of the influences of a military profession. Many may be the really honourable exceptions from this accusation; but

they are exceptions by some fortunate interference preserved from the general contamination, and existing *despite* of the surrounding evil circumstances. The wonder is that standing armies, the essential concomitant of systematic war, do not spread disease and vice into the extremest corners of the land they curse with their presence. A standing army is a perpetual plague; and the idleness it fosters (that parent of so many vices) the very least of its mischiefs.

We have dismantled the feudal castles. Even in England there is peace between neighbouring villages and townships. We have actually outgrown our inland antipathies, and the Tweed is no longer a barrier between foes. *Why should the Ocean be?*—We have bound over the pettier robbers to keep the peace—at least in semblance. Can we not pacify the greater villains? Alas! brute force is still paramount, though it is married to fraud, and hides its deformed visage under the mask of depravity. But the very hiding is a proof of its quailing. And if Vice is compelled to pay even this pitiful homage to Virtue, we may hope that the time is not far distant, when the false lip-service will be buried with the olden lies, when the reclaimed thralls of evil shall pay heart-homage to a Virtue better than mere form, a thing of daily life, of fruitfulness and peaceful joy.

"When will your trials teach you to be wise?
O prostrate Lands, consult your agonies!"

NOAH WORCESTER.

NOAH WORCESTER is the founder of Peace Societies in America. Noah Worcester was a minister of the gospel, of orthodox opinions. By the time he was surrounded by a family of young children, he had changed his opinions, and found himself an Unitarian. He avowed the change, resigned his parish, and went forth with his family, without a farthing in the world, or any prospect of being able to obtain a subsistence. He wrote diligently, but on subjects which were next his heart, and on which he would have written, in like manner, if he had been the wealthiest of American citizens. He devoted his powers to the promotion of Peace principles, and the establishment of Peace Societies. Whatever may be thought of the practical effects, in a narrow view, of such societies, they seem to have well answered a prodigious purpose in turning men's contemplations full on the subject of true and false honour, and in inducing a multitude of glorious experiments *of living strictly according to a principle which happens to be troublesome in its application*. The great living apostle of the peace-men is Noah Worcester. The leaders of the abolition (of Slavery) movement are for the most part peace-men; an inestimable circumstance, as it takes out the sting from the worst of the slanders of their enemies, and gives increased effect to their moral warfare. Human nature cannot withstand the grandeur of the spectacle of men who have all the moral power on their side, and who abide unresistingly all that the physical power of the other side can inflict. The boldest spirits tremble, hearts the most hardened in prejudice melt, when once they come into full view of this warfare; and the victory rests with the men of peace,—who all love Noah Worcester. Nearly twenty years ago he was encompassed with distresses for a time. Indeed, his life has been one of great poverty till lately. He is not one of the men to be made rich, or to spend his thoughts on whether he is happy or not. He was sent into the world for a very different purpose, with which poverty could but little interfere. But in the midst of his deep poverty came sickness. His two daughters were at once prostrated by fever, and a severe struggle it was before they got through. Two friends of mine nursed them; and, in the discharge of their task, learned lessons of faith which they will be ever thankful for; and of those graces which accompany the faith of the heart,—cheerfulness of spirits, and

quietude and simplicity of manner. My friends were not at the beginning fully aware of the condition of the household. They were invited to table at the early dinner hour. On the table stood a single brown loaf and a pitcher of water. Grace was said, and they were invited to partake with the utmost ease and cheerfulness; and not a word passed in reference to the restriction of the fare. This was what God had been pleased to provide, and it was thankfully accepted and hospitably shared. One of his daughters now lives with him and cherishes him. She has changed her religious opinions; but she has not changed towards him. They are as blessed in their relation as ever. Noah Worcester was seventy-six when I saw him, in the autumn of 1835. He was very tall, dressed in a grey gown, and with long white hair descending to his shoulders. His eye is clear and bright; his manner serious but cheerful. His evening meal was on the table, and he invited us to partake, with the same grace with which he offered his harder fare to the guests of former years. He lives at Brighton, a short distance from Boston, where his daughter manages the post-office, by which their humble wants are supplied.—*Harriet Martineau.*

British Amusements.—Thankless for peace

(Peace long preserved by fleets and perilous seas),
 Secure from actual warfare, we have loved
 To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war!
 Alas! for ages ignorant of all
 Its ghastlier workings (famine, or blue plague,
 Battle, or siege, or flight thro' wintry snows)
 We, this whole people, have been clamorous
 For war and bloodshed; animating sports,
 The which we pay for as a thing to talk of;
 Spectators, and not combatants! No guess
 Anticipative of a wrong unfelt,
 No speculation or contingency,
 However dim and vague, too vague and dim
 To yield a justifying cause; and forth
 (Stuff'd out with big preamble, holy names,
 And adjurations of the God in Heaven)
 We send our mandates for the certain death
 Of thousands and ten thousands! Boys and girls,
 And women, that would groan to see a child
 Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war,
 The best amusement for our morning's meal!
 The poor wretch, who has learnt his only prayers
 From curses, who knows scarcely words enough
 To ask a blessing from his Heavenly Father,
 Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute
 And technical in VICTORIES AND DEFEATS,
 AND ALL OUR DAINTY TERMS FOR FRATRICIDE;
 Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongues
 Like mere abstractions, empty sounds to which
 We join no feeling and attach no form!
 As if the soldier died without a wound;
 As if the fibres of this godlike frame
 Were gored without a pang; as if the wretch,
 Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds,
 Pass'd off to Heaven, translated and not kill'd;
 As tho' he had no wife to pine for him,
 No God to judge him!

Coleridge.

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. XIV.

I HEAR the tramp of advancing hosts; a long array of warriors splendidly attired is winding down yon mountain's side: what is that army, and whither goeth it?

Are they freemen marching to defend their native frontier from the encroachment of a tyrant, successful patriots ready to assist the less fortunate aspirants for Liberty, or *rebels* who would accomplish their own freedom?

Are they emigrants from a rich and over-peopled country, who would reclaim the desert, extending far and wide the blessings of cultivation and knowledge?

They are the purchased slaves of a coward, the minion of a profligate woman; they are hired to rob, to murder, and to be murdered; they would try, by the unerring touchstone of success, whether or no man hath a right to commit wrong.

They are encountered by another army, the worshippers of the same God, like them hired and sworn to murder those who have never wronged them.

Their leaders are the noble, the generous, and the brave; many are their deeds of heroism: thousands lie butchered upon the trampled corn-fields; many long years shall not repair the evil of the one day's ravage and its followers, plague, famine, vice, and desolation.

Look upon the field of *glory*!

I see the wild dogs disputing for the dead, their foul fangs buried in the yet warm and quivering flesh: these are the gleaners of the harvest; man hath gathered in the full sheaves, grudgingly he leaveth of his abundance.

I see one dying, yet sensible; his glazing eyes fixed upon the vulture which he hath not strength to scare away, whose beak drippeth with his blood, who waiteth not for his victim's last gasp ere he commenceth his horrid meal.

Over the field of carnage stealeth a woman's form in quest of plunder.

She pauseth by one but slightly wounded who sinketh from exhaustion; faintly he implores for aid, for drink to slake his burning thirst; she plungeth a knife into his heart—There is blood for thee: what drink have I to give thee? my object is thy gold.

Is not her employment honourable; is she not a help meet for man, worthy to be a soldier's wife?

Again she halts; another form is stripped; Poor mangled wretch! he may not long survive:—She taketh not his life, but passeth on.

Another female rusheth by, young and lovely, a wife and mother; she claspeth her infant to her breast; her long hair streams wildly back, parted o'er her throbbing brow, where the blue veins seem swollen nigh to bursting: What seeketh she here?

She had followed her husband to the wars; a few short hours ago she was locked in his embrace; his farewell kiss yet lingers on her pale cheek: she hath sought him among the returning ranks of his fellow-warriors, and she hath not found him.

She is by his side, and he liveth: his head is supported upon her knees; it groweth more heavy—or is she weaker? his languid eyes smile mournfully upon his young bride:—he may not smile again. Woman! thy child is fatherless.

Yon stripling was the sole support of an aged and destitute mother; but they tore him from his home to perish in torture for the quarrel of an idiot: the deep gash is in his side; his dying moments are embittered by the thought of his helpless parent. She shall not see him more.

Trampling o'er the dying and the dead fiercely dasheth the masterless and pain-maddened steed; he neareth the shuddering boy; his sharp hoof rendeth the forehead of the youth. Who now shall recognize the mutilated corse?

What lieth before our feet? A moving mass of gore, shapeless yet holding life: It is he who was made in the image of God!

Look upon this limbless trunk steeped in its own blood! Is it not an instructive essay on the morality of tyranny; a happy illustration of the beauty of war?

Which shall we most admire? the commanding intellect of the hero, or the god-like heart of him for whom he suffers, God's pure vice-gerent!

Surely war is a noble art! Rightly are its professors deemed honourable amongst men, its master-spirits glorified as Gods. Ay! Place their statues within your temples; hang up the blood-stained banners in your sacred fanes; and on the altar write the name of Murder!

Hark to the howl of the jackal, the scream of the ravening bird, mingling in pleasant concert with the groans of the dying!

Hark to the bitter moaning of the bereaved, the heart-bursting sobs of the widows, the wailing of the destitute orphans! Is it not a sound of joy, an intense and thrilling delight?

List to their fitting accompaniment! The full peal of harmony filleth the temples of the Holy One: it is the hymn of the murderers, the loud *Te Deum*, thanking the Peaceful that he hath permitted the unprovoked butchery of his creatures.

God of justice! In thy name have we laid waste the fertile land; we return home laden with the spoil of those who never injured us: accept the trophies we hang upon thy holy shrine!

God of pity! Our hands are stained with the blood of thy creatures; we have spared neither woman nor child: we thank thee that thou didst strengthen our arms.

God of Love! We have trampled upon the broken hearts of millions: reward us with thy blessing.

Fountain of eternal Truth! at thy bidding and for thy glory have we done all this. O Thou who art of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, look down upon us! Thou, God to whom vengeance belongeth, bless us!

And one vile wretch—perchance even viler than the meanest and worst of the hired bandits, his slaves—commandeth the butchery of thousands and tens of thousands of his fellow-beings: and *he is obeyed*.

One blood-thirsty worm is permitted by millions to decimate their bodies, to rack and torture their souls in the mere wantonness of cruelty: and Priestcraft scruples not to assert the divinity of his power; and men believe it and suffer.

He who croucheth is loyal: he who dareth to lift his voice against such foul perversion of the Truth, such infamous contempt of justice, is stigmatized as a rebel, as destructive of the peace of society.

Even so in earlier days the good old monk leaped into Rome's arena; and by his noble courage destroyed the gladiators' *peace*.

Even so the disciples of Christ, refusing to bear arms against their brethren, *destroyed the peace of society*.

The murderer is disarmed, and exclaimeth, There is no more peace: Robbery is denounced, and the thief complaineth that he is defrauded.

Men and brethren! be not deceived: there is no divine nor any other right in these robbers and assassins, whereby your souls and bodies should be placed at their disposal.

Most ignorantly and superstitiously ye do reverence a mere name: Arise, and put away from among you the unclean thing!

How long will ye suffer vice to wear the cloak of virtue; evil to be masked under the name of good?

Oppression is not the less evil because it is kingly; fraud is not the less dishonest because it hideth under the garb of a priest: neither is either of them the more tolerable or sacred.

Why halt ye between two opinions? Is your religion one of peace or of war?

If it is a religion of peace, why are ye the allowers of war?

THE REASONS FOR A STANDING ARMY.

THE Preamble of the Mutiny Act tells us: "Whereas it is adjudged necessary by his (or her) Majesty, and this present Parliament, that a body of forces should be continued, *for the safety of the United Kingdom, the defence of the possessions of his (or her) Majesty's crown, and the preservation of the balance of power in Europe*, and that the whole number," &c. &c.

Here are the reasons, the legislative reasons, for the continued existence of the military profession. The defence of the United Kingdom—of this our island, our beautiful and fruitful island—realizing so much of good to all of us, so much of good as it ever has realized even under the worst circumstances, and so much more as it promises now to crown each succeeding generation with—assuredly ought not to be left to chance. But I question whether this species of defence here pointed out be that on which it is most safe to rely. That which it is the business of all to defend (and it is the business of all to defend what they deem valuable), may be best defended by all. A nation's strength for all legitimate purposes of defence is in the training of its entire population, and in the leaving all such occasions of conflict as do not interest them sufficiently to call forth their exertions, as not worthy of regard. A conscription taken fairly from all classes, exercising its rigid impartiality over the highest and the lowest ranks, but requiring of them all that they shall be able, when the season arrives, to do their share towards the protection which the violence of others may render necessary; this is practicable; this is a nation's best defence; and this I believe might be realized with the best effect in every country in the world.

"The defence of the possessions of his (or her) majesty's crown" is assigned as the next reason; and yet the most extensive, the most precious, the most honourable of those possessions, the American colonies, were not saved by this defence. Thank Heaven they were not; becoming to us so far more valuable by their free commerce, and their free institutions and literature—to us and to the world—as they did by that transaction, and as they could not have done if the alleged, but unreal reason had been carried into effect. What has it ever availed? Could it defend even Ireland? Could it have done so but for the Catholic emancipation which did take place, and for the Church Reform which must take place? There is no defence of possessions beyond the limits of a country but their common interests, that ought to be regarded by patriotic legislators, or by a philosophical moralist. Leave them to this, and it will always ensure so much union as is needful or profitable for all.

"The balance of power in Europe"—O this is the cant phrase—the old juggle—that one corrupt minister after another made the pretext of war abroad and taxation at home. When has this "balance of power" existed? How long has it ever remained? When could the smallest portion of time, or the least variation of circumstances, not destroy its existence? And even if any such arrangement could be permanently kept up, what would it avail? It is not in this that the happiness, the freedom, the prosperity, the true good and goodness of nations consists. What has the balance of power, if it be sustained, as I suppose we should assume, the reasons being assigned, and the required means provided—what has the balance of power done for Poland, crushed beneath the foot of a barbarian and insulting despot? What has the balance of power achieved for France, cajoled of the fair prize for which its military and its civic heroes fought side by side, and shed their blood? What has the balance of power done for Italy, for fair, refined, and fertile Italy, pressed hardly upon by Austrian domination? What does it for Switzerland, continually exposed to insult and enslaving interference from other and larger powers? What does it for Spain, so long distracted by civil conflict? What does it for Portugal, tossed about at the capricious will of a wayward child? Or what for Germany, mighty and intellectual Germany, trodden upon by

hoofs of hosts of despots, great and small? Oh, of all the bubbles for which nations have sacrificed their money or their lives, none was ever a more pitiful deception, a more paltry cajolery than this cant of the balance of power, repeated unmeaningly from time to time as a plea of justification for keeping up a profession that tends to demoralize man, to impair the civil virtues of the citizen, and to pervert the legislative influence of the ruler.

As nations advance in knowledge—in the arts of civilization—in an expanding liberality of policy abroad, and in freedom of institutions at home, the power of self-defence residing in themselves will advance also. They will give their children physical as well as mental education, training them to be ready, as Milton describes himself, to use his sword as well as his pen, if needful, for his country's weal. They will not abide the permanence of a sanguinary power which may be let loose on them wherever there is a tendency towards despotism in one quarter, and the strong habit of vassalage and military subordination in others, ready to act at its command. In the savage state every man is a soldier. This soon changes: the first stages of civilization lead to the luxury that relies on hirelings, and often aliens, to shield it from the invader. But the iron has always prevailed over the gold. A native military profession only makes another step in the advance: that advance, in civilization as in science, brings us again towards simplicity. The highest degrees of civilization, in their tendency to prevent all battles except the conflicts of opinion, restore that universal union of the characters of citizen and soldier which the lower had severed for a time; and men in their best condition for acquirements and attainments, for prosperity and enjoyment and improvement, will delight to rest on themselves, on their own readiness to use their arms, skill in which they shall have acquired from their earliest days, whenever it shall be necessary: thus opposing not merely a temporary barrier, but an eternal fortress of adamant against the assaults of the invader from without, or of the tyrant from within.—*W. J. For.*

We have offended, Oh! my countrymen!
 We have offended very grievously,
 And been most tyrannous. From east to west
 A groan of accusation pierces Heaven!
 The wretched plead against us; multitudes
 Countless and vehement, the Sons of God,
 Our Brethren.—

I have told
 Most bitter truth, but without bitterness.
 Nor deem my zeal or factious or mis-timed;
For never can true courage dwell with them,
Who, playing tricks with conscience, dare not look
At their own vices. We have been too long
 Dupes of a deep delusion.

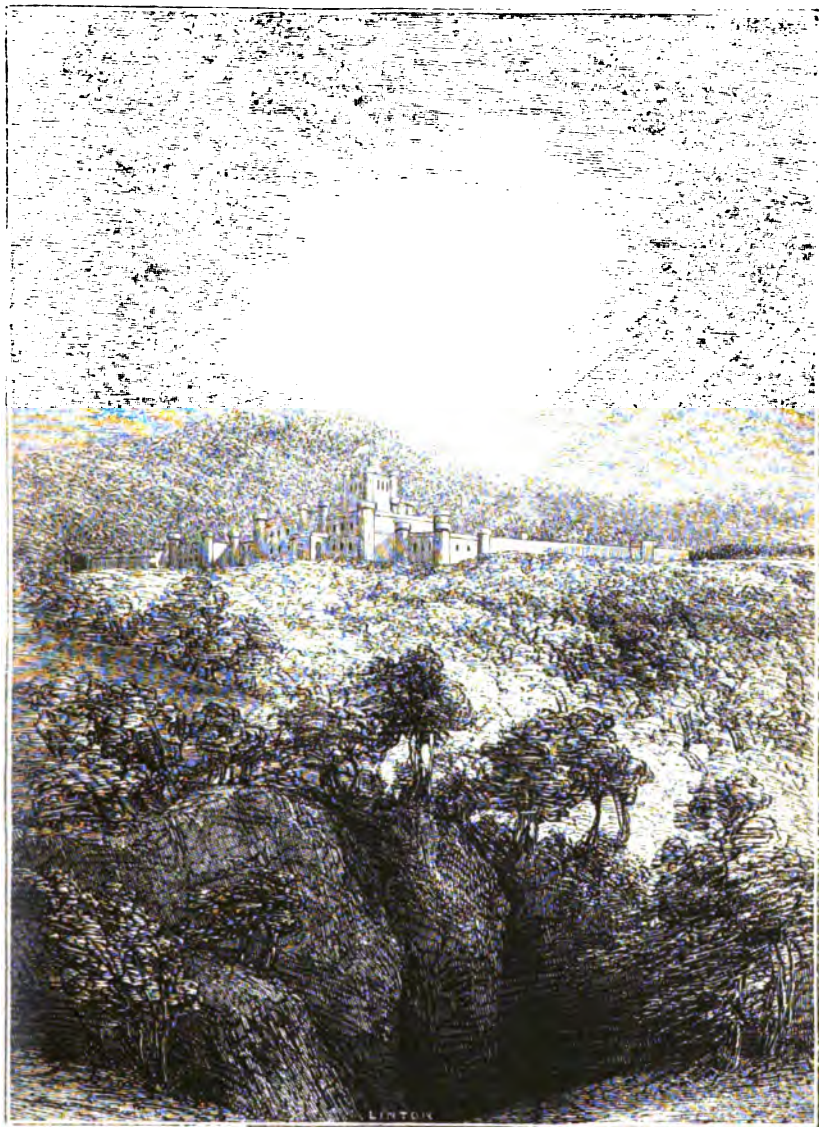
Coleridge.

Say, *what is Honour?*—'Tis the finest sense
 Of *justice* which the human mind can frame,
 Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
 And guard the way of life from all offence
 Suffered or done.

Wordsworth.

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



LOWTHER CASTLE :
Westmoreland.

LOWTHER CASTLE.

LOWTHER CASTLE, in Westmoreland, is the property of the Earl of Lonsdale. It was commenced building in 1808. The castle consists wholly of stone, of a beautiful rose-tinted white. The style of architecture is that which prevailed in the more considerable edifices in Europe, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. On each side of the lawn, of the entrance-court, a road, thirty feet broad, rises unto and meets upon the terrace, which is five hundred feet long, and one hundred feet wide. There is also a flight of steps, sixty feet wide, from the entrance-court to the terrace, opposite the gateway. A rich open porch for the reception of carriages embellishes the centre of the north front, and leads to an entrance-hall, sixty feet by thirty. The magnificent staircase, which is sixty feet square and ninety feet high, opens out of the hall, and is surrounded by arched corridors on each story, communicating with the several apartments. This splendid staircase is formed entirely of stone, lighted by windows above of stained glass. The saloon, sixty feet by thirty, is fitted up with oak and grey silk damask. On the right of the saloon is the dining-room, its doors and furniture of oak, the walls hung with scarlet cloth enriched with gold, and curtains of velvet. The drawing-room is hung with richly-embroidered satin, white and gold. Then there are the billiard-room and the breakfast-room, and, branching off at right angles from each extremity of this front of the building, arched open cloisters communicate with the riding-house and stables on the left, and on the right with the kitchen offices. This front, within the cloisters, is two hundred and eighty feet long. Arched stone corridors open on each side from the staircase through the centre of the castle, into corridors with arcades of stone, lighted at each end by windows of painted glass. The ground-floor apartments on each side of the north front are, on the right, Lady Lonsdale's room, fitted up with scarlet and light-green satin; a dressing-room, thirty feet by twenty-one; a bed-chamber; and Lord Lonsdale's room. On the left is the library; a state bed-chamber; and offices for his lordship's agents. The length of this front is four hundred and twenty feet, and eight lofty towers crown this imposing aspect of the castle. The prospect hence is open from Penrith beacon-hill to Saddleback and the Scotch mountains. The parks and pleasure-grounds surrounding and appertaining to this princely edifice, are of considerable extent, and present a variety of prospect and scenery, not equalled perhaps, and certainly not surpassed, in any other part of this country. The great terrace is nearly a mile in length, and overlooks a part of the park, irregularly scattered with forest trees of immense growth, and well stocked with deer.

(All very beautiful! but—What is the price paid by the People to secure these superfluities to the noble proprietor?)

HOMES OF FREEMEN :

IN THE METROPOLIS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Whitechapel Union.

Baker's Arms-alley.—A narrow court with a dead wall about two yards from the houses, the wall as high as the houses. The principal court is intersected by other courts extremely narrow, into which it is scarcely possible for air to penetrate; close to the dead wall, between the wall and the houses, is a gutter, in which is always present a quantity of stagnant fluid full of all sorts of putrefying matter, the effluvia from which, at the present moment, are most offensive, and the sense of closeness extreme. All the houses are dark, gloomy, and extremely filthy. At the top of the innermost courts are

the privies, which are open and uncovered, the soil of which is seldom removed, and the stench of which, at the present moment, is abominable.

Fever here has been extremely mortal, and has raged in almost every house. IN SOME CASES SIX PERSONS OF A FAMILY HAVE BEEN ILL OF IT TOGETHER, ALL IN ONE ROOM, AND FOUR IN ONE BED.

District of Bethnal Green.

Part of the street called Duke Street is often completely under water.

Alfred and Beckwith Rows consist of a number of buildings, each of which is divided into two houses, one back and the other front: each house is divided into two tenements, and each tenement is occupied by a different family. These habitations are surrounded by a broad open drain, in a filthy condition. The houses have common privies, open, and in the most offensive condition. I entered several of the tenements. In one of them, on the ground floor, I found six persons occupying a very small room, two in bed, ill with fever. In the room above this were two more persons in one bed, ill with fever. In this same room a woman was carrying on the process of silk-winding. The window of the room is small, capable, if wide open, of ventilating the room but very imperfectly; yet this window is not only kept permanently closed, but is carefully and firmly pasted all round, so that not the slightest breath of air can enter. On remonstrating against this constant and total exclusion of the air, I was told by the woman at work, that they are obliged to stop up the window, to prevent the drying of the silk, WHICH IS ALWAYS WEIGHED OUT TO THEM WHEN THEY RECEIVE IT (no count being taken of their loss of health) AND THEY ARE EXPECTED TO RETURN THE SAME WEIGHT.

St. John Street.—In one room, eight feet by ten, and nine feet high, six people live by day and sleep at night; the closeness and smell almost intolerable.

Shackwell Street.—A close, narrow, densely-populated street, where fever has been extremely prevalent. I went over one of the houses, in every room of which fever has lately existed. THE GROUND FLOOR CONSISTS OF ONE ROOM; BEHIND THIS THERE IS A ROOM PERFECTLY DARK, ABOUT FOUR FEET WIDE, AND TEN FEET LONG, AT ONE EXTREMITY OF WHICH IS THE PRIVY. THERE IS NO OUTLET OF ANY KIND. PARALLEL WITH THE PRIVY, IN THE ADJOINING ROOM, IS THE BED.

[The inhabitants of these horrible styes are taxed for the support of "things as they are." Is this an equitable distribution of property? Might not Lord Lonsdale's wealth be made more productive of good, by division? How many of the miserable inhabitants of these disgraceful holes might be accommodated, without fear of fever, in the many well-ventilated rooms of Lowther Castle? Lords ought, to be sure, to be pillowed smoothly; but even paupers should be better housed than these children of wretchedness. Are they worth nothing? not even to be shot at—to preserve the balance of property? But if the poor will be patient, what more can be said about it?]

Whitechapel Workhouse.

In going over the Whitechapel Workhouse I was struck with the statement of the fact, that, out of one hundred and four children (girls) resident in that house, eighty-nine have recently been attacked with fever. On examining the dormitory in which these children sleep, my wonder ceased. In a room eighty-eight feet long, sixteen and a half feet wide, and seven feet high, with a sloping roof rising to ten feet (Lady Lonsdale's bed-room is thirty feet by twenty-four) ALL THESE ONE HUNDRED AND FOUR CHILDREN, together with four women who have the charge of them, sleep. The beds are close to each other; in all the beds there are never less than four children, in many, five; the ventilation of the room is most imperfect. Under such circumstances, the breaking out of fever is inevitable.

I was likewise struck with the pale and unhealthy appearance of a number

of children in the Whitechapel Workhouse, in a room called the INFANT NURSERY. These children appear to be from two to three years of age; they are twenty-three in number; they all sleep in one room, and they seldom or never go out of this room, either for air or exercise. Several attempts have been made to send these infants into the country, but a majority of the Board of GUARDIANS has hitherto succeeded in resisting the proposition.

[From a Report on Some of the Physical Causes of Sickness and Mortality to which the Poor are particularly exposed; prepared for the POOR LAW COMMISSIONERS IN THE YEAR 1838 OF HUMAN REDEMPTION.]

Dr. Southwood Smith.

The income of VICTORIA GUELPH, paid out of the taxes levied on all classes of the community, is £386,200 a year—or rather more than a thousand pounds a day: equal to the income of more than twenty thousand LABOURERS' FAMILIES, at the legal allowance of seven shillings a week.

*

LAW.

I HAD informed him that some of our crew had left their country on account of being ruined by law; I had already explained the meaning of the word; but he was at a loss how it should come to pass, that the law, which was intended for every man's preservation, should be any man's ruin. Therefore he desired to be farther satisfied what I meant by law, and what sort of dispensers thereof it could be by whose practices the property of any person could be lost, instead of being preserved. He added, he saw not what great occasion there could be for this thing called law, since all the intentions and purposes of it may be fully answered by following the dictates of nature and reason, which are sufficient guides for a reasonable animal, as we pretended to be, in shewing us what we ought to do, and what to avoid.

I assured his honour, that law was a science wherein I had not much conversed, having little more knowledge of it than what I had obtained by employing advocates, in vain, upon some injustice that had been done me, and by conversing with some others, who by the same method had first lost their substance, and then left their own country under the mortification of such disappointments; however I would give him all the satisfaction I was able.

I said, that those who made profession of this science were exceedingly multiplied, being almost equal to the caterpillars in number; that they were of divers degrees, distinctions, and denominations. The numerousness of these that dedicated themselves to this profession was such, that the fair and justifiable advantage and income of the profession was not sufficient for the decent and handsome maintenance of multitudes of those who followed it. Hence it came to pass that it was found needful to supply that by artifice and cunning, which could not be procured by just and honest methods: the better to bring which about, very many men among us were bred up from their youth in the art of proving, by words multiplied for that purpose, that white is black, and black is white, according as they are paid.* The greatness of these men's assurances, and the boldness of their pretensions, gained upon the opinions of the vulgar, whom in a manner they made slaves of, and got into their hands much the larger share of the practice of their profession. These practitioners were, by men of discernment, called pettifoggers, (that is, confounders, or rather destroyers, of light.) As it was my ill hap, as well as the misfortune of my suffering acquaintance, to be engaged only with this species of the profession, I desired his honour to understand the description I had to give, and the ruin I had complained of, to relate to these sectaries only; and how and by what means the misfortunes we met with, were brought upon us by the management of these men, might be more easily conceived by explain-

* In every cause counsel are fed'd on both sides.

ing to him their method of proceeding, which could not be better done than by giving him an example.

"My neighbour," said I, "I will suppose, has a mind to my cow; he hires one of these advocates to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must then hire another of them to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that any man should be allowed to speak for himself. Now in this case, I who am the right owner lie under two great disadvantages. First, my advocate being, as I said before, practised almost from his cradle in defending falsehood, is quite out of his element when he would argue for right, which, as an office unnatural, he attempts with great awkwardness, if not with an ill-will. The second disadvantage is, that my advocate must proceed with great caution; for since the maintenance of so many depends on the keeping up of business, should he proceed too summarily, if he does not incur the displeasure of his superiors, he is sure to gain the ill-will and hatred of his brethren, as being by them esteemed one that would lessen the practice of the law. This being the case, I have but two methods to preserve my cow. The first is, to gain over my adversary's advocate with a double fee; from the manner and design of whose education before mentioned, it is easy to expect he will be induced to drop his client, and let the balance fall to my side. The second way is for my advocate not to insist on the justice of my cause, by allowing the cow to belong to my adversary; and this, if it be dexterously and skilfully done, will go a great way towards obtaining a favourable verdict; it having been found from a careful observation of issues and events, that the wrong side, under the management of such practitioners, has the fairer chance for success, and this more especially, if it happens, as it did in mine and my friend's case, and may have done since, that the person appointed to decide all controversies of property, as well as for the trial of criminals, who should be taken out of the most knowing and wise of his profession, is by the recommendation of a great favourite or court-mistress, chosen out of the sect before-mentioned, and so having been under a strange bias all his life against equity and fair dealing, lies as it were under a fatal necessity of favouring, shifting, double-dealing, and oppression; and besides through age, infirmity, and distempers, grown lazy, inactive, and inattentive, and thereby almost incapacitated from doing anything becoming the nature of his employment and the duty of his office. In such cases, the decisions and determinations of men so bred, and so qualified, may with reason be expected on the wrong side of the cause, since those who can take harangue and noise (if pursued with warmth, and drawn out into a length) for reasoning, are not much to be wondered at, if they infer the weight of the argument from the heaviness of the pleading.

"It is a maxim among these men, that whatever has been done before may legally be done again, and therefore they take special care to record all the decisions formerly made, even those which have through ignorance, or corruption, contradicted the rules of common justice, and the general reason of mankind. These, under the name of precedents, they produce as authorities, and thereby endeavour to justify the most iniquitous opinions, and they are so lucky in this practice, that it rarely fails of decrees answerable to their intent and expectation.

"In pleading, they studiously avoid entering into the merits of the cause, but are loud, violent and tedious in dwelling upon all circumstances which are not to the purpose. For instance, in the case already mentioned, they never desire to know what claim or title my adversary hath to my cow; but whether the said cow were red or black, her horns long or short; whether the field I grazed her in be round or square; whether she was milked at home or abroad; what disease she is subject to, and the like; after which they consult precedents, adjourn the cause from time to time, and in ten, twenty, or thirty years, come to an issue.

"It is likewise to be observed, that this society hath a peculiar cant and jargon of their own, that no other mortal can understand, and wherein all their laws are written, which they take special care to multiply; whereby they

have gone near to confound the very essence of truth and falsehood, or right and wrong; so that it will take thirty years to decide whether the field, left me by my ancestors for six generations, belongs to me or a stranger three hundred miles off.

"In the trial of persons accused for crimes against the state, the method is much more short and commendable, for if those in power, who know well how to chuse instruments fit for their purpose, take care to recommend and promote out of this clan a proper person, his method of education and practice makes it easy to him when his patron's disposition is understood, without difficulty or study either to condemn or acquit the criminal, and at the same time strictly preserve all due form of law."

My master was yet wholly at a loss to understand what motives could incite this race of lawyers to perplex, disquiet and weary themselves, and engage in a confederacy of injustice, merely for the sake of injuring their fellow-animals: neither could he comprehend what I meant by saying they did it for hire. Whereupon I was at much pains to describe to him the use of money, the materials it was made of, and the value of the metals; that when a Yahoo had got a great store of this precious substance, he was able to purchase whatever he had a mind to; the finest cloathing, the noblest houses, great tracts of land, the most costly meats and drinks, and have his choice of the most beautiful females. Therefore, since money alone was able to perform all these feats, our Yahoos thought they could never have enough of it to spend or to save, as they found themselves inclined from their natural bent, either to profusion or avarice. That the bulk of our people were forced to live miserably, by labouring every day for small wages, to make a few live plentifully. I enlarged myself much on these and many other particulars to the same purpose; but his honour was still to seek, for he went upon a supposition, that all animals had a title to their share in the productions of the earth, and especially those who presided over the rest.—*Dean Swift*.

THE FACTORY CHILD.

OUR little Factory Girl is nine years old: she is no longer a child; she is a dwarfed woman. Her infancy was passed in pining, pining want; from the first, almost an untended thing, left days and days alone, the mother denied the enjoyment of maternal sympathies by sharpest penury (the fiend that at the hearths of the poor, now chills, now blights, and now makes stony hard the human heart), by keen necessity of out-door toil for the infant mouth at home. God knows how the child learned to walk! A short time, and another baby engrosses the few hours (nay, half-hours) stolen from work to lavish on the last-born;—and then, another helpless, squalid thing; and then, another: and then our little Factory Girl becomes a nurse, and, at six years old, hugs in her lean arms her half-naked, tatterdemalion brother. She has not strength to carry him, meagre as he is, but shuffles and stumbles with him along the streets: and now she sits in door-ways; and now in lanes and alleys her infant mind receives the seeds of future things: if things of goodness, a blessed chance; if otherwise, the unthinking virtuous throw up their eyes, and marvel at the wrong! And thus the child passes her first nine years of infant life. What an infancy! Lean and withered, and care-worn (yes, care-worn! her baby countenance made dull and colourless by the miserable aspects everywhere surrounding her), she seems as if she had never been younger; nay, more, that years could hardly make her look more old, there is within her face of babyhood so deep a stamp of sad maturity. All the better yearnings of the heart,—the peace, the sportiveness, born and abounding at the hearths of competence;—what has she known of these? Life to her has been a joyless, selfish, hungry, peevish thing. Her home has

been the home of grinding want: at her fireside, man, the lord of creation, has been a serf to the lowest necessities, and not always a silent and unrepining one. *How often is the brutal husband and the reckless father the horrid handwork of misery alone! Of all the violence, the cruelty, inflicted on each other by the miserably poor, how much of it is but the wild outburst of intolerable self-suffering!* And our little Factory Girl has seen this; and the shadow of the evil has fallen upon her face.

It is five o'clock on a January morning. The child is up, and with its scanty covering pulled about it, descends shivering to the street. Poor little wench! her blood is frozen under her finger nails. Her foot, too (for her shoes have been patched past further patching, and yawn in half-a-dozen places) is galled with a nasty chilblain, and she limps most painfully. Her father, bound to the same factory, lifts her upon his back, and checking an oath, groans from between his teeth. The girl is nine years old; and, half-clad, in a desolating January morning, is carried—through cold and darkness carried—to work!

The girl is now in the factory. From this moment her childhood utterly ceases; she is bondswoman to all the cares of mature life. Nine hours per day is her allotted time for work; the remainder of the twenty-four to be passed—in what? in the sports of youth—in the happy, artless recreation of children, to whom even the consciousness of existence is at times the source of the keenest pleasure? An hour and a half is given to breakfast and dinner; and when we remember the wages earned by the Factory Girl, sometimes as much as four-and-sixpence per week, and the costliness of the luxury of bread, an hour and a half for two meals is surely time sufficient: they might, we have no doubt, be eaten—ay, both—in half the allotted time. There yet remain many hours—hours for what? For the merest rudiments of education? After nine hours' unceasing labour in the cotton factory, how elastic the mind! how apt for instruction! how strong to pore over a book! how fitted to receive any impressions that shall raise its possessor a degree above the beast slaughtered for the shambles! The Factory Girl returns home, and what can she do but sleep? What should she do but seek oblivion from the noise, the racking noise of engines, the hell of sounds, which she has all day suffered? Who would keep her one half-hour from her miserable bed? Who would lessen the blessings of sleep, since sleep may sometimes bring to her at least dreams of quiet, visions of happiness? What to her is reading and writing?—let her quaff forgetfulness.

However, we must not yet return from the factory. The girl has entered the building: she adds another to the crowd of pallid children already doomed. We may be answered, that to work is the common sentence of mankind, and that it is worse than useless in us to attempt to awaken sympathy for the sufferers. Be it so: but if ever angels weep, it must be when, surveying the wickedness, the craft, the meanness, the hypocrisy, and tyranny of the earth below, they cast their regards upon the factory infants;—hapless little ones; children without childhood; poor, diminutive Adams of nine years old, earning their Corn-law loaf in the sweat of their baby faces.

The girl is in the factory; she is provided with a task. What an employment! She, the child, is united—fast married—to the giant steam. The engine, like a thing of life, a monstrous something that awakens in the imagination the might and vastness of the pre-Adamite animals; *that*, as though instinct with vitality, works without pause unerringly on, an iron monster with a pulse of steam.

It is the destiny, that "while the engine works the people must work." Here are odds! Ye good people, raised above the condition of the cotton victim; ye, who take delight from the smooth brows, the fresh lips, and laughing eyes of your children; here are odds: iron, with its movements of mathematical precision, to be responded to by the bones and muscles of half-fed children! Weak and fragile limbs opposed by metal valves—the piston against the human heart!

The dragging, wearying monotony of the machine; the stifling heat (in the dressing department sometimes at ninety-eight degrees); the unbroken noise; the necessity of constant action on the part of the workers; render the place and the employment all but intolerable. Whilst reflecting on the misery endured, the positive social injustice done to the children sentenced to the machine, we thought, glancing at the cotton, of the lines in Gray's ode:—

"See the grisly texture grow;
'Tis of human entrails made!"—

To proceed with the destiny of our Factory Child, no longer a thing of infancy. A very, very few years pass over her head, and at sixteen, at most, she is probably a wife; her husband, it may be, almost a year older than his spouse. Here is the history of her father and mother acted over again by her miserable help-mate and herself: a generation of the same puny, stunted race: the same supply of infant bones for the Moloch engine; the same privations; the same weariness and hopelessness of condition:—again, the same early wedlock; again, the same weak and pallid progeny.

And is there no remedy for this? Are the triumphs of man's intellect, as manifested in his subjugation and direction of the elements, only to benefit the few to the harder bondage of the many? Is steam to be a ruthless giant, crushing and grinding the bones of the helpless; or a beneficent agent, ministering to the wants of the wide family of man; and, by doing his behests, giving him golden leisure, by which he may refine his nature, seeking to know its purpose and its end? We can imagine that we hear the derisive laughter of the worldlings at this query—this question for a college of Utopia: we can see the contempt curling their lips at the silly question—the raving worthy of Bedlam!

"Will it always be thus?" thought we, as we passed various factories in gloomy Manchester, and saw the miserable, dwarfish race of men and women, the more miserable children, leaving their work, spent, wearied, heartsick, for their squalid homes. "Will it always be thus?" we repeated, "or is the present generation doomed to work out the fearful crisis, a brighter day dawning for the unborn poor? Is the present race only sentenced to travel hungry through the wilderness, the land of promise being the inheritance of the generation to come? Are the children of the future men to enjoy the oil and honey, locusts being the hard fare of the present times?—Will it," again we asked, "will it always be thus?"

As we sat, with half-closed eyes, nodding at the inn fire, a great event took place. Suddenly, all human labour was performed by steam. There was no employment for the hands of the multitude, the machines being *the sacred property of a few*; who, thus possessing the ready means of every enjoyment, were masters of the world. All Manchester was as a city smitten with the plague. Men became as howling beasts: grass grew at the threshold of the factory, and the owl hooted from the market place. Desolation reigned throughout the land; yet was it told to men that the noblest triumph achieved by human wit—the greatest discovery that could glorify the human mind—had been even then manifested upon the earth. This was said, and men stared with glassy eyes, and laughed the laugh of idiotcy. They pointed to the pinched cheeks of their children; to the haggard features of their wives; whilst the suckling wailed at the dry breast of its mother.

Still there were some who bade men be patient; who preached to them of a new birth; of the advent of a creature that, however hideous in its mien, and cruel in its acts, would be the champion of the rights of men; the benevolent dispenser of the fruits of the earth; the giver of all good things beneficently sent for human use. Thus ran the tale, but men cursed the thing for a monster—a demon—a fiend that laughed at the hunger of the poor; that slumbered to the music of their groans. We had snatched the bread from millions that it might be nought with the few! It was thus that men, with the consuming fire of famine at their hearts, pictured their believed destroyer.

At length, casting away his guise of terror, this much cursed power

revealed itself in its true form and looks to men. What graciousness was in its aspect, what benevolence, what music flowed from its lips! Science was heard, and the savage hearts of men were melted; the scales fell from their eyes; a new life thrilled through their veins; their apprehensions were ennobled; and, as Science spoke, the multitude knelt in love and in obedience:—

"The evils done—the sufferings inflicted upon man—were inevitable, nay, necessary, to my present condition. As, however, man has sacrificed to my childhood, so in the maturity of my strength, shall the family of man be gladdened with my bounty. I seemed to plan for the few, to the dismay and wretchedness of the many; and for a time it could not be otherwise, the few were gorged, and the multitude famished. Now, can Science in the fulness of its power, achieve nearly all the work of men; Science has then no longer a few task-masters, but labours for the human race. Henceforth, want and toil, and the injustice which they foster, shall disappear from the land; and knowledge and peaceful thoughts, the fruit of innocent leisure, dignify and soften God's own image."

A heavy step across the floor startled us, and destroyed the vision: it was the tread of a commercial traveller, who had stalked to the bell to give notice of his wants,—a sixth glass of brandy-and-water.

"So I see; sir, by the paper," said he, "that they're going to meddle with the factory children again: for my part, I always think things are better as they are."

And the commercial traveller spoke the smug philosophy of the breeches' pocket; the comfortable, cosey creed of good men who have never cut a throat, or dishonoured a bill.

But things cannot be as they are: the time is approaching when the wrongs at this moment eating like ulcers in the social body, will be classed with the cruelty of bygone ages. Another generation, and they who insist on the necessity of the condition of the nine years old Factory Child of our day, will take their places with the admirers of thumb-screws—the champions of the social value of the steel-boot.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

A Proprietor.—

'Tis not to be told

What servile villainies men will do for gold.

O it began to have a huge strong smell,

With lying so long together in a place:

I'll give it vent, it shall have shift enough;

And if the devil, that envies all goodness,

Have told them of my gold, and where I kept it,

I'll set his burning nose once more a work

To smell where I removed it. Here it is;

I'll hide and cover it with this horse-dung.

Who will suppose that such a precious nest

Is crown'd with such a dunghill excrement?

In, my dear life, sleep sweetly, my dear child;

Scarce lawfully begotten, but yet gotten,

And that's enough. Rot all hands that come near thee,

Except mine own. Burn out all eyes that see thee,

Except mine own. All thoughts of thee be poison

To their enamour'd hearts, except mine own.

I'll take no leave, sweet prince, great emperor,

But see thee every minute: king of kings,

I'll not be rude to thee, and turn my back

In going from thee, but go backward out,

With my face toward thee, with humble courtesies.

Ben Jonson.

A Shopkeeper.—He lives by the labour of his own tongue, and other men's hands, and gains more by his flat downright lying than the artificer does by all his industry.

His tongue is a kind of tailor's goose or hot press, with which he sets the last gloss upon his coarse decayed wares.

He walks in his shop with the yard-wand always in his hand instead of a staff, that it may wear shorter and save his conscience harmless, if he should have occasion to swear it was never cut since he had it.

The more trust men repose in him, the more certain he is to cheat them, as tailors always make the clothes of those the scantiest who allow them the largest measure.

He sets a value on his commodities not according to their true worth, but the ignorance of the buyer: and always sells cheapest to those whom he finds to understand most of his trade; but he that leaves it to him is sure to be cheated; for he that lives by lying will never be scrupulous in making money by his reputation.—*Butler*.

["As mortar sticketh between stones, so sticketh fraud between buying and selling." How might our honest and tender-conscienced traders be spared the terrible throes and fierce travail wherewith lies are brought forth, were there no private property to necessitate fraud, no inordinate individual accumulation of the fruits of the common labour to occasion that continual bartering and traffic, that huckstering and cheating and cheapening and overreaching, which is so fervently and incessantly exclaimed against by the commercial *Preachers of Christ's religion!*]

✱

"GLORIOUS" EFFECTS OF A DISPUTE ABOUT PROPERTY.

FROM this time, there no longer existed amongst them any fraternity in arms, any endearment of society, any tie of cordiality or scarcely of acquaintanceship; excess of misery seemed to have brutified them. Hunger, craving and maddening hunger, had reduced them to the brutal instinct of self-preservation, to the sole operating principle of the most ferocious animals, ready to sacrifice every thing to itself. A barbarous and cruel nature appeared to have superseded all their former feelings. Like savages, the strongest plundered the weakest: they hastened with rapacious eagerness towards the dying, and sometimes began the work of plunder without waiting for the signal of their last sighs. When a horse fell, you might have conceived yourself to have seen a pack of famished hounds rushing on the carcase. They instantly surrounded and tore it in pieces, fighting for them with each other like voracious dogs.

When from exhaustion they halted for a moment, winter with his icy and heavy hand made many of them his victims. In vain was it, that the unfortunate men, on feeling themselves benumbed, rose up, and already in a state of speechlessness and nearly of insensibility, moved on for a few paces mechanically: their blood froze in their veins, they reeled and staggered as in a state of drunkenness. Their eyes, reddened and inflamed by constantly looking on the dazzling snow, by the deprivation of rest, and the smoke of their bivouacs, shed literally tears of blood; the deepest sighs heaved from their bosoms; they gazed on the sky, on their comrades, and on the ground, with eyes of consternation fixed and haggard: it was their last, their mute farewell. They soon fell upon their knees, and almost immediately upon their hands; their heads still vibrated for a few instants from side to side, and their gasping mouths uttered some disjointed and agonizing sounds; at length, their heads fell also on the snow, staining it with their dark and livid blood, and their scene of suffering was over. Their companions passed them without moving out of their way a single step, through fear of only so far lengthening their

journey; without even turning their heads towards the spot, for their beard and hair were stuck over with heavy icicles, and every movement was attended with pain. They did not even utter any lamentation for them. Such were the last days of the GRAND ARMY. Its last nights were more dreadful still. Those who were overtaken by night in a body at a distance from any habitation, halted on the border of a wood. There they kindled fires, in front of which they remained the whole night, upright and motionless like spectres. They were unable to obtain a sufficiency of this heat, and approached so near that their clothes were absolutely burnt, and sometimes also *the frozen parts of their bodies, which the fire decomposed*. Then an irresistible attack of pain compelled them to stretch themselves at their length on the ground, and in the morning they attempted in vain to rise.

But even greater horrors still were exhibited in the vast pent-houses or sheds which lined some parts of the road. Soldiers and officers all rushed promiscuously into these, and almost threw themselves upon each other in heaps. There, like cattle, they closely wedged against one another around their fires, *and the living, not being able to remove the dead from the hearth, placed themselves upon them to expire in their turn, and serve as a death-bed to succeeding victims*. Soon other parties of stragglers presented themselves; but, after hastening to obtain the desired heat, were driven away by those who had first arrived; and not being able to penetrate into these asylums of misery, they besieged them.

It frequently happened that they pulled down the walls of these buildings, which consisted of dry wood, to keep up their fires; at other times, when repulsed from them, they were content to use them as shelters for their bivouacs, the flames of which soon communicated to the buildings, and the soldiers with which they were crowded, already half dead with cold, were completely destroyed by fire.

At Jôûpranoui, some soldiers burnt a number of houses entirely to the ground, merely to get warmth for a few moments. The light of these fires attracted around them a number of miserable creatures *whom the intensity of cold and pain had driven to delirium; they rushed forward to them like savages or furies, and with gnashing teeth and infernal smiles threw themselves into the flames, and perished in the midst of them in horrible convulsions. Their famished companions looked on without terror, and there were some who even drew out the mutilated and half-broiled bodies and ventured to allay their hunger with this revolting food.*—*History of Napoleon's Expedition to Russia: by Count de Segur, one of his generals.*

INFLUENCES OF THE MILITARY PROFESSION.

LOOK also at the influence upon individuals—and this is another test to which the profession should be brought. The soldier is often left in idleness. His almost unparalleled exertions are followed by a long and unbroken period of listlessness and unoccupied time. He is subjected to the influences which most dispose towards whatever is dangerous, vicious, or degrading to human nature. The utter ignorance of the many, the partial cultivation of the few, and the worse than questionable discipline, in a moral view, of all, cannot but render indolence in them unusually rank in the foul crops which are its natural growth. He cannot but contract some hardness of feeling and character. The finer emotions of humanity will often be lost. The destruction of human life by wholesale will become a cool calculation, and having driven four or five thousand people into a river, may pass into a pleasantry. The effect of familiarity with scenes of blood and desolation, eventually extends itself far beyond the sphere of actual conflict. The scenes of cruelty and atrocity that are sometimes practised,—the fierce breaking loose of

military passion which, every now and then, especially after it has been arrested beyond a time which was thought enduring, shows itself in massacre; these cannot but leave traces, indelible traces, on the moral being. The deception,—the patronage of deception,—the employing all arts and artifices to deceive an enemy; these break down that principle of truth which is the vitality of morals. To a large extent licentiousness and dissoluteness of life characterise all ranks of an army. In peace this evil is mitigated; but as the effect of a state of war on the morality of the profession was exhibited during the last contest, its members were rendered less and less acceptable in that intercourse with families which they enjoyed at the commencement. The same cause in the lower ranks of soldiers leads to the propensities and habits that, on the return of peace, break forth in crime. It has been long remarked, although at first the phenomenon was not understood, that the first two or three years of peace, after a continuance of war, show a most extraordinary increase in the number of criminals. The observation is as old as Machiavel, that war makes thieves, and peace brings them to the gallows.

When we take the whole aggregate of influences bearing upon the class in question, we cannot but apprehend that such a mass of unfavourable circumstances has scarcely a parallel. "This is a sorry sight," said the ambitious thane, looking at his bloody hands; but it is a far sorer sight to contemplate the deeper stains upon human nature which are produced by the continued action of the causes to which the military profession is exposed. We may further try it by its incidental effects on society, and on public interests. Whatever is injurious in its tendency in these directions, has so far a tincture of immorality. Now as to the effect on villages, or small towns, of the permanent residence of the military, has there ever been more than one testimony borne? Has it not always been represented as forming a dense nucleus, a pestiferous centre, of immorality? Have we not heard of aching hearts which were blithe and glad once, before this curse came over them? Have we not always heard of corruption of manners,—of men's attention drawn from their honest though toilsome pursuits,—and throughout the different classes of society, of various species of vice becoming prominent, which in that vicinity had been altogether unknown, or which, when they did here and there show themselves, were sure to be repressed and crushed by the right feeling of a neighbourhood? And if we look to the nation at large, what must be the effect on the tone of public opinion of a large class of men who have an interest, to them the strongest interest in a state of warfare? What, but that a love of war will be likely to characterise the nation itself? Besides those who are immediately and professionally interested, there are the families with which they are connected; the families who look to the army as a provision for their junior branches, and who are anxious to render it as beneficial a provision as possible. There is, in addition to these, all that class of persons engaged in commercial and mercantile concerns, who by loans, contracts, or temporary monopolies, reap from war pecuniary advantages. So that by the mere existence of the military profession, and the necessary concomitants of its existence, we trace the creation of a large, and powerful, and permanent war-party in the country, addicted to war for its own sake, or at least for nothing in addition to that but the advantages to be reaped by themselves and their connexions. Is not this a dreadful evil? Is not this a perverting power over the nation's good, that tends towards public immorality as gross as any private immorality which we have been describing.

The conclusion in my own mind, is decidedly that the military profession is inconsistent with the principles of Christianity, and the dictates of pure morality.—*W. J. Fox.*

[What then? Of what consequence is Christianity, or morality, compared with the possession of *property* to find occasion for war; of what worth that possession, unless acquired at the expense of another's well-being, unless the tears and blood of the poor cement the walls of proprietors?]

LIFE IN THE WEST.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER.

"I was present at one of the daily sales in the woman-market. A man strangely clad in a long white garment, officiates in these markets to superintend the completion of the bargain, and give the purchasers a legal title to their property. The females (for the name of woman is not known in this country), are ranged in rows, with or without dress, according as their parents deem best calculated to display their natural advantages, or to conceal some deformity or defect. A youth, of rather agreeable appearance, was chaffering with a venerable old man (most respectably attired) about the price of a delicate-looking girl whom he had taken a fancy to for a bed-fellow. The father was loud in praise of the maiden's capabilities, while the mother was busily engaged in displaying her proportions, (she was quite naked), and in pointing out her peculiar fitness for the young man's purposes. He, however, seemed rather difficult to please. He required that she should also be a good domestic servant, and of a disposition that did not object to brutality and caprice. As to the former, the father declared that she was a good girl, very obedient, and neither gluttonous nor a drunkard, tolerably honest, not encumbered with thought, and not too fond of the open air; and that he might search the market through without finding a better article for his money. For the latter requisition, both parents assured him she had been expressly educated; and after a little closer survey, the young man seemed satisfied. Indeed to any tolerable physiognomist, the girl's face was sufficient evidence of her qualification in this respect; for I never saw a more spiritless and passionless expression, though united with faultless features, and with some underneath faint traces of a better character, which had not been developed, because it would not have been marketable. These objections being waived, after some little further haggling between the merchant and the buyer, the bargain was struck; the mother gave some excellent advice which she had learned from her husband; and the whole party went before the officer of the market, to legalize the contract. Some few ceremonies (of about as much importance as the technicalities attendant on the transfer of property, whether live-stock or pedlary, in my own beloved country) were gone through. The girl was pronounced the property, 'till dead or done with' of her purchaser; she was permitted to sign her father's name on a scrap of paper, in proof of her willingness as a free agent to be bought and sold; an eloquent oration was pronounced by the officer, in which he earnestly adjured the young couple to make the best possible use of their physical propensities, for the supply of the market and the prosperity of the market dues; a fine was paid by the buyer for leave to use and abuse his own property; and the parties were dismissed with the customary form of 'The peace of God which passeth all understanding,' by which, as I was informed, no ridicule of *our* religion was intended. Will it be credited that the people of this barbarous country are so wedded to their ancient customs, that these daily occurrences neither excite public disgust nor draw upon them the animadversion of the lecturers on public morality (who are well-paid and very numerous), and even by the few who are so schismatic as to express their disapproval of doing what their fathers did, the practice is quietly acquiesced in. Not the least offensive part of the business, to me, was the solemnly invoking the omnipresent God to bear witness to the bargain: but I understood that it is the custom in this country to use the name of God in all matters of trade, and, indeed, that this was their most respected form of worship, and considered very efficacious for the general purposes of piety. It is not the part of a philosopher to quarrel with the manners of a foreign country solely because they differ from the most reasonable prejudices in every day use at home."

[Further on, the author very satisfactorily proves, that this disgusting social arrangement results from the various absurd and iniquitous laws which have

been enacted by the principal proprietors, to uphold a consistent system of private property. God keep us priest-protected and moral or christian people from such loathsome depravity! but there is no knowing to what we may come.]

*

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. XV.

AND Commerce became God.

It robbed itself with a Lie, and stood in Christ's place, before the altar, in the Holy of Holies, to mediate between the Father and his earthly children.

Cities were built in its honour: Men with passionate souls and heaven-soaring thoughts were pent up in narrow cells, in their own filth, like beasts in a market-place, to be sacrificed by thousands and tens of thousands, with variety of torture, amid loud gratulations and exulting shouts and laughter of the sacrificers, to feed the insatiable hunger of the new Divinity.

And there was no view of the clear heaven; but darkness, sunless and starless night, enroofed humanity: for the Spirit of Commerce had spread itself over the earth; and the mediation of Wealth was that of a terrible shadow which stood between men and the grave, the home of desired rest.

And men, scourged continually, worked on without heart, in the unvarying midnight, by the pale glare of torches, ever digging for gold—for the earth was a vast mine: and when they confronted each other in the ghastly torch-light, they recoiled loathingly and shrieked with fear, beholding the livid and care-withered countenances from which the image of God had been effaced by their long exposure to the corrosion of misery.

Ever and ever they wasted, till in their shrunken forms there was no room for hope; and the incessant dropping of agonies upon their bare heads, from the mine's roof, damp like a charnel-house, wore out their minds; they became idiots: their pulses were but the monotonous echoes of their labour, the ebbing and flowing of a foolish sorrow; and thought and feeling a mere sensation of gnawing and wasting pain. Yet they did not die.

And their eyes, aching under the intense gaze of the fiendish torches which seemed ever to sneer upon them, were turned inwards: where their hearts had been was nothing but a hollow darkness in which obscene and crawling worms were miserably prisoned.

Yet they laboured incessantly, digging for gold. Their scourgers were the priests of the omnipotent Commerce. *They* were clothed in royal vestments, *they* gorged themselves with luxurious viands, *they* lay upon voluptuous couches—but they slept not: for a curse possessed them, and dwelt watchfully within them—a fiend which even the Redeemer Wealth could not cast out.

And the temples were filled with thieves. All things were bought and sold therein. The blood of man was bartered for dirt; the soul of man was sold for a gilded agony. Women were exposed upon the altar to the common gaze; they were sold to proprietors, who made a profit of them, compelling their labourers to hire them for the propagation of slaves.

And God afflicted them with madness: they mutilated their children, and sacrificed them on the altars of Commerce; and many flung themselves into molten gold for the honour of their deity.

And Love, which could not quit the earth, was brought in bonds to the temple, and condemned as a blasphemer, and sentenced to an ignominious death.

Commerce was yet unsatisfied.

The earth was desolate; and the ever-craving Commerce turned to prey upon its own entrails. Its Omniscience had not foreseen this.

It was a day of unclouded glory. Men with the aspects of angels were

clearing away the unsightly ruins of a barbarous temple, to make way for the ploughshare.

Beneath the pedestal of a golden idol—prostrate and broken amid the ruins—lay the skeleton of a man; on his breast was a small tablet, on which was engraven the name of Christ. The inscriptions of the temple had been worn out: this alone remained.

When the joyous reapers gathered in their abundant harvest, they talked gently and smilingly of the old-time burial of Love, of the Resurrection, and of the Immortality of Good.

+

A CHAPTER FOR THE ORTHODOX CREATURES OF PROPERTY.

SOME remove the land marks; they violently take away flocks, and feed thereof.

They drive away the ass of the fatherless, they take the widow's ox for a pledge.

They turn the needy out of the way: the poor of the earth hide themselves together.

Behold, as wild asses in the desert, go they forth to their work: rising betimes for a prey: the wilderness yieldeth food for them and for their children.

They reap every one his corn in the field: and they gather the vintage of the wicked.

They cause the naked to lodge without clothing, that they have no covering in the cold.

They are wet with the showers of the mountains, and embrace the rock for want of a shelter.

They pluck the fatherless from the breast, and take a pledge of the poor.

They cause him to go naked without clothing, and they take away the sheaf from the hungry;

Men groan from out of the city, and the soul of the wounded crieth out.

The murderer, rising with the light, killeth the poor and needy, and in the night is as a thief.

Though his excellency mount up to the heavens, and his head reach unto the clouds;

Yet he shall perish for ever like his own dung: they which have seen him shall say, Where is he?

He shall fly away as a dream, and shall not be found: yea, he shall be chased away as a vision of the night.

The eye also which saw him shall see him no more; neither shall his place any more behold him.

His children shall seek to please the poor, and his hands shall restore their goods.

His bones are full of the sin of his youth, which shall lie down with him in the dust.

Though wickedness be sweet in his mouth, though he hide it under his tongue:

Though he spare it, and forsake it not; but keep it still within its mouth:

Yet his meat in his bowels is turned, it is the gall of asps within him.

He hath swallowed down riches, and he shall vomit them up again: God shall cast them out of his belly.

He shall suck the poison of asps; the viper's tongue shall slay him.

That which he laboured for shall he restore, and shall not swallow it down: according to his substance shall the restitution be, and he shall not rejoice therein.

Because he hath oppressed and hath forsaken the poor: because he hath violently taken away a house which he builded not.

The Book of Job.

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



WILLIAM TELL'S CHAPEL:
Küssnacht.



NEARLY ALL THE EVILS THAT AFFLICT THE SONS OF MEN,
FLOW FROM ONE SOURCE—WEALTH, THE APPROPRIATION
OF THINGS TO INDIVIDUALS AND TO SOCIETIES.

TAKE AWAY THIS MOTHER-CURSE AND ALL ITS CURSED PROGENY, AND
THE WORLD WOULD BE, COMPARATIVELY SPEAKING, A PARADISE!

WE passed by the residence of Polydore. We saw his gorgeous palace and widely extended fields. We examined his gardens, his park, his orchards; and were struck with astonishment at the splendour of his establishment. And is this all, we inquired, designed for the accommodation of one man? Can one creature, not six feet high, occupy all these splendid apartments? Behold the flocks and herds, and fields of corn! Can all these be necessary for the sustenance of one? But if all this be the product of his own labour, he has full liberty to enjoy it. Polydore must be a giant. Did he pile up these massy stones, and erect these ponderous buildings? Did he subdue the lordly forest, and cover the fields with waving grain? No: Polydore has done nothing. He owes all this to the labour of others. But how then, we inquired with amazement, did Polydore gain this ascendancy over others? How did he compel his fellows to cultivate his fields, or labour in his ditches? Polydore did not compel them; they were compelled by their necessities. A fortunate concurrence of circumstances, *and the laws of the country*, have made Polydore rich; but these men are poor. A small portion of the product of their labour goes to the support of themselves and their families; but the far greater part is applied to the aggrandizement of Polydore's establishment. And as this aggrandizement increases, in like manner increases his ascendancy over others.

We saw through the whole in a moment. It is therefore absolutely necessary that every rich man should be surrounded by men more indigent than himself. If it were otherwise, in what manner would he induce them to supply his factitious wants, or gratify his luxurious inclinations? Cottages, then, must necessarily be found in the vicinity of palaces; and lordly cities must be surrounded by suburbs of wretchedness! Sordidness is the offspring of splendour; and luxury is the parent of want. Civilization consists in the refinement of a few, and the barbarism and baseness of many.

As the grandeur of any establishment is augmented, servile and base offices are multiplied. Poverty and baseness must be united in the same person in order to qualify him for such situations.—*The Savage.*

Riches are attended with Luxury, and Luxury ends in Despotism.—Erasmus.

The Monopoly of Wealth.—All wealth in a state of civilized society is the produce of human industry. To be rich, is merely to possess a patent, entitling one man to dispose of the produce of another man's industry.

The fruitful source of crimes consists in one man's possessing in abundance that of which another man is destitute.—*Godwin.*

Tithes bear a higher price than Conscience in any market in England.

A reward offered to indolence impoverishes the state and corrupts the people.—*Bentham.*

The rich man's policy.—There is no deficiency of *charity* towards the poor of this country, *but there is a total absence of justice in regard to them*; and if the justice, which is wanting, prevailed, the charity that exists would not have the same occasions for its exercise. *We level the poor to the dust by our general policy*, and then take infinite credit to ourselves for raising them up again with the grace of charity.—*Fonblanque.*

Slavery.—The weight of chains, number of stripes, hardness of labour, and other effects of a master's cruelty, may make one servitude more miserable than another; but he is a slave, who serves the best and gentlest man in the world, as well as he who serves the worst—and he does serve him if he must obey his commands and depend upon his will.—*Algernon Sydney.*

White Slaves.—*The laws and the progress of civilization have made the indigent labourer a slave to every man in the possession of riches.* He may change his master, but he is condemned to perpetual servitude; and his reward is the reward of every other slave—subsistence. The situation of the white slave is often more unfortunate than that of the black: he is probably harassed by domestic cares, and compelled to be a helpless witness of the distresses of his family; or he changes his employer so often, with the vain hope of meliorating his condition, that he becomes sick, infirm, or old, without having had it in his power to secure the friendship or protection of any of his masters. What then is the consequence? The wretched outcast, after a life of slavery, is neglected by those who have enjoyed the fruit of his labour: he may perish in the streets, expire on the highway, or linger out a miserable existence in some infirmary or poor-house, till death shall relieve him of his pain, and the world of a burthen. And the pitiful assistance, which is granted by the rich to their sick, decrepid, or superannuated slave, is given as a charity, accompanied with reproaches and expressions of contempt; and the dying pauper must receive it with all becoming humility. He is upbraided with his vices, reproached with his follies, and unfeelingly insulted by every purse-proud fool who may man age the concerns, or have the superintendence, of the poor. The black slave is compelled to labour; but he is destitute of care. He is not at liberty to change *one service for another*; but, when he grows old, or infirm, he is sure of being maintained, without having recourse to the tender mercies of a justice of the peace, overseer of the poor, or superintendent of a workhouse.

Is it not a little strange that the opulent man, when he contributes his quota to the necessities of a wretch who has been, in every sense of the word, a slave to the community of the rich, considers himself as bestowing a charity; whereas the slaveholder considers himself bound in justice to support the blacks who are worn out in his service?—Is it not a little strange that we should hear men pour forth reproaches against their brethren for holding slaves, when they themselves are supported by the labour of slaves? “Thou hypocrite! first cast the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye.”—*The Savage.*

A noble heart will disdain to subsist like a drone upon honey gathered by others' labour, like a vermin to filch its food out of the public granary, or like a shark to prey upon the lesser fry; but will rather outdo his private obligations to other men's care and toil, by considerable service and beneficence to the public.—*Barrow.*

Individual Accumulation.—The accumulation of that power which is conferred by wealth, in the hands of the few, is the perpetual source of

oppression and neglect for the mass of mankind. The power of the wealthy is farther concentrated by their tendency to combination, from which, number, dispersion, indigence, and ignorance, equally preclude the poor. The wealthy are formed into bodies by their professions, their different degrees of opulence called ranks, their knowledge, and their small number. They necessarily, in all countries, administer government; for they alone have skill and leisure for its functions. Thus circumstanced, nothing can be more evident than their inevitable preponderance in the political scale. The preference of partial to general interests is, however, the greatest of all public evils. *It should, therefore, have been the object of laws to repress this malady; but it has been their perpetual tendency to aggravate it.* Not content with the inevitable inequality of fortune, they have superadded to it honorary and political distinctions. Not content with the inevitable tendency of the wealthy to combine, they have embodied them in classes. They have fortified these *conspiracies against the general interest*, which they ought to have resisted though they could not disarm. Laws, it is said, cannot equalize men. No. But ought they for that reason to aggravate the inequality which they cannot cure? Laws cannot inspire unmixed patriotism; but ought they for that reason to foment that corporation spirit which is its most fatal enemy?—

Sir James Mackintosh.

The Abolition of Money in Sparta.—The second establishment made by Lycurgus, says Plutarch, was *the division of the lands, and the abolition of gold and silver.* This bold undertaking, adds the biographer, was made *in order to banish fraud, envy, and luxury, and those two ancient plagues of society, poverty and avarice; and in order likewise that honour should be rendered only to virtue.*

When we come to examine, under a moral point of view,* the benefits which mankind have received from the use of the precious metals, we shall not perhaps condemn the step taken by Lycurgus upon this occasion. If money has contributed to the comfort of mankind by facilitating their commercial intercourse with each other; and if it has rendered the sciences more flourishing, not only by exciting invention, and by rewarding industry,† but by dividing into innumerable branches the pursuits and occupations of men; it has also given birth to some of the most violent of those passions which distract and agitate the soul, and which stifle in the human breast its noblest affections. Who that looks upon the chequered scene of life, can fail to remark, on each woe-worn visage, the traces left by care-creating avarice? It is this which multiplies grief in the cottage—it is this which imbitters disappointment in the palace. What is that which dries up the tears of filial sorrow; which dissolves the bonds of friendship; and which, while it occupies the sordid heart, shuts out compassion, and leaves no room for mercy?‡ IT IS GOLD—that false semblance of happiness—that ideal standard of all other possessions—that idol of human affections—and that universal Baal, worshipped alike by the Jew and by the Gentile.—*Sir W. Drummond.*

[* It may be as well to mention that morality is the most important among the conductors to happiness.

† In prisons or poor-houses.

‡ Witness our jails for honest debtors.]

*

Gold! yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides ;
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads :
 This yellow slave
 Will knit and break religions ; bless the accurs'd ;
 Make the hoar leprosy adored ; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,
 With senators on the bench : this is it
 That makes the wappen'd* widow wed again ;
 Her, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 To the April day again.— Damned earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
 Among the rout of nations !—
 O, thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
 'Twixt natural son and sire ! thou bright defiler
 Of Hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars !
 Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,
 Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
 That lies on Dian's lap ! thou visible god,
 That solderest close impossibilities,
 And mak'st them kiss ; that speak'st with every tongue,
 To every purpose ! O, thou touch of hearts !—
 All that you meet are thieves.

Shakspeare.—Timon of Athens.

Money is the sov'reign power,
 That all mankind falls down before :
 'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
 That men divine and sacred call ;
 For what's the worth of any thing,
 But so much money as 'twill bring ?

Butler.—Hudibras.

Commerce.—The venal interchange
 Of all that human art or nature yield ;
 Which wealth should purchase not, but want demand,
 And natural kindness hasten to supply
 From the full fountain of its boundless love,
 For ever stifled, drain'd, and tainted now.
 Commerce ! beneath whose poison-breathing shade
 No solitary virtue dares to spring,
 But poverty and wealth with equal hand
 Scatter their withering curses, and unfold
 The doors of premature and violent death
 To pining famine and full-fed disease,
 To all that shares the lot of human life,
 Which, poison'd body and soul, scarce drags the chain,
 That lengthens as it goes and clanks behind.

Commerce has set the mark of selfishness,
 The signet of its all-enslaving power,
 Upon a shining ore, and call'd it gold :
 Before whose image bow the vulgar great,
 The vainly rich, the miserable proud,

* Cast down and crushed by sorrow.

The mob of peasants, nobles, priests, and kings,
And with blind feelings reverence the power
That grinds them to the dust of misery.

Since tyrants, by the sale of human life,
Heap luxuries to their sensualism, and fame
To their wide-wasting and insatiate pride,
Success has sanction'd to a credulous world
The ruin, the disgrace, the woe, of war.
His hosts of blind and unresisting dupes
The despot numbers; from his cabinet
These puppets of his schemes he moves at will,
Even as the slaves by force or famine driven,
Beneath a vulgar master, to perform
A task of cold and brutal drudgery;—
Harden'd to hope, insensible to fear,
Scarce living pulleys of a dead machine,
Mere wheels of work and articles of trade,
That grace the proud and noisy pomp of wealth.

The harmony and happiness of man
Yield to the *wealth* of nations; that which lifts
His nature to the heaven of its pride,
Is barter'd for the poison of his soul;
The weight that drags to earth his towering hopes,
Blighting all prospect but of selfish gain,
Withering all passion but of slavish fear,
Extinguishing all free and generous love
Of enterprise and daring, even the pulse
That fancy kindles in the beating heart
To mingle with sensation, it destroys,—
Leaves nothing but the sordid lust of pelf,
The groveling hope of interest and gold,
Unqualified, unmingled, unredeem'd
Even by hypocrisy.

And statesmen boast

Of wealth! the wordy eloquence that lives
After the ruin of their hearts, can gild
The bitter poison of a nation's woe,
Can turn the worship of the servile mob
To their corrupt and glaring idol, *Fame*.

All things are sold: the very light of heaven
Is venal;—even life itself,
And the poor pittance which the laws allow
Of liberty, the fellowship of man,
Those duties which his heart of human love
Should urge him to perform instinctively,
Are bought and sold as in a public mart
Of undisguising selfishness, that sets
On each its price, the stamp-mark of her reign.
Even love is sold; the solace of all woe
Is turn'd to deadliest agony, old age
Shivers in selfish beauty's loathing arms,
And youth's corrupted impulses prepare
A life of horror from the blighting bane
Of *COMMERCE*.
Falsehood demands but gold, to pay the pangs
Of outraged conscience.

Shelley.—Queen Mab.

The Universal Right.—Every man is entitled, so far as the general stock will suffice, *not only to the means of being, but of well-being.* It is unjust, if one man labour to the destruction of his health that another may abound in luxuries; it is unjust, if one man be deprived of leisure to cultivate his rational powers, while another man contributes not a single effort to add to the common stock. The faculties of one man are *like* the faculties of another. Justice directs that each, unless, perhaps, he be employed more beneficially to the public, should contribute to the cultivation of the common harvest, of which each consumes a share. This reciprocity is the very essence of justice.—*Godwin.*

Where riches are in a few hands, these must enjoy all the power; and will readily conspire to lay all the burden on the poor, and oppress them still further, to the discouragement of all industry.—*Hume.*

The Nature of Capital.—The claims now made by landlords and farmers, to be allowed to tax the rest of the community for the *capital* vested in the soil, are neither more nor less than claims to make us pay them for the labour they have extracted from the parish-fed peasant. *There is no other CAPITAL vested in the ground, nor can there be any other, than the LABOUR of the labourer;* and his task-master, having already grown rich on it, now tries to exact a further reward for his oppression.—*Hodgskin.*

The Cry of the Poor.—In this country there is a crying sin—there is a loud complaint going up daily to Heaven, that the property of the poor is held captive in injustice; that their rights are withheld, though their title is known and recognized by all, save those who could enforce it for them; that they daily die of want, whilst their expiring glance rests on the gorgeous, the ungodly display of ecclesiastical pride and pomp; whilst their last sigh can scarcely fail to bring down a heavy curse on that wealth which was left for their support, but which so cruelly and so long has been wrested and withheld from them.—*Dr. Doyle.*

The badness of the times frequently depends more on those who govern the ship, than on the weather.—*Zimmerman.*

The last argument of the poor, whenever they have recourse to it, will carry more, perhaps, than persuasion to parliament, or supplication to the throne.—*Junius.*

A Precedent.—When Richard the Second was tried and convicted by his Parliament, thirty-one articles of impeachment were alleged against him, two of which were very remarkable, but not very uncommon ones, “that he had borrowed money without paying it;” and, “that he had declared before witnesses, that he was master of the lives and property of his subjects.”

Thieves.—If the law to hang thieves must continue, I wish it may take hold of the great ones first, *lest we* renew the practice once in Athens, where they hanged none but little thieves, and the great thieves pronounced sentence. I am more afraid of those that rob by power of the law, than of those that endeavour to take my purse on the highway.

A Rod for the Lawyers, by W. Cole, 1659.

Want of Union.—The more numerous men are, the more difficult it is for them to agree in any thing, and so they are governed. There is no doubt that if the poor should reason,—“we’ll be poor no longer,—we’ll make the rich take their turn,”—they could easily do it, were it not that they can’t agree; so the common soldiers, though much more numerous than their officers, are governed by them for the same reason.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Division of Labour.—In the hive of human society, to preserve order and justice, and to banish vice and corruption, it is necessary that all the individuals be equally employed, and obliged to concur equally in the general good, and that the labour be equally divided among them. If there be any whose riches and birth exempt them from all employment, there will be divisions and unhappiness in the hive. Their idleness is destructive of the general welfare.—*Helvetius.*

Equalization.—All accumulation of personal property, beyond what a man’s own hands produce, is derived to him by living in society; and he owes, on every principle of justice, of gratitude, and of civilization, a part of that accumulation back again to society from whence the whole came. This is putting the matter on a general principle, and perhaps it is best to do so; for if we examine the case minutely, it will be found, that accumulation of personal property is in many instances the effects of paying too little for the labour that produced it; the consequence of which is, that the working hand perishes in old age, and the employer abounds in affluence. *It is, perhaps, impossible to proportion exactly the price of labour to the profits it produces;* and it will also be said, as an apology for injustice, that were the workman to receive an increase of wages daily, he would not save it against old age, nor be much the better for it in the interim. *Make, then, society the treasurer to guard it for him in a common fund;* for it is no reason, because he might not make a good use of it for himself, that another shall take it.—*Paine.*

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I’d rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

Wordsworth.

For minds of mortal men are muckle marr’d,
And moved amiss by massy muck’s unmeet regard.

Spenser.

WEALTH.

THERE is no real wealth but the labour of man. Were the mountains of gold and the vallies of silver, the world would not be one grain of corn the richer; no one comfort would be added to the human race. In consequence of our consideration for the precious metals, one man is enabled to heap to himself luxuries at the expense of the necessities of his neighbour; a system admirably fitted to produce all the varieties of disease and crime, which never fail to characterise the two extremes of opulence and penury. A speculator takes pride to himself as the promoter of his country's prosperity, who employs a number of hands in the manufacture of articles avowedly destitute of use, or subservient only to the unhallowed cravings of luxury and ostentation. The nobleman, who employs the peasants of his neighbourhood in building his palaces, until "already the regal piles leave but few acres for the plough," flatters himself that he has gained the title of a patriot, by yielding to the impulses of vanity. The show and pomp of courts adduces the same apology for its continuance; and many a *fête* has been given, many a woman has eclipsed her beauty by her dress, to benefit the labouring poor and to encourage trade. Who does not see that this is a remedy which aggravates, whilst it palliates, the countless diseases of society? The poor are set to labour—for what? Not the food for which they famish; not the blankets for want of which their babes are frozen by the cold in their miserable hovels; not those comforts of civilization without which civilized man is far more miserable than the meanest savage—oppressed as he is by all its insidious evils, within the daily and taunting prospect of its innumerable benefits assiduously exhibited before him: no!—for the pride of power, for the miserable isolation of pride, for the false pleasures of the hundredth part of society. No greater evidence is afforded of the widely-extended and radical mistakes of civilized man than this fact: those arts essential to his very being are held in the greatest contempt; employments are lucrative in an inverse ratio to their usefulness: the jeweller, the toyman, gains fame and wealth by the exercise of his useless and ridiculous art; whilst the cultivator of the earth, he without whom society must cease to subsist, struggles through contempt and penury, and perishes by that famine which, but for his unceasing exertions, would annihilate the rest of mankind.

I will not insult common sense, by insisting on the doctrine of the natural equality of man. The question is not concerning its desirableness, but its practicability: so far as it is practicable, it is desirable. That state of human society, which approaches nearest to an equal partition of its benefits and evils, should be preferred: but so long as we conceive that a wanton expenditure of human labour, not for the necessities, not even for the luxuries of the mass of society, but for the egotism and ostentation of a few of its members, is defensible on the ground of public justice, so long we neglect to approximate to the redemption of the human race.

Labour is required for physical, and leisure for moral improvement: from the former of these advantages the rich, and from the latter the poor, by the inevitable conditions of their respective situations, are precluded. A state which should combine the advantages of both would be subjected to the evils of neither. He that is deficient in firm health, or vigorous intellect, is but half a man: hence it follows, that, to subject the labouring-classes to unnecessary labour, is wantonly depriving them of any opportunities of intellectual improvement; and that the rich are heaping up for their own mischief the disease, lassitude and ennui by which their existence is rendered an intolerable burthen.

English reformers exclaim against sinecures; but THE TRUE PENSION-LIST IS THE RENT-ROLL OF THE LANDED PROPRIETORS: wealth is a power usurped by the few, to compel the many to labour for their benefit. The laws which support this system derive their force from the ignorance and credulity of

its victims; they are the result of a conspiracy of the few against the many, who (the few) are themselves obliged to purchase this pre-eminence by the loss of all real comfort.

The commodities that substantially contribute to the subsistence of the human species form a very short catalogue; they demand from us but a slender portion of industry. If these only were produced, and sufficiently produced, the species of man would be continued. If the labour necessarily required to produce them were equitably divided among the poor; and, still more, if it were equitably divided among all; each man's share of labour would be light, and his portion of leisure would be ample. There was a time when this leisure would have been of small comparative value: it is to be hoped that the time will come when it will be applied to the most important purposes. Those hours which are not required for the production of the necessaries of life may be devoted to the cultivation of the understanding, the enlarging our stock of knowledge, the refining our taste, and thus opening to us new and exquisite sources of enjoyment.—*Godwin's Enquirer*.

It is a calculation of the same author, that all the conveniences of civilized life might be produced, if society would divide the labour equally among its members, by each individual being employed in labour TWO HOURS during the day.

RECORDS OF THE WORLD'S JUSTICE.

BY A HARDWAREMAN.

No. 8.—*The Man of the World.*

"Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone."—*Shakspeare*.

"A sordid solitary thing."—*Coleridge*.

WALTER MASON is a "man of the world." I only repeat what every body says. Every body can't be wrong. The world is complimented.—Walter Mason is the younger son of a clergyman of the *established* Church, a man who subscribed to all the thirty-nine articles and never avowed his disbelief of any of them. Walter Mason received an excellent education. He was confided during his infant years (that time in which a child only acquires the foundation of its life's character) to the care of an excellent nurse-maid, who had received an excellent character for sobriety and "honesty" from her last place; and the little Walter profited wonderfully by her fostering. He would hardly have been better nursed or tended by his own mother. Walter's father kept a school (clergymen ought to be the best instructors of youth); and Walter was at an early age in the play-ground, almost as early in the school-room. In the former he learnt the use of his limbs; in the latter he tried his memory. Children seldom are *taught* more; though they manage much greater acquisitions. Selfishness, tyranny, and abject slavishness, are soon inculcated. The dogmatic insolence of the pedagogue who thinks it superfluous to reason with a child, the crouching obedience of the fearful pupil, the hypocrisy which ever waits upon fear, the preceptor's brutal passion following the detection of misbehaviour, the hateful rivalry and jealousy which are ever the concomitants of that usual inciter of youthful ability, emulation—the desire of excelling rather than of excellence—all these exerted their uncurbed influence over the young mind of Walter Mason, under the

eye of his reverend father in his excellent school-room. Out of school he was inoculated, almost before he could speak plainly, with all the obscenity which infests a boys' school—that pruriency engendered of mystery and prohibition, that child-like mocking of the filthy habits of manly profligacy (and children are taught to be manly), that tongue-lewdness, the memory of which keeps our youth so pure-minded, and in mature life so enhances the delicacy of gentlemanly behaviour. Such was Walter Mason's childhood. Not that the counteracting influences of precept and piety were wanting. Twice every Sunday he was made to go to church, to listen to the outpourings of his father's spiritual eloquence or to cut notches on the pew-desk. Neither, on those days which are not the Lord's, was his religious and moral culture utterly neglected. What an example of truthfulness was there in the daily dinner-thanksgiving (he was not told that it was not good to thank God for breakfasts and suppers) for the "pleasant refreshment" which almost made him sick! how well was he accustomed to principle and consistency by the regularity of evening prayers, never broken save when there was company in the parlour: then, indeed, the "peace of God" passed the understandings of the merry school-boys without even the courtesy of a formal amen. When it was considered that sufficient book-learning ("words! words!") had travelled through the mind (or memory) of the boy Walter, he was sent *into the world*—that is to say, he was instructed to throw off the little of child-like modesty and truth that had outlived his school discipline, and to consider himself "a man"—an animal with a tailed coat. He was placed as a clerk, in a public office; and employed some seven or eight hours every day in filling sheets of paper with a variety of blots, which told in hieroglyphic characters the exact value of labour wasted by the community. For the waste of his own time he was well paid by the public, who were none the better for his sacrifice. He now associated with *men*, who went to church every Sunday in which they could find nothing worse to do, and who amused themselves during the week in the usual accomplishments of a civilized life. By them he was introduced to the society of certain honest women who were content with being quite as virtuous as men, and who informed him that Nature was very much mistaken as to the period of puberty. Master Walter's passions, prematurely inflamed, were now inordinately indulged, and before he arrived at man's estate, he had full experience of the pleasures and pains of prostitution. The youth was rotten to the core. Bodily disease and mental depravity had progressed at nearly an equal pace. However, mercury and a good constitution triumphed over the one (though the victory was dearly bought), and the hypocrisy of refined manners varnished over the filthiness of the other. Years passed away without any improvement except in his salary. By the time he was worn out, his father and his friends began to think that it was time he should "settle;" and he was at length persuaded, by a handsome bribe, to make an offer of the remains of his person and the unimpaired worthlessness of his mind to a young lady very delicate and modest, and who had not been compelled to believe that "prostitution is essentially requisite to preserve the moral purity and physical health of the superior part of the animal creation." With her he entered into the "holy estate of matrimony," solely for the purpose of rearing children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." "A change came o'er the spirit of his dream." He was a married man. He might no longer be lewd, except after dinner, when the ladies had withdrawn. If a prostitute accosted him, he knew her not. He had become a model of propriety. He slept with one female for months together, and sought no change: this was the more praise-worthy, as he never pretended to have any particular or exclusive affection for her. But his marriage-oath was a sacred thing; and in process of time he acquired a kind of habit of affection, which partially hid the matrimonial fetters. Children climbed upon his knees, and no one told him they were scrofulous. He took them to church when they were *old enough*. He regularly confesses himself a "miserable sinner;" and occasionally "washes his hands in innocence" at the altar. He is always glad to see a *cheerful* friend at his

table; and will lend five pounds to any friend who does not want it. He subscribes to charities; he puts many a shilling into the churchwarden's charity-plate; and has been seen to give a halfpenny to a starving beggar, when the suppliant was very troublesome. He would accept a dividend, even a small one, of an honest and ruined debtor, rather than suffer expense to no purpose. **HE PAYS EVERY ONE TO THE DAY!** He is in "no man's debt!" He is civil to all dumb animals, even to his wife. He eats, drinks, and sleeps, as well as the remembrance of his disorders will allow; and marvels how any one can be insane enough to desire any alteration in the social system under which he has thriven so well. Political innovations drive him furious, as he is a decided church-and-state man, and can see neither moral nor intellectual fitness for self-government in any man who has not ruined his health by debauchery, or clouded his reason with respectable money-getting sophistry. Those who drink his wine, or take his money, say he is a very good sort of man: and how should any one else know so much of him? Certainly he never was tried at the Old Bailey or the Quarter Sessions. He is licensed to shoot game; he has brought up two of his sons to be soldiers; put a third in a government-office; and bought a living for the fourth, whom the Holy Ghost had marked as especially qualified to receive tithes. He has also kept his two daughters out of the streets, and sold them to a very decent kind of prostitution. He is "a capital fellow"—"a highly respectable man"—"a man of the world." No one can say anything worse of him.

Were I to sum up his character, I should say, he was coldly and calculatingly selfish as regarded the mass of his fellow beings, his "*neighbours*;" equally, though less premeditatedly, selfish towards those "near and dear" to him. And Walter Mason is *a man of the world*—the civilized world, nearing the two-thousandth year of its redemption! It is incredible! But by the world is, perhaps, only meant our own well-arranged and best-behaved little community? What! are we not *all* christians? O shame, where is thy blush? Walter Mason—the ungenerous, the selfish, the heartless, the sensual, the profligate, the hypocritical Walter Mason a sample of our most respectable citizens! one of a christian community! Jesus Christ! It is impossible.—But every body says so. It is not usual to give the lie to every body. I must give in; I apologize. *Walter Mason is a man of the world.* EVERY BODY MUST BE RIGHT.

PROPERTY.

In the first ages of the world there was no individual appropriation of any portion of the earth. Men subsisted by hunting and by the chance-finding of fruits and roots. The cultivation of the earth was an advance from the original barbarism. The first cultivator became the first proprietor, in right of the labour which he had expended for his own benefit. There can be no other title to property. Men would not labour more than was necessary to procure a sufficiency for their own enjoyment: therefore, till the whole earth should be cultivated, there would be property for all its inhabitants. The earth is not yet full. Not half of it is yet cultivated. How comes it, then, that there are men without property? Because men, disregarding the rights of their fellows, through indolence or the selfish desire of accumulation, appropriated to themselves more than their due or necessary portion; the stronger compelling the weaker to labour for them. This has been the origin of what is now called private property in all parts of the civilized world. Based upon this violation of the Natural Principle of Equality, and springing out of it, is the competition of Commerce. Men, deprived of their independence, were compelled to purchase from the proprietors all things needful for their support; and their labour was the price paid for a partial restitution of their birthright. Thus

was originated a system of fraud, an endeavour to recover, secretly and by overreaching, the possession which force had usurped.—The first state was that of unmitigated barbarism, of the equality of Nature, when the earth was the common hunting-ground of man: this was a community of property. The first stage in civilization was the appropriation of unclaimed portions of the earth by any who chose to give their labour thereupon as the price of their possession, men still remaining isolated and independent. The next stage was that of robbery—when the oppression, which had previously been confined to one man taking from another the prey which had fallen into his hands, assumed a new form, and the cultivator of the ground was dispossessed of the produce of his patient industry, by the superior strength of an assailant, or, perhaps, compelled to redeem his life by continuing his labour for the conqueror's service; a bare subsistence being spared to him to provide the means of toil. Another stage of human progression was the employing of craft instead of force as a means of acquiring the fruits of another's labour. This was the commencement of the ascendancy of mind over mere brute strength. Commerce supplanted Conquest; and men became more depraved as Intellect was enlisted in the service of the unjust selfishness. Isolation and independence were the characteristics of the aboriginal savages. These were not efficient ministers to man's necessity. He required the assistance of his fellows to supply his wants, and gratify his desires; he compelled an unwilling obedience; and *the weak became the slaves of the strong*. Fraud came to the assistance of the weak, and the naked force was subverted: *the many became the slaves of the few*. The tyrant force and the commercial fraud are the offspring of the one error—the *mistaken selfishness*, the abuse of the great motive principle of humanity. Wealth has been deemed a relative thing, a something to be acquired at another's expense; and competition, the consequence of this misconception, has filled the world with dissensions. *The hand of the trader, even as the hand of the tyrant, is against every man, and every man's hand against him*. Hence results an immense waste of labour, an inordinate and unscrupulous selfishness, and the destruction of every sympathetic feeling. There is no escape from this evil but through *the clear perception that individual and universal good are not only compatible, but that the highest individual happiness cannot be attained at the expense, or independently, of the universal well-being*. This admitted, it remains to consider by what means the greatest amount of good can be produced, and how it may be most beneficially distributed. Strange that it should yet be a question whether the united energies of numbers, or the isolated and often antagonistic endeavours of individuals, are the best calculated to achieve a great purpose. Surely the history of society affords abundant evidence of the advantages of union. And, as to the distribution of the produce of the universal industry, so little well-regulated and fairly-divided labour would suffice to procure not only necessities, but even luxuries, that there could be no dispute about the proportion of each individual: more especially since, by the abolition of all unproductive employments, such as financial calculators, clerks, bankers, lawyers, &c., and by the continual improvements in machinery, and discoveries of new powers available for the service of humanity, so vast a saving of human labour would be effected, that there would be ample leisure for the proper and unimpeded education of every member of the common-wealth. The most favoured under the present arrangement, if he seriously and earnestly inquire of his reason and experience, can hardly fail to perceive the desirability of such a change in the social system—a change which shall give to every human being, security in the possession of enjoyment, by surrounding him with brethren instead of, as now, with open or concealed foes—a change that shall put an end to the falsehood and strife and hatred and heartlessness and desperate poverty and universal wretchedness and demoralization which now fill the earth. And a change must come. The Many will not much longer endure to be ground down for the unwholesome food of the Few. What if the Poor should argue, "We have been poor too long: do you, the gainers by the various artifices of

commerce, which have defrauded us, the industrious producers, of the fruit of our toil, take your turn at the treadmill of poverty"! Will it always quiet them, to say, "It is unjust to visit the sins of a system upon the individuals who uphold that system. Let the present race pass: it would be cruel to reduce them to an equality with yourselves who are inured to misery. Let the present lives pass quietly. Respect their vested rights." This plea will not always hold. *What is to be done?* We see but one plan—the plan of the early Christians, the plan of those of the present day who are most earnest in working out the great principle of Christ—the equality of mankind, the brotherhood of humanity:—The formation of communities united by the only enduring bond, that of Love—communities of earnest and enthusiastic men and women desirous of no exclusively personal gain, no mastery over each other, no control of another's thought or the expression of that thought; who, with sympathy for each other's joys and sorrows, with charity for each other's failings, and compassion for their worst infirmities, conscious that the influences of evil education, the consequence of ages of erroneous action, are not to be abrogated in a day or in a generation, will devote themselves, and continue untiringly—it may be even in the long endurance, not only of opposition, but of contempt and repeated disappointments—active and zealous in well-doing, in cordial co-operation with their fellow-beings, for the promotion of truthfulness, peace, and mutual improvement, physical, mental, and moral; ever steadfast in the faith that Love, the world-scorned and long trampled Love, is indeed the very God which shall redeem the world from the old-time anarchy of selfishness, and lead regenerated humanity, from the strife of competition and incessant injury, to the peaceful enjoyment of the common property—the common home—the fertile and beautiful garden of life, in whose heart is the tree of knowledge, the fruit whereof shall make men like Gods—beholding good from evil, and feeding upon the good, for ever.

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. XVI.

THE sun is arisen: his beams laugh merrily on the bosom of the joyaunt stream; the mountain and the floweret bask in the heaven of his smile.

The bees are abroad, and, singing from flower to flower, collect their honied store: they labour cheerfully together; when winter shall confine them, all will be fed from the common stock, and none will be in want.

Why are ye unlike the bees?

When the summer days are fled, the swallows prepare to seek a warmer clime; yet, long ere they depart, are they on the wing, calling their fellows together, that none may be left behind, nor, till all are assembled, will they commence their long and wearisome journey.

Act ye thus in your journey through life?

At the approach of danger the wild horses unite: they place the weak and helpless in the centre, and boldly and fearlessly await their foe.

Is your vaunted reason less than their instinct?

Behold, the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the very insects are your instructors in wisdom, your exemplars in virtue; and shall their lessons be given in vain?

Will ye have less of thankfulness than the lark, who never faileth to chaunt his matin-song of joyous gratitude; less goodwill towards each other than the bees, the ants, or the swallows; less prudence than the wild herds?

Doth not the friendship of the faithful dog put to shame the selfishness of

man! Is not the patient endurance of the desert-camel greater than yours? Unrepining he beareth the hardness of his lot, persevering unto the end: Do ye?

Shall the hen surpass you in her love for her offspring; the whole brute creation instruct you in your duty towards your neighbour?

The hen warneth her chickens of the coming danger, she covereth them with her wings, and hideth them from the evil: ye love not your children, for ye tread the paths of destruction, and bid them follow in your track.

The brutes destroy not their own kind: Do not ye?

And the eagle who gazeth undazzled on the mid-day sun, who scorneth the fetters of slavery—do ye so love the light of Truth, the bird-like life of Freedom?

Alas! ye love not liberty: ye love the bondage of sin and shame.

O Fools and slow of heart! Go to the beasts of the field, to the fowls of the air; consider their ways, and be wise! Look around you on the hosts of Nature: Look, and learn!

†

WILLIAM TELL.

WILLIAM TELL, the Deliverer of Switzerland, was a peasant of Burgeln, in the Canton of Uri. He was early distinguished for his skill in archery and for his pre-eminent courage and activity. Switzerland, at this period, was groaning under the tyranny of Austria. Gesler, the Austrian governor, carried his insolence to so great a length, that he actually had his cap set upon a pole in the market-place of Altorf, and compelled the Swiss to pay the same homage to it as to his own person. Tell, the cross-bowman of Burgeln, already a secret conspirator against the oppressors of his country, passed the symbol of tyranny without paying it the ordered reverence. He was brought before Gesler, and, according to the current tradition, commanded, as the price of his own life, to split an apple placed on the head of his son. The apple was hit, and the child remained uninjured; but the suspicious tyrant saw another arrow hidden by Tell, and demanded for what purpose it was intended. "To have revenged my son"—was the indignant reply. Tell was now sentenced to perpetual imprisonment; and was conveyed by Gesler himself, to prevent the possibility of rescue, across the lake of Lucerne. One of those sudden storms, so common in a mountainous country, arose during the passage. It became necessary to trust the helm to the skill of Tell. He steered the vessel against a rock, and leaping ashore, escaped to the mountains. The death of Gesler, by the arrow of Tell, was the signal for a general insurrection, which soon terminated in the complete expulsion of the Austrians, and in the establishment of Swiss independence, on the first of January, 1308. The noble peasant was rewarded by the adoration of his countrymen. He remained a private citizen, and survived the liberation of his country forty-six years. He was drowned in an inundation which committed great ravages in the neighbourhood of Burgeln, in 1354. The place of his residence at Altorf, and the spot where Gesler fell, at Kunsnacht, have chapels erected upon them, where religious rites are performed on every anniversary of Switzerland's *Enfranchisement*. Several other monuments commemorate the heroism of the upright peasant, but the noblest and most enduring is the carefully cherished Freedom whose foundation was laid by him. Yet do we bow to mere dress, to the hat or coat of Wealth—the most soul-debasing of tyrannies—paying most servile homage. Is there no Tell among our peasants?

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



MICHAEL AND SATAN :
Sculptured by Flaxman.



ONE HOUR SPENT IN SOBERLY LOOKING INTO THE RIGHTS OF THINGS, IS MORE LIKELY TO MAKE MEN ACT WITH GOOD SENSE, AND WITH EFFECT, THAN WHOLE YEARS SPENT IN CLAMOROUS RAILING.—*Cobbett.*

THE LAW *not only regards life and member, and protects every man in the enjoyment of them; but also furnishes him with every thing necessary for their support.* For there is no man so indigent or wretched, but he may demand a supply sufficient for all the necessities of life from the more opulent part of the community, by means of the several statutes enacted for the relief of the poor: *a humane provision, dictated by the principles of society.*—*Blackstone (Book 1. Chap. 1.)*

Why is it that the young are so frequently forced to premature labour? Why is it that, even with laws to a certain extent restricting the years at which they should be employed, there is a constant tendency to evade those laws, and that on the part of parents as well as on the part of masters? Why is it that so many labouring parents in this country, become as it were slave-dealers in their own flesh and blood, and sell the bones and muscles of their offspring to that premature toil which withers and cripples human beings, soul and body together? Is this a spontaneous line of conduct? I'll not believe it. There may be a few depraved exceptions, but in general it is the scorpion lash of gaunt famine that drives them on to such a course; it is the hard urging of necessity; it is the same impulse in kind, though not so strong in degree, as that which makes the longing of the cannibal arise in crews of shipwrecked sailors; the same in kind, though happily inferior in degree, as that which made the delicate woman, during the protracted beleaguement of Jerusalem by the Romans, seethe her own child in the pot for food. It is the unnatural state of society which goads them on to that, which violates not only the dictates of human nature, of true and loving human nature, but even the animal instinct of paternity.—*W. J. Fox.*

Rich and Poor.—The most obvious division of society is into rich and poor; and it is no less obvious that the number of the former bear a great disproportion to those of the latter. The whole business of the poor is to administer to the idleness, folly, and luxury of the rich; and that of the rich, in return, is to find the best methods of confirming the slavery and increasing the burthens of the poor. In a state of nature it is an invariable law, that a man's acquisitions are in proportion to his labours. In a state of artificial society, it is a law as constant and as invariable, that those who labour most, enjoy the fewest things; and that those who labour not at all, have the greatest number of enjoyments. A constitution of things this, strange beyond expression. We scarce believe a thing when we are told it, which we actually see before our eyes every day without being the least surprised. I suppose that there are in Great Britain upwards of an hundred thousand people employed in lead, tin, iron, copper, and coal mines; these unhappy wretches scarce ever see the light of the sun; they are buried in the bowels of the earth; there they work at a severe and dismal task, without the least prospect of being delivered from it; they subsist upon the coarsest and worst sort of fare; they have their health miserably impaired, and their lives cut short, by being perpetually confined in the close vapour of these malignant minerals. An hundred thousand more, at least, are tortured without remission by the suffocating smoke, intense fire, and constant drudgery necessary in refining and managing the products of these mines. If any man informed us that two hundred thousand innocent

persons were condemned to so intolerable a slavery, how should we pity the unhappy sufferers, and how great would be our just indignation against those who inflicted so cruel and ignominious a punishment? This is an instance, I could not wish a stronger, of the numberless things which we pass by in their common dress, yet which shock us when they are nakedly represented. But this number, considerable as it is, and the slavery, with all its baseness, and horror, which we have at home, is nothing to what the rest of the world affords of the same nature. Millions daily bathed in the poisonous damps and destructive effluvia of lead, silver, copper, and arsenic; to say nothing of those other employments, those stations of wretchedness and contempt, in which civil society has placed the numerous *lost children* of her army. Would any rational man submit to one of the most tolerable of these drudgeries, for all the artificial enjoyments which policy has made to result from them? By no means. And yet I need suggest, that *those who find the means, and those who arrive at the end, are not all the same persons. The blindness of one part of mankind co-operating with the frenzy and villainy of the other has been the real builder of this respectable fabric of political society.* And as the blindness of mankind has caused their slavery, in return, their state of slavery is made a pretence for continuing them in a state of blindness; for the politician will tell you gravely, that their life of servitude disqualifies the greater part of the race of man for the search of truth, and supplies them with no other than mean and insufficient ideas. This is one of the reasons for which I blame such institutions.

In a misery of this sort, admitting some few lenities, and those too but a few, *nine parts in ten* of the whole race of mankind drudge through life.

Burke.—Vindication of Natural Society.

POOR-LAWS.

"THE poor have a claim founded in the law of nature:—All things were originally common. No one being able to produce a charter from heaven, had any better title to a particular possession than his next neighbour."—*Archdeacon Paley's Moral Philosophy.*

"The state is bound to supply the necessities of the aged, the sick, and the orphan. Those alms, which are given to a naked man in the streets, do not fulfil the obligations of the state, which owes to every citizen a CERTAIN SUBSISTENCE.—THE RICHES OF A STATE ARISE FROM THE LABOUR OF THE PEOPLE. Therefore the state owes to every citizen a proper nourishment, convenient clothing, and a kind of life not incompatible with health."—*Montesquieu.*

"No man could ever have a just power over the life of another by right of property in land or possessions.—A man can no more make use of another's necessity to force him to become his vassal, by withholding that relief which God requires him to afford to the wants of his brother, than he that has more strength can seize upon a weaker, master him to his obedience, and, with a dagger at his throat, offer him death or slavery."—*Locke.*

"THE POOR-LAW BILL was, as we have seen, proposed, on the express grounds, that *it was necessary to preserve the lords' estates from the grasp of the poor people.*—This was the great alleged ground for the passing of this bill."—*Cobbett's Legacy to Labourers.*

Now the birth of the NEW POOR-LAW was on this wise. It happened that the Labouring Population of England fell among thieves, which stripped them; and the Government (alias, the monied classes), requiring their further service, found it expedient to allow them a certain subsistence to keep them in working condition. There is not always honour among—the dispensers of "relief" to paupers. The rate-payers scrupled not to rob each other; and certain paupers, not convinced of the policy of returning good for evil, scrupled as little to employ any manœuvres for the sake of filling their own pockets, no matter at whose expense. In few words, the rich were quarrelling about their several proportions of the burthen of supporting their slaves; and *some* of the slaves were earnest in overreaching as much as possible those who had (honestly?) impoverished them. To redeem society

from these evils, "to make the support and discipline of the indigent consistent with the *rights and interests* of the independent," to *save the property of the rich from the encroachment of the poor*, the POOR-LAW AMENDMENT ACT visited our earth. We proceed to establish the truth of our position.

Labour expended upon unclaimed land constitutes the only just title to property. In the early stages of society, every man was the rightful proprietor of the piece of ground which his own labour had rendered valuable; and no man thought of denying the right of his fellow to support himself by his own labour, on his native earth. At length Might overthrew Right: and men were denied the enjoyment of the fruit of their own toil, and compelled to labour for the benefit of others. The title of our English Landlords can claim no higher authority than the Norman Conquest. The lands were possessed by force. The natural right of the natives to subsistence remained the same: and still remains. While the land is capable of affording sufficient sustenance for all its inhabitants, every one of them is entitled to support. Previous to the Reformation, provision was made out of the revenues of the church, for the maintenance of the aged, the infirm, and the destitute. When the founders of the English Episcopacy dispossessed the Romish hierarchy, they forgot to apply this fund as it had been previously applied; and they converted it to their own particular use. The poor being thus robbed necessitated the Act of Elizabeth for their relief by parochial rates, as a compensation for their plunder by the protestant clergy, the establishers of "the poor man's church." Latterly it was said, that this Act was much abused: that the indigent claimed as a right to be supported out of the produce of the land, whether they worked incessantly, or not; that many of them, by fraudulent means, succeeded in obtaining more than actual necessities; and that some even refused any labour in return for their support; that the rate-payers were taxed unequally; that the number of those who preferred idleness to severe and incessant exertion was so great, that there was fear of the wealthy becoming poor, and of the nobles and hereditary idlers being driven to take their turn in labouring for a scanty livelihood; that the poor were being rapidly demoralized and the *better classes* fast sinking into poverty.* It was necessary to put a stop to this: and the Amendment Act was prescribed. "AN ACT FOR THE AMENDMENT AND BETTER ADMINISTRATION OF THE LAWS RELATING TO THE POOR IN ENGLAND AND WALES." Was this an Act to grapple with the Social Disease? With the mass of the population on the brink of pauperism, was it sufficient to alter and amend the Laws relating to the relief of the Poor, to regulate palliatives to be applied, while the root of the evil remained unattended to and uninterfered with? The Preamble of the Act runs thus:—"Whereas it is expedient to alter and amend the Laws relating to the Relief of poor Persons in England and Wales: Be it therefore enacted, &c."—It was expedient to alter those laws—expedient certainly for those who are in the habit of making the laws, who are neither the Poor nor the Tribunes of the Poor! The provisions of the Act, the "information" upon which it was founded, plainly testify, that *the relief of the rate-payers was the object of the Act*: there is not, in any one clause, the least evidence of a desire of relieving the Poor.† But let that pass. Had the Act been so framed as to provide for

* See the Report entitled—*Extracts from the Information received by His Majesty's Commissioners, as to the Administration and Operation of the Poor-laws*. PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY. 1833.—This "information" appears to be derived from the most "respectable" sources. No evidence from the poor themselves; but the whole of the information is drawn from the rate-payers, whose disinterestedness and impartiality are sufficiently indicated throughout the Report. We would also beg to remark that the figure-statements in the "Extracts" are often incorrect, too often to be satisfactorily accounted for as *typographical errors*.

† Another reason for the "amendment" of the Poor-laws might possibly have been the refractory and turbulent spirit manifested by not a small number of the serfs. And even the "amendment" has not quieted those. Strange that they cannot be persuaded to be quiet under the operation of the many legal torturings. Good legislators! try the race of eels with your philosophy. "Down, wantons! Are you not used to it? Have not eels been skinned alive ever since humanity took to fishing! *Writhing Individual!* have not your ancestors been

the comfortable support of all who were reduced to a state of destitution, it would still have fallen short of the need of the community. When will the rulers of nations understand, or rather, when will they acknowledge *by their acts*, that it is the business of legislation to eradicate the causes of evil and so to prevent the occasion for *relief*. The information received by the Commissioners, "as to the administration and operation of the Poor-laws," clearly proved the existence of almost universal dishonesty on the part of the respectable classes, as well towards those of their own condition, as towards the labouring poor, by whose industry their wealth had been created, and who, on every principle of justice, ay, and of expediency, were entitled to be supported out of the proceeds of their own labour. There was also abundant evidence that the Poor were in a state of most degrading and debasing vassalage, a state of dependence acknowledged on all hands to be productive of the most systematic falsehood and the worst vices. No inquiry was instituted to ascertain the real causes of this universal depravity. It was asked—Why do the rate-payers rob each other by their "jobbing" and by unequally dividing the burthen of the rates? It was answered—Because there was no act of parliament to regulate parochial affairs, to compel an equal method of rating:—and the answer was considered satisfactory. *It was not asked*, whether the general dishonesty might not be in some measure occasioned by the demoralizing effects of Commerce, which justifies fraud, and permits lying to be a part of every man's stock in trade.—It was asked—Why are the labourers reckless and improvident, saving nothing out of their superfluous earnings for the support of their worn-out age? It was answered—Because they know that they can demand to be supported by their parishes:—and the answer was deemed sufficient. There was no further looking into the matter. There was no inquiry as to the deeper causes; whether the injustice which gave to one man the privilege of idleness, without curtailing his revenue, and thereby necessitated the doubling of another's labour, might not have something to do with the evil. Yesterday's Cause was sufficient for the Commissioners. They inquired not into principles, into *the cause of the immediate and proximate "causes."* Perhaps they were not authorized to refer to principles; but why then were two dignitaries of our holy Church, two ministers of the Word of Truth* employed on an inquiry void of principle?

In the Report on which the *relief Act* was founded, it was stated that improvident marriages were common among the Poor, and that, thereby, the race of misery increased, the sufferings of the many were aggravated. Could no better remedy be suggested, than "the deferral of the poor man's marriage,"† to prevent the poverty which rendered the satisfaction of a natural necessity *improvident*? Might it not be of as much utility to *educate* the whole community, in order that, when *any* should be placed in circumstances which might render self-denial a prudential thing, they might perceive the prudence, and act accordingly?—It was observed‡ that public and private charities occasioned a dependence which aggravated the miseries they were intended to relieve. *It was not proposed* to destroy this evil by rendering *justice* to all classes of the community, and so superseding *charity*; to fairly distribute the means of subsistence and enjoyment, so that none should be indebted to another for the "gift" of that *which was his own by the law of Nature*.—It was asserted that allowances of out-door relief were of injurious

skinned before you! Reverence their wisdom! Would you be better off than they were? It is unpleasant."

* The bishop of London and the bishop of Chester were the first on the list of these Commissioners of Inquiry.

† So encouraging prostitution with its train of horrible evils: for a man's natural appetites are not quieted by deferring their gratification. A starving man will hardly destroy his hunger by deferring the luxury of eating.

‡ "Great harm is done to the labourer by the public contributions from the rich. These public charities create the necessity they relieve, but they do not relieve all the necessity they create.—Mr. Wilson's Report from Durham, p. 180 of the "Extracts, received," &c.

tendency, fostering idleness and giving encouragement to fraud. There was no objection, on the part of the inquirers for amendment's sake, to put an end to this abuse, when the relief amounted to no more than the means of a bare existence: but no evidence was sought as to the amount subtracted from the miserable earnings of the occasionally idle poor man, to supply *out-door relief for life*, out-door pensions of extravagant magnitude,* for those who never toiled nor spun, yet who were gloriously arrayed and fared sumptuously every day.—It was stated that the increase of the numbers of the Poor materially diminished the luxuries of the *better classes*, and even encroached upon their comforts. *It was not noticed* how the Poor had been robbed of the very means of life by the profitable speculations of capitalists and the encroachments of landlords on *the common property*. No restitution was proposed, even of the charitable provision for the Poor, which the reformed Church had appropriated to increase the incomes of the followers of him who “had not where to lay his head;” although there was abundant proof of the dissensions caused by the present iniquitous disposal of tithes and disposition of tithe-owners, and this, at least, it might be supposed, would have some weight with the *preachers of peace*.—It was shown that the “making up of wages,” out of the parish funds, was only favouring the employer at the expense of the community. It was therefore ordered, that such making up should be discontinued: *but it was not deemed advisable* to adopt measures for insuring to every man a fair remuneration for his labour.—It was complained that, in relieving the indigent, no inquiries were made as to character; that the dissolute and the depraved were allowed a maintenance, and that the families even of men imprisoned to await their trial for alleged crimes, were supported out of the common fund. In reply, *it was not intimated* to the complainants, that the English law considers every man innocent till there is *proof* of his guilt, and that no inquiries are ever made into the characters of paupers on the pension-list.—It was proved that much good had proceeded from the allowance of allotments of land to labourers, even at a considerable rent;†

* The following are some of the yearly out-door allowances to paupers, not interfered with by the honest Poor-law Commissioners.

Adelaide, Queen Dowager.....	£100,000
Duchess of Kent.....	30,000
KING OF HANOVER.....	21,000
PRINCE GEORGE OF HANOVER.....	6,000
LEOPOLD, KING OF BELGIUM.....	16,000
Duke of Sussex.....	21,000
Duke of Cambridge.....	21,000
Prince George of Cambridge.....	6,000
Court Pension List (Retiring incomes for royal “mistresses”, &c., &c.)	150,000

These sums do not include the value of the Palaces, Parks, and other advantages, enjoyed by these illustrious —, and paid for by the taxes levied from the lowest classes of the community.

“It is true, that the nation is burdened, even to the breaking of it down: it is true that the farmers are ruined by prices equal to the prices of forty years ago; but, are they ruined by the *six millions* (of poor-rates); or, are they ruined by the *FIFTY-TWO MILLIONS* (of government taxes)? Have they been ruined by the poor-rates; or by the expense of the standing army in time of peace; by the pensions, sinecures, grants and allowances, half-pay, amounting altogether to *between six and seven millions* a year; and by the *thirty millions* a year paid to the *survivors*?”

“A hundred and thirteen privy councillors, not including bishops or royal family, swallow up *six hundred and fifty thousand pounds* a year out of the taxes; a sum equal to the aggregate amount of the poor-rates of Bedfordshire, Berkshire, Buckingham, Huntingdonshire, Cumberland, Monmouthshire, Rutlandshire, Westmoreland, and another county or two into the bargain! There were grants to *augment the livings of the clergy in England*, to the amount of the poor-rates of ten counties in England, standing the first on the alphabetical list. We have just voted, to be given to lords, baronets, and ‘squires, (why is not compensation given to all thieves?) to induce them to free their slaves in the West Indies, *as much money as would keep the poor of England and Wales for five years*. The working people are compelled to pay the far greater part of these sums out of the fruits of their labour. Their drink, raised by their own hands, in their own country, pays a tax of *two hundred per cent.*; while the drink of the rich, produced in other countries, pays a tax of *only twenty per cent.*! WHAT IS THE RIGHT that lords, and baronets, and ‘squires, have to possess the lands, and to make the laws?”—*Cobbett’s Legacy to Labourers*

† “Ten acres of land have lately been given up to the poor by Lord Salisbury, the lord of the manor (of Cranbourne.) This is divided into 24 parts, and let at the rate of £1. 3s. per acre.

“The great tithes (of Cranbourne,) which are in the hands, principally, of Lord Salisbury, and another person, amount to £2500. per annum.

and still more from permitting them to purchase such allotments for life: *but there was no endeavour* on the part of the Commissioners to show how much greater good would result from *giving* to every man a portion of his native land, free of rent or purchase; *there was no recommendation* to act upon this suggestion, by making the waste lands (the commons, the many parks and pleasure grounds) of use to the community.—In fine, although the Commissioners not only did not search into, but carefully avoided, the prime causes of the prevalent anarchy, yet everything testified that it was engendered by the atrocious system of dividing men into rich and poor: permitting the robbery of one portion of society by another, under the cover of *trade*; suffering a few to revel in extravagance and idleness, while the Many were worn to the heart with unrequited and hopeless toil; prohibiting any really useful education, lest the oppressed and care-goaded slave should become “above his station.” This was testified: but it came not among the LEGITIMATE objects of the Commissioners’ inquiry. Verily, not! Their inquiry was instituted for the advantage of their brethren, the privileged few; not for the benefit of their “neighbours,” the Many. They were no “good Samaritans,” commissioned to pour oil and wine into the wounds of the plundered. The Priest and the Levite passed on—mocking at the words of Christ: “All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them; for this is the law”—It is not *our* Law. We are Christians. OUR LAW IS THE LEGALIZATION OF INJURY; and the bishops of “Christ’s” church are foremost in its promotion.

We object entirely to one and all of these Acts for the *relief* of the Poor, proceeding from our tyrants’ fear lest the weight of their chains should bow down the tired slave into the dust of death, and deprive his taskmasters of a *serviceable tool*. What else are their poor-law Acts; and their amendments? What else are their various charities, public and private? We beg not *charity*—we demand *justice*. Let those, who are in possession of superfluities, be taxed to the amount of those superfluities, for the support of the indigent. Let it be proved that the land is not sufficient to sustain its inhabitants (which cannot be while there is waste land, while miles of ground are inclosed for the mere pleasure of one man), or, till it be proved, let every man enjoy as comfortable a subsistence as can be afforded him by a fair sharing of the land’s produce. Let not one man be punished for occasional idleness, while another is *privileged* to be ever worthless. Let it be demonstrated that the vices of individuals are not rooted in the present false system of society, or let the composition of society undergo such a *revolution* as shall give some hope of more than a palliation, of a cure of its many evils. Let men be treated as men, as the free children of God, possessed of independent rights; not as beasts to be bought and sold by commercial speculators or legalized slaveholders. Let Trade give up its traffic in human misery; let Governments learn honesty, and dispense justice; let the Ministers of Religion keep their hands from picking and stealing, and their tongues from evil-speaking and lying; let *Christ’s doctrine of LOVE be tolerated amongst us*—and there will be no need of arbitrary enactments for the relief of the Poor; no occasion for Commissioners, armed with despotic powers, to prevent the Poor from perishing, or the Respectable from being plundered (even by each other). It will not then be requisite for men and women to live in vicious loneliness, or to defer their natural and innocent desires, through fear lest they should be bringing a sacrifice to the Moloch of Property; there will then be no temptation for men to gratify the paltry pride of superiority by giving alms in the market-places; high-spirited and noble men will not then be induced to live idly and disgracefully upon the labour of those whom they call their inferiors; the number of the Poor will not then

“The whole income of the vicar is £125 per annum.”

Mr. Okeden’s Report from Dorsetshire. Pp. 97, 99, 100, of the “Extracts, received,” &c. Out of from 10,000 to 11,000 livings, 5000 are private property.

increase, nor will the possessors of the means of enjoyment be haunted with the ever-present dread of spoliation : but the members of the common family will be enabled to live honestly and peacefully on their several allotments from the common property : Youth will be educated ; Maturity will be healthful and active, homed in the midst of uninterrupted happiness ; and Age, honoured and affection-tended, will lie down in its serenity, to rest after the day's enjoyment, pillowed on the consciousness of a well-spent life, and canopied by a glorious memory.

Prisons and Poor-houses shall pass away ; and, in their place, the home of enfranchised LOVE be surely founded.

A Corrupt Parliament.—Are they fit to be the legislators of a whole people who themselves know not what law, what reason, what right and wrong, what crooked and straight, what licit and illicit means ; who think that all power consists in outrage, all dignity in the parade of insolence ; who neglect every other consideration for the corrupt gratification of their friendships, or the prosecution of their resentments ; who disperse their own relations and creatures through the provinces, for the sake of levying taxes and confiscating goods—men, for the greater part, the most profligate and vile, who buy up for themselves what they pretend to expose to sale, who thence collect an exorbitant mass of wealth, which they fraudulently divert from the public service ; who thus spread their pillage through the country, and in a moment emerge from penury and rags, to a state of splendour and of wealth ? Who could endure such thievish servants, such vice-gerents of their lords ? Who could believe that the masters and the patrons of a banditti could be the proper guardians of liberty ; or who would suppose that he should ever be made one hair more free by such a set of public functionaries (though they might amount to five hundred, elected in this manner from the counties and boroughs) when among them who are the very guardians of liberty, and to whose custody it is committed, there must be so many, who know not either how to use or to enjoy liberty, who neither understand the principles nor merit the possession ?—

Milton.

TO THE COMMONS, AT THEIR SQUABBLES.

What is't ye do, Dull Spiders ! darkly weaving
The web of your poor passions in the corners
Of your old Chamber, for the vile deceiving
Of idle fools, making the wise your scorers ;
When all your words should be as songs of day
From bees and birds, all-cheering and intense
With peaceful power and thrilling influence
Over the list'ning world ? Unto the Mass
Who toil with head or hand, what boot the feuds
That furnish gabble to your heated moods,
When truth runs o'er with wine, and shows ye—liars !
We must have answer to our great desires
For Social Progress ; or we force the way,
And o'er ye, as a mighty whirlwind, pass !

Wade.

Judges.—What Shentleman is that upon the Pench in hur Cown, and hur Pelt, and hur Plack Cap ? Why marry (quoth Morgan) hur is an old woman that takes hur nap upon hur cushion, and then hur tells the Shewry hur Tream.—*A Learned Dissertation upon Old Women.*

Freedom of Conscience.—It is commonly said, "that positive institutions ought to leave me perfectly free in matters of conscience, but may properly interfere with my conduct in civil concerns." But this distinction seems to have been very lightly taken up. What sort of moralist must he be, who makes no conscience of what passes in his intercourse with other men? Such a distinction proceeds upon the supposition, "that it is of great consequence whether I bow to the east or the west; whether I call the object of my worship Jehovah or Alla; whether I pay a priest in a surplice or a black coat. These are points, in which an honest man ought to be rigid and inflexible. But as to those other whether he shall be a tyrant, a slave or a free citizen; whether he shall bind himself with multiplied oaths impossible to be performed, or be a rigid observer of truth; whether he shall swear allegiance to a king *de jure* or a king *de facto*, to the best or the worst of all possible governments; respecting these points he may safely commit his conscience to the keeping of the civil magistrate." In reality, by as many instances as I act contrary to the unbiassed dictates of my own judgment, by so much I abdicate the most valuable part of the character of man.—*Godwin's Political Justice.*

Government as it is. A great Nation.—With the phrase's leave, the words public and country and nation, in parliamentary mouths, generally mean *not* the public, the country, or the nation, but only the ruling and capital-commanding portions of it; and it is too sad a truth, that a great nation, as a whole or a majority, may be a pauper, a creature working its heart out to keep soul and body together, and having poor-law work-houses expressly made for it by the few to cause it to work on, either by the dread of being refused aid, if it does not work sixteen hours a day for four or five shillings a week, or the power of receiving it, should it have so worked itself into rheumatism and decrepitude.—*Monthly Repository*: 1838.

Society.—Reason gains credit slowly, and with pain. How do you think Society can be agreeable with all the pedantic rubbish that perpetually surrounds it?—*Voltaire.*

Nobles.—Ignorance, indolence, and contempt of civil government are the natural characteristics of the nobles.—*Montesquieu.*

Hereditary wealth is in reality a premium paid to idleness, an immense annuity expended to retain mankind in brutality and ignorance. The poor are kept in ignorance by the want of leisure. The rich are furnished indeed with the means of cultivation and literature, but they are paid for being dissipated and indolent.—*Godwin.*

Public History.—A register of the successes and disappointments, the vices, the follies and the quarrels of those who engage in contentions for power.—*Paley.*

HYMNS FOR THE UNENFRANCHISED.

No. VII.

Up! why sleep ye?
 What! out in the inclement air,
 With the yell of the rich man's hate
 Close following you, the desolate?
 Is not your hearthstone bare?
 Spring shall clothe it with mocking weed:
 Where will you bury your need,
 You and your mate?
 Where? where?

Up! why weep ye?
 Give offerings to Despair!
 Up! on the grave's brink stand at bay!—
 Hark to the dogs of Wealth! Away,
 Oh away! the fiends will tear
 Limb from limb of the sorrow-worn.—
 Who says God's children were not born
 To be the bloodhounds' prey?
 Who will dare?

Up! why creep ye
 Through the cavern'd Fear? Arise!
 Would ye wait till your wounds are dry;
 Till the close scars freezingly
 Fetter your agonies?
 Shall not the murderer's spirit blench
 In the grip of the trampled one's revenge?
 Hark to the tyrant's cry:—
 Spare, oh spare!

No. VIII.

Live we not in a Christian land,
 In the "Home of Liberty"?—
 Ask of the poor-house patriarch,
 Of the child o'the factory!
 Ask of the outlaw'd mendicant,
 Of the raw-back'd centinel,
 Of the spirit-writhing prostitute!—
 Any of these can tell.

Answer! thou grey-hair'd prisoner!
 What brand is on thy brow?
 "I have toil'd for half a century:
 I am a pauper now."—
 Why art thou stunted and dim-eyed?
 Thou care-worn baby? speak!
 "Was not Christ sold for thirty pence?
 I earn more every week."—

Confess! thou tatter'd vagabond!
 What bought thy punishment?
 "Yon felon-lord is marble-homed:
 But I am innocent."—

Poor "hero of a hundred fights!"
 What is thy rich reward?
 "Let not the foemen strip our dead,
 To say where we are scarr'd!"—

Sad bondwoman of pain and scorn!
 What sold thee to thy death?
 "The Love that knew not artifice:
 I drank a traitor's breath."—
 Oh, Freedom! is this Land of Wrong
 A dwelling-place for thee?
 Christ! rise again from the rich man's grave,
 To heal this blasphemy!

Spartacus.

THE SPHERE OF WOMAN.

THE truth is, that while there is much said about "the sphere of woman," two widely different notions are entertained of what is meant by the phrase. The narrow, and, to the ruling party, the more convenient notion, is that sphere appointed by men, and bounded by their ideas of propriety;—a notion from which any and every woman may fairly dissent. The broad and true conception is of the sphere appointed by God, and bounded by the powers which he has bestowed. This commands the assent of man and woman; and only the question of powers remains to be proved.

That woman has power to represent her own interests, no one can deny till she has been tried. The modes need not be discussed here: they must vary with circumstances. The fearful and absurd images which are perpetually called up to perplex the question,—images of women on wool-sacks in England, and under canopies in America, have nothing to do with the matter. The principle being once established, the methods will follow, easily, naturally, and under a remarkable transmutation of the ludicrous into the sublime. The kings of Europe would have laughed mightily, two centuries ago, at the idea of a commoner, without robes, crown, or sceptre, stepping into the throne of a strong nation. Yet who dared to laugh when Washington's super-royal voice greeted the new world from the presidential chair, and the old world stood still to catch the echo?

The principle of the equal rights of both halves of the human race is all we have to do with here. It is the true democratic principle which can never be seriously controverted, and only for a short time evaded. Governments can derive their just powers only from the consent of the governed.

Harriet Martineau.

A Commonwealth.—Neither by Reason, nor by experience, is it impossible that a Commonwealth should be immortal; seeing the people, being the materials, never die; and the form, which is motion, must, without opposition, be endless. The bowl which is thrown from your hand, if there be no rub, no impediment, shall never cease; for which cause the glorious luminaries, that are the bowls of God, were once thrown for ever.—

Harrington's Oceana.

*The grand contention's plainly to be seen,
 To get some men put out, and some put in.*

Daniel Defoe.

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. XVII.

MOURN ye! for the bolt hath fallen; o'er man's self-devoted head bursts the dread thunderstorm; the vial of wrath is poured out; the cup of bitterness is filled to the brim: Children of the dust, vile clay-spawned reptiles clinging to corruption! that bowl is filled for you. Drink ye of it, quaff ye to the very dregs thereof: pledge me, to the Hell on earth!

Weep and lament! the measure of your iniquity is full. Did ye not sow the seeds of vice and misery? Behold the grain is full and heavy: Arise, and gather in your harvest!

Gird ye yourselves with sackloth; strew ashes upon your heads! ye are married to Destruction; ye have chosen Sorrow to be your companion: ye have sworn; shall it not be fulfilled?

Mourn! for the din of labour hath ceased, and the workman's hand forgets its cunning; the spider builds securely in the idle loom, the ploughshare lieth frozen in the furrow; Industry sueth for employment—there is none: his heart sickens; with clasped hands and tear-suffused eyes, he flingeth himself at the footstool of Luxury—Give me bread!—the pampered slave spurneth back the unwelcome suppliant; the hand of Power gripes the throat of the dying one, and hurleth him to the bottom of a dungeon. *There is no crime like poverty.*

Mourn! for the husband and father is torn from his family, the son from his widowed mother, the brother from his sister, the lover from his betrothed bride: they must leave them destitute and friendless; they must leave them to perish in want, or to pine in misery and sorrow—and for what? To murder their fellow-men, or with their own blood to manure the field of slaughter; to dishonour and insult the Eternal Spirit of Peace, at the bidding of—a king.

The fate of the nations is weighed; the balance is in the hand of an idiot: in the one scale lie the hopes and happiness of a vast empire; the idiot flingeth his folly into the opposing scale, and the destinies of millions kick the beam.

Mourn! for the blood of man is poured upon the altar of God: human flesh is seething in the cauldron; the priest thrusts in the fleshhook and seizes his portion of the sacrifice;—whose shall be the remainder? It is a burnt-offering for the God of Love.

Human bones are heaped before the gates of the sanctuary; on the summit of the pile three seats are placed: who are they who sit thereon?

Know ye not the dark shade of Ignorance, with sightless eyeballs, and hands tied behind his back, his feet resting upon a massive book bound with strong iron clasps?

Know ye not his children, worthy helpmates of their sire? Superstition—palsied and trembling at his own words, for ever coining new phantasies, conjuring up fresh phantoms to rack his soul with terror! Intolerance—wrapped with a mantle steeped in gore, a firebrand in his fleshless hand; ever and anon he waveth it over the lands, and its flame is never quenched.

Priestcraft and Tyranny have joined hands: Smite the oppressors to the earth!

Robbery sitteth in the high places; murder hath usurped the throne of honour.

Wisdom crieth in the streets; but her voice is drowned in the jests of the trifler, in the scurrility of the fool.

There is a byword in the mouth of man, a term of derision and reproach, a stumbling-stone and rock of offence: that word is TRUTH.

+

Arms.—Skill in the use of arms should be made an essential and indispensable part of the education of youth.—*Sir W. Jones.*

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Six Lectures, and an Address. By Robert Owen. A. Heywood, Manchester: 1837.

These six lectures, published at a very cheap rate, contain a clear development of the philosophic views of the Man of the Age, the great and good Robert Owen. Let no man call himself a reformer, let no man pretend to possess sympathy for care-worn and sorrow-trampled humanity, who refuses his attention to these out-pourings from the prophetic spirit of the most Christ-like of living men.

The lectures are intended to prove, "that the principles on which society has been based and the character of man formed, are erroneous; that these erroneous principles necessarily force a system of continued deception on the human race, a system which compels all men by their education to become irrational in their thoughts and conduct, and thus always to mistake each other's nature and character; that, in consequence of these errors, sin and misery abound, love and charity are restricted within the smallest circle; the happiness of high and low, rich and poor, is extremely limited, uncertain, and inferior. That man is therefore made, throughout all the regions of the earth, an inferior, inconsistent animal. In consequence of these universal errors, an artificial arrangement of society has been formed to force their continuance by the most ingenious contrivances that man, in this early state of his knowledge, could devise. To maintain these errors, a classification of society has gradually arisen, which, for many thousand years, has served to perpetuate them. These errors become more and more absurd and complex in proportion as experience develops facts in opposition to them.

"But," continues the philanthropist, "*experience, the sole source of human knowledge*, has, at length, in the due course of nature, developed a sufficient number of facts to expose these errors of our inexperienced ancestors.—

"The customs and manners of all people have been founded upon the same supposition respecting the power of individuals to believe or disbelieve—to feel or not to feel, by a free choice of their own, and not as they are compelled to do by the unchanging laws of their nature. In fact, we have only to enter, without prejudice, upon the examination, to discover that, even at this day, all languages, religions, governments, laws, customs and manners are based on this supposition; that all the public and private institutions, of the present time, have the same foundation, and that the whole of the existing system of society, over the world, emanates from it, and rests solely upon it.

"This supposition, of qualities existing in human nature which do not form any part of it, has deranged the human character and all human affairs.

"It deranges the intellects of the human race, creating disunion of mind and feeling, until affection and charity, for those who differ in faith or feeling, are lost to the world.

"It has introduced anger, hatred, jealousy, envy, strife, murder, wars and massacres. It maintains ignorance, is the cause of poverty and the fear of it; and it is, now, the sole cause of all the wickedness and misery experienced by the human race.

"It has introduced the present classification of society, dividing the family of man into castes of separate and opposing minds and interests, forming the educated and uneducated, rich and poor, the oppressor and the oppressed; creating lasting misery to each division, by making them open or covert enemies to each other.

"It has introduced falsehood and established deception throughout the world; thus destroying confidence between man and man, and nation and nation, isolating the minds and feelings of each from the other, to the incalculable injury of all.

"It has degraded into a small, inferior and irrational fraction of humanity, each individual of the species."—

The Lecturer thus states some of the consequences of embracing a rational system of society :—

" *Large cities will be gradually abandoned* ; their population will be drawn off to occupy the far superior family residences in the country, each of which will ensure to their occupiers, greater advantages than city, town, or country residence now possesses or can possess, under any of the arrangements which can proceed from man while his mind contains only a confused, incongruous and opposing association of ideas, formed on the erroneous supposition that he is a free agent, in his thoughts, feelings, and actions. As this knowledge of human nature advances, *private property will cease to be valued*. It will be discovered, by all, to be, what it long has been, the demon God of the free agency system, worshipped by all, and *to whose imagined power*, health, peace of mind, and life itself, are daily sacrificed upon an appalling scale of magnitude.—

" *There must be a oneness in all human affairs*, as there is in the solar system ; each separate part must be complete in itself, and yet it must form a part of a complete whole.—

" Hitherto society has been a chaos ; it is so at this hour ; is without form, order, or system, and is in mental darkness. *All classes, sects and parties over the world, are blindly contending against each other, for they know not what ; which contests produce among them only insanity and misery.*

" There is a little band, insignificant in numbers—by the world hitherto despised :—but, they have shielded themselves with divine armour ; have cast all worldly consequences far away ; lovers and worshippers of Truth, they have no fear of man, or of what man can do against them. Already have they practised with this divine weapon, and are familiar with its use. They have firmly grasped it. They have gone forth. They have entered upon the conflict, and they return not, until ignorance, falsehood, superstition, sin and misery, shall be banished from the abodes of the human race : and peace and charity, reason, truth and justice, love and happiness shall reign triumphant, and for ever, over the whole family of man ; and slavery, and servitude, and oppression, or evil of any kind among the sons of men, shall be known no more !"

After these extracts, need we add one word of recommendation, to stimulate the attention of the least ardent desirer of human improvement, of universal happiness ?

Course of Popular Lectures ; with three Addresses, &c. By Frances Wright. Watson, London.

Frances Wright (Durasmont) is, we believe, of Scotch extraction, of a *good* family ; and inherited considerable property. In early life she became acquainted with Owen, and learned to appreciate his doctrines. She went to America, and bought an estate at Nashville, in Kentucky, in hopes of forming a community on Owen's principles. Disappointed in this, she sold the estate, having freed the slaves upon it ; and joined Robert Dale Owen in the *Free Enquirer*, formerly the *New Harmony Gazette*. The Lectures before us, were delivered in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, &c., in the years 1828-9 ; and created an immense sensation. Of them we will only say, that they are fraught with all that devoted love which, alas ! is so little manifest except in woman ; that the argument is clear and convincing ; the style eloquent, and the tone *manty*, in the best sense of the word. The work is also valuable as evidence of the *power of a female mind*. We especially recommend it to the unprejudiced consideration of all those *malcs*, who yet, on the score of intellect, claim a superiority over their *more moral* sisters, enforcing such superiority by the argument of brutality—muscular power. The subjects of the Lectures are manifold :—On the Nature of Knowledge—Of Free

Inquiry—Religion—Morals—Opinions—On existing evils and their remedy—Reply to the traducers of the French Reformers of the year 1789—On the state of the public mind and the measures which it calls for—&c. &c. Frances Wright (now Madame Durasmont) is again lecturing in New York, and attracting crowds of listeners—we trust, of *disciples*. Few are the men possessing either the intellectual power or the moral courage of this noble-minded and devoted woman.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE good deeds of the worst government should be recorded. Let it be borne in mind, that the murderers of their Canadian fellow-subjects, have been the successful mediators between France and Mexico. They had time for this stretch of their benevolence, for at home there is no occasion for mediation. An army of spies and obsequious tools for the dirty work of tyranny is calculated to do more for the peace of an outraged and insulted people, than any adjustment of differences. So we are to have a Rural Police for seven counties, to begin with. The *privileges* of the wealthy City are to be *respected*: the *rights* of the pauper country may be trampled under foot. If Manchester, or any other place, should be unruly, the Whig Police of 1839 may be found as loyal as the Tory yeomanry of 1819. Surely the countrymen of Hampden will not object to a British Coercion Bill? A Bill *to amend the present laws* (not thought sufficiently stringent) *for the suppression of "seditious" meetings*, IS NOW QUIETLY PASSING through the lowest House of Legislators. In a few days, for honest men to assemble in their native land to discuss their dearest interests, will be an offence against *the law*.—The game of despotism is kept alive. The Canadian Constitution was suspended by the Reform Ministry. The Constitution of Jamaica is to be the next forfeiture, by their command. It is feared that the "emancipated" Blacks may too soon derive some benefit from their freedom. (St. Domingo changed its name to Hayti: even the name of Jamaica may become obsolete.) What next will the same ministerial Liberals suspend? The British Constitution? It is not to be thought of. They may, perhaps, only suspend the tolerable portions of it. Trial by jury may be meddled with; and *habeas corpus* become martial law. Surely, under such circumstances, Englishmen would not rebel, as the Canadians did. Surely the *hangmen* would not be suspended? Surely not. Who thinks them worth a rope's end?

What are they doing in France? All as usual—licking the feet of the Citizen-Despot, the most politic of tyrants, the Iscariot-king of the French. Carrel's spirit has departed.

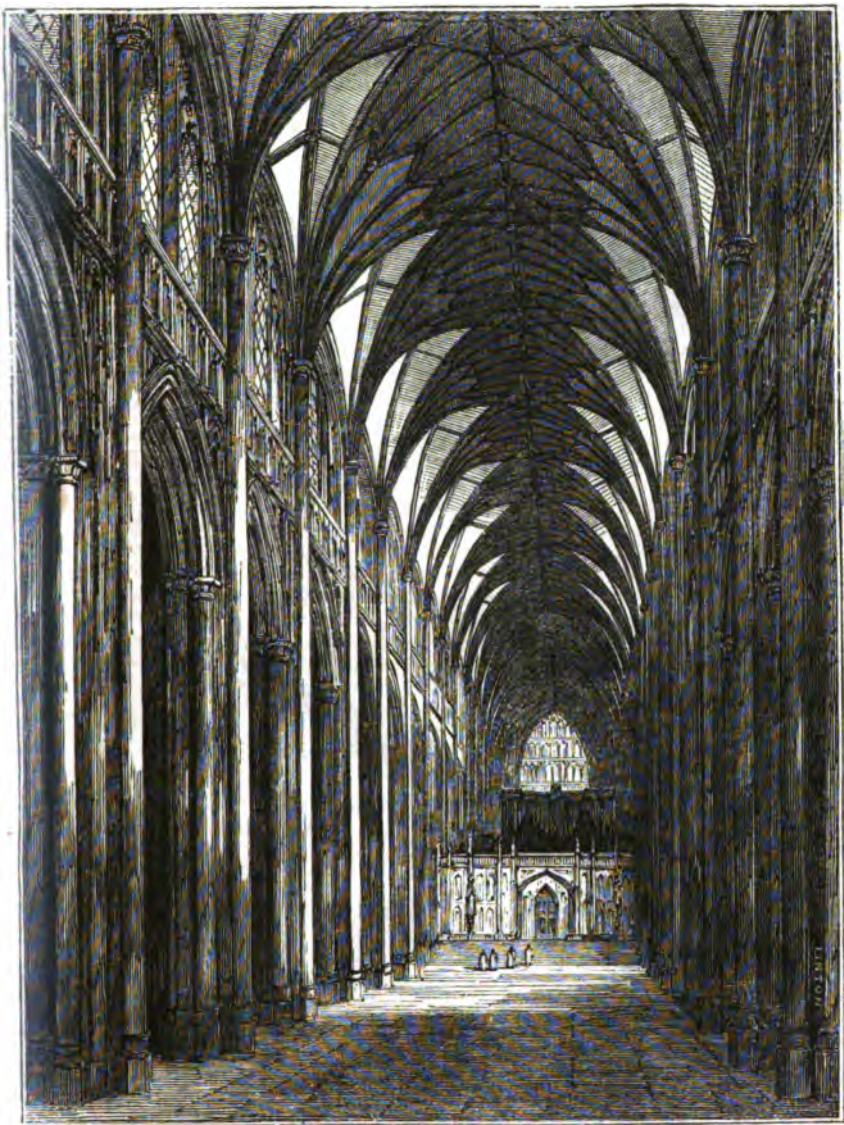
We have too long
Obey'd their orders, bow'd to their caprices—
Sweated for them the wearying summer's day,
Wasted for them the wages of our toil;
Fought for them, conquer'd for them, bled for them,
Still to be trampled on, and still despised!
Shall we sit tamely down beneath these evils?

The mighty multitude shall trample down
The handful that oppress them.

Robert Southey.

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

The Nave, looking eastward.



TO THE "LOVERS OF TRUTH"—WHOEVER IS AFRAID OF SUBMITTING ANY QUESTION, CIVIL OR RELIGIOUS, TO THE TEST OF FREE DISCUSSION, SEEMS TO ME TO BE MORE IN LOVE WITH HIS OWN OPINIONS THAN WITH TRUTH.—*Bishop Watson*

THE MAN—"GOD."

It cannot last—this story of a manger
Being the Godhead's cradle!—"Miracles,"
Dealt upon fish and swine and jars-of-water!
Which, to the ceaseless Miracle that wells
Forth from th' unfathom'd Universe, are folly,
By Man the Knave to Man the Fool made holy.
Should we not laugh to know that flies and worms
Fabled that Godhead in their atom forms?
And what are we, but insects of an hour?—
Yet deeming that the Eternal God could cower
In our vile flesh his Omnipresent Fire!
It cannot last!—The Prophets of the Lyre,
And all men of great thought, do make it stranger
To brain and heart. God's "Son"!—Why not, God's "Daughter"?

AN ADORER OF JESUS THE MAN; BUT A CONTEMNER
OF CHRIST THE "GOD."

THE CHRISTIAN CREED.

THE right faith is this:—that the omnipotent and all-merciful God condemned all mankind to eternal torture, because one had eaten an apple through the temptation of the Devil, who thereby had thwarted the desire of God, in consequence of God's own predetermination; that, repenting him of the evil he had done, God discovered, by the power of his omniscience, that there was but one way of remedying his error; that, in furtherance of this designed redemption, he seduced the betrothed wife of a carpenter, and, without injuring her virginity, begat himself; that his Omnipresence, having lain in the womb the full time of gestation, was at length brought forth in the form of man; and finally that, after submitting to manifold pains and indignities, his immortality endured an ignominious death, and his purpose remained unaccomplished.

This is the Christian creed—A VIRGIN, THE MOTHER OF HER OWN CREATOR: GOD ENGENDERING WITH A WOMAN, BEGETTING HIMSELF—"which except a man believe faithfully he cannot be saved."

All which was done to redeem a miserable fraction of the human race from the misery to which the same beneficent God had condemned them for being unable to contravene his immutable will.

Ecclesiastical History.—The scanty and suspicious materials of ecclesiastical history seldom enable us to dispel the dark cloud that hangs over the first age of the church.—*Gibbon*.

A Churchman's Faith.—That complication of probabilities by which the christian history is attested. The will of God as collected from expediency.—*Palcy*.

REVELATION.

ALLOWING the sometime occurrence of a revelation from God to man, how are we to obtain proof of its authenticity? A asserts that the invisible and immaterial God has appeared to him, and ordered him to demand from B and C a certain sum of money and deference in all matters of opinion. If B and C are possessed of common sense, they will require proof of the honesty of this assertion, and also of the *impossibility* of deception, before they sacrifice either their reason or their property at his bidding. The first thing to be proved is the existence of this God who is said thus to interfere with their affairs. A has seen something, which he is convinced is God, because God must be an invisible spirit; but neither B nor C has seen him; and they say—A is deceived, or he is lying to get our money. They will not believe him without corroborative evidence: and how is this to be procured? God does not seem to take much interest in the matter, for he will not show himself to the sceptics, and so convince their incredulity: nor is it explained why A should be favoured with visual proof, and B and C be expected to believe without it. A's only resource is the performance of miracles; but even this fails him, for B and C are satisfied, that *imposture is more probable than an infraction of the laws of the universe.*

*

Revelation is a communication of something, which the person, to whom that thing is revealed, did not know before. For if I have done a thing, or seen it done, it needs no revelation to tell me I have done it, or seen it, nor to enable me to tell it, or to write it.

Revelation, therefore, cannot be applied to any thing done upon earth of which man is himself the actor or the witness; and consequently all the historical and anecdotal part of the Bible, which is almost the whole of it, is not within the meaning and compass of the word revelation, and therefore is not the word of God.

Suppose I were to say that, when I sat down to write this book, a hand presented itself in the air, took up the pen, and wrote every word that is herein written; would any body believe me? certainly they would not. Would they believe me a whit the more if the thing had been a fact? certainly they would not. Since, then, a real miracle, were it to happen, would be subject to the same fate as the falsehood, the inconsistency becomes the greater, of supposing the Almighty would make use of means that would not answer the purpose for which they were intended, even if they were real.

If we are to suppose a miracle to be something so entirely out of the course of what is called Nature, that she must go out of that course to accomplish it; and we see an account given of such miracle by the person who said he saw it, it raises a question in the mind very easily decided, which is, is it more probable that nature should go out of her course, or that a man should tell a lie?

It is with prophecy, as it is with miracle. It could not answer the purpose even if it were real. Those to whom the prophecy should be told, could not tell whether the man prophesied or lied, or whether it had been revealed to him, or whether he concealed it: and if the thing that he prophesied, or pretended to prophesy, should happen, or something like it among the multitude of things that are daily happening, nobody could again know whether he foreknew it, or guessed at it, or whether it was accidental.

Paine's Age of Reason.

Modesty of the "Fathers."—In the long series of ecclesiastical history, does there exist a single instance of a saint asserting that he himself possessed the gift of miracles?—*Gibbon.*

MIRACLES.

A MIRACLE is a violation of the laws of nature; and as a firm and unalterable experience has established these laws, the proof against a miracle, from the very nature of the fact, is as entire as any argument from experience can possibly be imagined.

There must be an uniform experience against every miraculous event, otherwise the event would not merit that appellation. And as an uniform experience amounts to a proof, there is here a direct and full *proof* from the nature of the fact against the existence of any miracle; nor can such a proof be destroyed, or the miracle rendered credible, but by an opposite proof which is superior.

The plain consequence is, "that no testimony is sufficient to establish a miracle, unless the testimony be of such a kind, that its falsehood would be more miraculous than the fact which it endeavours to establish: and even in that case there is a mutual destruction of arguments, and the superior only gives us an assurance suitable to that degree of force which remains after deducting the inferior."

Though the Being, to whom the miracle is ascribed, be Almighty, it does not upon that account become a whit more probable; since it is impossible for us to know the attributes or actions of such a Being, otherwise than from the experience which we have of his productions in the usual course of nature. This still reduces us to past observation, and obliges us to compare the instances of the violation of truth in the testimony of men, with those of the violation of the laws of nature by miracles, in order to judge which of them is most likely and probable. As the violations of truth are more common in the testimony concerning religious miracles, than in that concerning any other matter of fact, this must diminish very much the authority of the former testimony, and make us form a general resolution, never to lend any attention to it, with whatever specious pretence it may be covered.—*Hume*.

AUTHENTICITY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

And Hilkiah the high priest said unto Shaphan the scribe, I have found the book of the law in the house of the Lord.

And Shaphan the scribe shewed the king, saying, Hilkiah the priest hath delivered me a book. And Shaphan read it before the king.

And it came to pass, when the king had heard the words of the book of the law, that he rent his clothes.—*2 Kings, chap. 22.*

And when they brought out the money that was brought into the house of the Lord, Hilkiah the priest found a book of the law of the Lord given by Moses.

And Hilkiah answered and said to Shaphan the scribe, I have found the book of the law in the house of the Lord.—*2 Chronicles, chap. 34.*

THE genuineness of the books ascribed to Moses—in which he relates his own death and burial, even the place thereof, which "no man knoweth unto this day," [*Deuteronomy, chap. 34*] rests solely upon the above-cited passages; testimony too slight and unsupported to be received as evidence in the most trivial matter, in any court of judicature. The historian declares that the book of the Law was discovered by the high priest, while repairing the temple in the reign of Josiah: it is called *the* book of the law; the high priest, the king and all the people are astonished at the words of the book. The plain inference is that there was no other copy. What proof have we, that the whole was not a fabrication of the high priest; and, though the traditions of the law might prevent this, they could not prevent interpolation to a great extent. Before, therefore, we can give a reasonable credence to any portion of those books, proof is required that such portion could not *possibly* have been

either forged or altered by him who could not have lacked inducement to the task, who had the best opportunity, and of whose character we know nothing. Will our Courts of Law allow a will so *proved*? or, is our souls' wealth of less consideration.

The authenticity of the Christian Scriptures, or New Testament, rests even on a worse foundation than that of the book which Hilkiah found. Voltaire gives a list—with some extracts—of about fifty Gospels, the evidence of whose existence is in the writings of the Fathers. In the time of Constantine, the Christian Church being split into many heresies, the clergy, like a gang of sensible bandits anxious only for the continuance of their own power, assembled at a general Council, and agreed to merge all differences in their common interest, and to decide which were the true and which the false Scriptures, *by vote*.* every one being willing to surrender some part of what he conscientiously believed to be the Word of God, and to acknowledge the truth of that which he had before stigmatized as spurious, rather than endanger their common craft. Doubtless the Holy Spirit gave the casting vote. Notwithstanding, the Gospels of Nicodemus and the Virgin Mary were rejected. Even the four voted genuine contradict each other in many material points. See especially the genealogies in Matthew and Luke, which flatly contradict each other in names and time: one tracing the family of Joseph—for the genealogy is not that of Christ, but of Joseph, *who was not his father*—to Nathan, the son of David; the other to Solomon. They should have given us the pedigree of *the Virgin*, to prove *her* son's descent from David: the other proves nothing except the folly and falsehood of the chroniclers. The worthies, who could select these, must have had a poor opinion of those whom they intended to dupe. Their inducements cannot be gainsayed, nor their facilities of fraud, when the emperor was their tool or accomplice; when they could thus decide their own differences, it being of little consequence by what lie they robbed the community; and when few of the laity could either read or write. Of the existence of such persons as the Apostles and Evangelists, we have no evidence whatever, except in the books they are supposed to have written. Not one of them is mentioned by any profane writer.—“The disciples were first called Christians at Antioch.” (Acts, chap. 11, v. 26.) Whose disciples were they?

We have no reason to believe that Christ spoke all that is attributed to him. His opinions and doctrines were neither transmitted to writing by himself, nor during his life, so as to be subject to his revision. If the Evangelists were not inspired, it is not to be marvelled at that they sometimes differ in their recollections of doctrines which they had not learned by heart. The errors of memory may well be excused. But if they were inspired, how shall we account for their contradictory relations of facts? Their accounts of the resurrection—the great event—differ most materially. Shall we say, with Paley, that their opposition to each other is proof of their truth? What was the Spirit about, not to prevent such bungling?—It is probable that Christ taught a pure and simple code of morality, which was altered by his disciples according to the action of their various dispositions and prejudices upon their understandings and memories, and still further altered and corrupted by their successors. We all know how little verbal report may be depended upon; what various and almost contrary meanings are attached to the same words; how in frequent repetition the very words become altered; and how even a tone or a gesture may give a totally different signification. These considerations plainly tell us that, though we be believers in *Christ*, we cannot be bound by the letter of the law, and that we are, consequently, judges of the spirit. How many interpreters will accord, the following remarks of the catholic Pascal may help to inform us:—“To understand the Scriptures, it is necessary to have a sense in which all the contrary passages agree—*there must be one which reconciles even contrary passages.*”

✱

* “The Rabbins of the Jews had decided by vote upon the books of the Bible before.”—Paine.

Genesis was never the work of Moses, but a compilation digested after the return from the Babylonish captivity, and containing the Chaldean opinions respecting the origin of the world.—*Volney*.

The Christian Faith (for that was once a schism!) is not unknown to have spread all over Asia, ere any Gospel or Epistle was seen in writing.
Milton.

There was no such book as the New Testament till more than three hundred years after the time that Christ is said to have lived.

At what time the books ascribed to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, began to appear is altogether a matter of uncertainty. There is not the least shadow of evidence of who the persons were that wrote them; The originals are not in the possession of any Christian church existing, any more than the two tables of stone, written on, as they pretend, by the finger of God, upon mount Sinai, and given to Moses, are in the possession of the Jews. And even if they were, there is no possibility of proving the handwriting in either case. At the time those four books were written, there was no printing, and consequently there could be no publication otherwise than by written copies, which any man might make or alter at pleasure, and call them originals.

The former part of the *AGE OF REASON* has not been published two years, and there is already an expression in it that is not mine. The expression is, *The book of Luke was carried by a majority of only one vote*. It may be true but it is not I who have said it. Some person, who might know of that circumstance, has added it in a note at the bottom of the page of some of the editions, and the printers after that have erected it into the body of the work, and made me the author of it. If this has happened within such a short space of time, notwithstanding the aid of printing, which prevents the alteration of copies individually; what may not have happened in a much greater length of time, when there was no printing, and when any man who could write could make a written copy, and call it an original by Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John.—*Paine's Age of Reason*.

THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

It has been remarked, with more ingenuity than truth, that the virgin purity of the church was never violated by schism or heresy before the reign of Trajan or Hadrian, about one hundred years after the death of Christ. We may observe with much more propriety, that, during that period, the disciples of the Messiah were indulged in a freer latitude both of faith and practice, than has ever been allowed in succeeding ages. As the terms of communion were insensibly narrowed, and the spiritual authority of the prevailing party was exercised with increasing severity, many of its most respectable adherents, who were called upon to renounce, were provoked to assert their private opinions, to pursue the consequences of their mistaken principles, and openly to erect the standard of rebellion against the unity of the church. The Gnostics were distinguished as the most polite, the most learned, and the most wealthy of the Christian name, and that general appellation which expressed a superiority of knowledge, was either assumed by their own pride, or ironically bestowed by the envy of their adversaries. They were almost without exception of the race of the Gentiles, and their principal founders seem to have been natives of Syria or Egypt, where the warmth of the climate disposes both the mind and the body to indolent and contemplative devotion. The Gnostics blended with the faith of Christ many sublime but obscure tenets,

which they derived from oriental philosophy, and even from the religion of Zoroaster, concerning the eternity of matter, the existence of two principles, and the mysterious hierarchy of the invisible world. As soon as they launched out into that vast abyss, they delivered themselves to the guidance of a disordered imagination; and as the paths of error are various and infinite, the Gnostics were imperceptibly divided into more than fifty particular sects, of whom the most celebrated appear to have been the Basilidians, the Valentinians, the Marcionites, and, in a still later period, the Manichæans. Each of these sects could boast of its bishops and congregations, of its doctors and martyrs, and, instead of the four gospels adopted by the church, the heretics produced a multitude of histories, in which the actions and discourses of Christ and of his apostles were adapted to their respective tenets. The success of the Gnostics was rapid and extensive. They covered Asia and Egypt, established themselves in Rome, and sometimes penetrated into the provinces of the West. For the most part they arose in the second century, flourished during the third, and were suppressed in the fourth or fifth, by the prevalence of more fashionable controversies, and by the superior ascendancy of the reigning power.—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

[In the contest between St. Augustine and Faustus, about the year 400, the latter says,]

"The books called the Evangelists have been composed long since the time of the Apostles, by some obscure men, who, fearing that the world would not give credit to their relation of matters, of which they could not be informed, have published them under the names of the Apostles; and which are so full of sottishness and discordant relations, that there is neither agreement nor connexion between them!"

[And in another place, addressing himself to the advocates of those books, as being the word of God, he says,]

"It is thus that your predecessors have inserted in the Scriptures of our Lord many things which, though they carry his name, agree not with his doctrine. This is not surprising *since we have often proved* that these things have not been written by himself nor his apostles, but that, for the greatest part, they are founded upon *tales*, upon *vague reports*, and put together by I know not what, half Jews, with but little agreement between them; and which they have, nevertheless, published under the names of the Apostles, and have thus attributed to them their own errors and their lies."

The Marcionists (a christian sect) assured that the Evangelists were filled with falsities. The Manichæans, who formed a very numerous sect at the commencement of christianity, *rejected as false all the New Testament*; and shewed other writings, quite different, that they gave for authentic. The Corinthians, like the Marcionists, admitted not the Acts of the Apostles. The Eucratians and the Sevenians adopted neither the Acts, nor the Epistle of Paul. Chrysostome, in a homily made upon the Acts of the Apostles, says that in his time (about the year 400) many people knew nothing either of the author or the book. St. Irene, who lived before that time, reports that the Valentinians, like several other sects of the Christians, accused the Scriptures of being filled with errors, imperfections, and contradictions. The Ebionists, or Nazarenes, who were the first Christians, rejected all the Epistles of Paul, and regarded him as an impostor. They report among other things, that he was originally a Pagan; that he came to Jerusalem, where he lived some time; and that having a mind to marry the daughter of the high-priest, he caused himself to be circumcised; but that not being able to obtain her, he quarrelled with the Jews, and wrote against circumcision, the observance of the Sabbath, and against all the legal ordinances.—

Boulanger: (quoted by Paine.)

REASON AND FAITH.

I FIND every sect, as far as reason will help them, make use of it gladly; and where it fails them, they cry out, it is matter of faith, and above reason. And I do not see how they can argue with any one, or even convince a gainsayer who makes use of the same plea, without setting down strict boundaries between faith and reason; which ought to be the first point established on all questions where faith has any thing to do.

Reason, therefore, here as contradistinguished to faith, I take to be the certainty or probability of such propositions or truths which the mind arrives at by deduction made from such ideas, which it has got by the use of its natural faculties, *viz.* by sensation and reflection.

Faith, on the other side, is the assent to any proposition, not thus made out by the deductions of reason, but on the credit of the proposer, as coming from God in some extraordinary way of communication. This way of discovering truths to men we call Revelation.

First, then, I say, no man inspired by God can by any revelation communicate to others any new simple ideas which they had not before from sensation and reflection. For whatsoever impressions he himself may have from the immediate hand of God, this revelation, if it be of new simple ideas, cannot be conveyed to another, either by words, or any other signs. Because words, by their immediate operations on us, cause no other ideas but of their natural sounds: and it is by the custom of using them for signs that they excite and revive in our minds latent ideas; but yet only such ideas as were there before. For words seen or heard, recall to our thoughts those ideas only which to us they have been wont to be signs of; but cannot introduce any perfectly new and formerly unknown simple ideas. The same holds in all other signs, which cannot signify to us things of which we have before never had any idea at all.

Thus, whatever things were discovered by the Apostle Paul, when he was snatched up into the third heaven, whatever new ideas his mind there received, all the description he can make to others of that place is only this, that there are such things "as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." And supposing God should discover to any one, supernaturally, a species of creatures inhabiting, for example, Jupiter or Saturn, (for that it is possible there may be such, nobody can deny) which has six senses, and imprint on his mind the ideas conveyed to theirs by that sixth sense, he could no more, by words, produce in the minds of other men those ideas imprinted by that sixth sense, than one of us could convey the idea of any colour by the sounds of words into a man, who, having the four senses perfect, had always totally wanted the fifth of seeing. For our simple ideas, then, which are the foundation and sole matter of all our notions and knowledge, we must depend wholly on our reason, I mean our natural faculties; and can by no means receive them, or any of them, from traditional revelation; I say traditional revelation, in distinction to original revelation.

By the one, I mean that first impression which is made immediately by God on the mind of any man, to which we cannot set any bounds; and by the other, those impressions delivered over to others in words, and the ordinary ways of conveying our conceptions one to another.

Secondly, I say, that the same truths may be discovered, and conveyed down from revelation, which are discoverable to us by reason, and by those ideas we naturally may have. So God might, by revelation, discover the truth of any proposition in Euclid, as well as men, by the natural use of their faculties, come to make the discovery themselves. In all things of this kind, there is little need or use of revelation; God having furnished us with natural and surer means to arrive at the knowledge of them. For whatsoever truth we come to the clear discovery of from the knowledge and contemplation of our own ideas, will always be more certain to us, than those which are conveyed to us by traditional revelation. For the knowledge we have, that this

revelation came at first from God, can never be so sure, as the knowledge we have from the clear and distinct perception of the agreement or disagreement of our own ideas; *e. g.* if it were revealed some ages since, that the three angles of a triangle were equal to two right ones, I might assent to the truth of that proposition, upon the credit of the tradition, that it was revealed; but that would never amount to so great a certainty, as the knowledge of it, upon the comparing and measuring my own ideas of two right angles, and the three angles of a triangle. The like holds in matter of fact, knowable by our senses; *e. g.* the history of the deluge is conveyed to us by writings, which had their original from revelation; and yet nobody, I think, will say he has as certain and clear a knowledge of the flood as Noah that saw it; or as he himself would have had, had he been alive, and seen it. For he has no greater an assurance than that of his senses, that it is written in the book supposed written by Moses inspired; but he has not so great an assurance that Moses wrote that book, as if he had seen Moses write it. So that the assurance of its being a revelation is less still than the assurance of his senses. — *Locke.*

RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

IN the reign of Arcadius, Logomacos, a theologue of Constantinople, went into Scythia, and stopped at the foot of mount Caucasus, in the fertile plains of Zephirim, bordering on Colchia. The good old man Dondindac was, after a light repast, kneeling in his large hall, between his vast sheepfold and his ample barn, with his wife, his five sons and five daughters, some of his kindred and his domestics, all chaunting the praises of the Bounteous Giver of all good things. Ho! What art thou about, idolater? said Logomacos to him. I am no idolater, said Dondindac. An idolater thou must be, said Logomacos to him, as being a Scythian, or at least no Greek. Well, and what wast thou gabbling in thy Scythian jargon? All languages are alike in God's ear, answered the Scythian: we were singing his praises. Very extraordinary indeed, replied the theologue; a Scythian family worshipping God without any previous instruction from us! He soon entered into conversation with Dondindac; for the theologue had a smattering of the Scythian, and the other understood a little Greek. This conversation is lately come to light in a manuscript kept in the imperial library at Constantinople.

Log. I will see whether thou knowest thy catechism: why prayest thou to God?

Don. Because it is just and proper to worship the Supreme Being: as of him we hold all we have.

Log. Pretty well, for a barbarian: and what askest thou of him?

Don. I thank God for the good things he gives me, and even for the crosses with which he tries me: but as for asking of him any thing, that is what I never presume to do; he knows what we stand in need of better than ourselves: besides I should be afraid to ask for sunshine, when rain would better suit my neighbour.

Log. Ah! I apprehended we should soon have some nonsense or other from him. Let me take a retrospect of things; who told thee there is a God?

Don. All nature.

Log. That is nothing: what idea hast thou of God?

Don. That he is my Creator, my master: who will reward me if I do well, and punish me if I do amiss.

Log. That is but trivial and low: let us come to the essential. Is God infinite *secundum quid*, or in his essence?

Don. I do not understand you.

Log. Stupid dolt! Is God in a place, or out of all place, or is he everywhere?

Don. I know nothing of that ; it may be just as you please.

Log. Ignorant wretch ! Well ; can he make what has been not to have been, or that a stick shall not have two ends ? Is futurity to him as future, or as present ? How does he do to bring nothing into existence, and to annihilate existence ?

Don. I never bestow a thought on those things.

Log. What an oaf is this ! Well, I must let myself down, I must suit myself to the meanness of his intellects. Tell me, friend ! believest thou that matter can be eternal ?

Don. What is it to me whether it exists from eternity or not ? I did not exist from eternity. God is always my master and instructor. He has given me the knowledge of justice, and it is my duty to act accordingly.—I do not desire to be a philosopher ; let me be a man.

Log. What a plague it is to have to do with such thick-headed creatures ! I must proceed gradually with him. What is God ?

Don. My sovereign, my judge, my father.

Log. That is not what I ask you ; what is his nature ?

Don. To be powerful and good.

Log. But whether is he corporeal or spiritual ?

Don. How should I know.

Log. What ! not know what a spirit is !

Don. Not I in the least : and what should I be the better for such knowledge ? will it mend my morals, make me a better husband, a better father, a better master, a better member of society ?

Log. A man must be absolutely taught what a spirit is, since it is—it is—it is—Well, we will let that alone till another time.

Don. I fancy instead of being able to tell me what it is, you will rather tell me what it is not. But after so much questioning, may I take the freedom to ask you a question ? I was formerly in one of your temples, and why do you paint God with a long beard ?

Log. That is a very abstruse question ; the solution of which would be above your comprehension, without some preliminary instructions.

Don. Before you enter on your instructions, I must tell you a circumstance which I hope never to forget. I had just built a summer-house at the end of my garden : and one day sitting in it, I heard a mole and a chafer descanting on it : A superb edifice it certainly is, said the mole, and of very great parts must that mole have been who built it. A mole, forsooth ! quoth the chafer ; the architect of that pretty building could be no other than some chafer of an extraordinary genius. This colloquy put me on a resolution never to dispute.—*Voltaire.*

Councils.—They talk (but blasphemously enough) that the Holy Ghost is President in their general Councils, when the truth is, the odd man is still the Holy Ghost.—*Selden.*

Close Shaving.—The practice of ahaving the beard, according to the expression of Tertullian, is a lie against our own faces, and an impious attempt to improve the works of the Creator.—*Gibbon.*

Medical Orthodoxy.—Galen doth sometimes nibble at Moses.

Sir Thomas Browne.

CONFESSIONS OF A FALLING CHURCH.

FOUND IN THE STREETS; AND SUPPOSED TO HAVE FALLEN FROM THE
POCKET OF A PROTESTANT CLERGYMAN.

"GROANING under the burthen of many and great infirmities, fast sinking beneath the torturing of complicated diseases, the consequence of an ill-spent life, fain would I ease my anguished heart by confessing (and surely I have not so far wandered from the ways of my fathers, that I should deem confession superstitious or unavailing) if it be but as a warning to others, my manifold transgressions. Fain would I atone my intolerable crimes by acknowledging my infamy. Listen to the detail of my misdeeds, and be taught therefrom to avoid the recurrence of the evil. There are those who speak of my youth as virtuous and beneficent, who describe me as an ardent enthusiast, mild and loving and self-denying. Woe is me! how have I been since changed. Can they have known my youth? My own recollections go not back to such conduct. I can recall no such feelings. The furthest stretch of my memory but reaches to a time when, indeed, I was weak and mild and courteously zealous; but I was not earnest or gentle. I knew my own weakness: I sought by craft and guile to blind those whose enmity I feared or whose assistance I needed. I recollect myself, in my nonage, only as a parasite and panderer to the rich, a state-tool in the hands of the more mighty. I fawned upon the powerful; and was admitted to favour. Then did my native arrogance break forth. There were some who spoke disdainfully of my origin, who called me the bastard of an Egyptian, who denounced me as a hypocrite: these men I punished with death. I took the name of one, who in his life had been like the sun for glory. I forged testimonials to prove my identity. I bribed the forgers; and slew, ay, with great torments, those who dared to dispute my assertions. I deceived the mightiest of the earth; I became greater than the mightiest; and set my foot upon the necks of princes. I now gave the rein to my natural malignity; I concealed no longer my lust of wealth and dominion. I sought out the benefactors of the world. I tortured them, and gladdened my fierce thought with their writhings. I shut up Knowledge in a gloomy cell: I would have destroyed her, had she not been immortal—but I buried her ever-flowing eloquence in the depth of monastic caverns, and set up barriers, to keep humanity from reach of her prison, as if it had been a home of the plague. How I laughed when I beheld neglected Hope wandering, half blind with grief, through the desolated earth, seeking in vain for the grave of Knowledge. Ha! ha! this was better than her death—a prolonging of torture. I said to man—This earth is mine, and the fulness thereof. Thou shalt worship none other Gods but me. The fools prostrated themselves in the dust before me. I bade them to murder each other—and they did so. I bade them maim and torment themselves—they did that too. I cursed them—and yet they blessed me. I mocked their agony; I was drunk with the pride of my ferocity. I tempted the patience of man yet further. I proclaimed virtue to be an evil thing; I consecrated vice to the service of the altar. I made a murderer a priest; a foul profligate I chose to be my high-priest. I forbade men to love one another. I denounced the love of woman as a deadly sin. I would have none born without my license; even the dead were not safe from my wrath.—Men, at length, were disgusted with my enormities; and, enervated by a debauched life, I began to fear their vengeance. I sold them liberty to sin even as I had sinned—hoping to weaken them, even as I was weakened: but it would not avail me. Then, in my terror, I assumed the long disused humility. I pretended to be reformed—and men believed me. Fools! how could my nature be altered?"—

[The remainder of the manuscript is too dirty to be transcribed.]

THE HISTORY OF AN ENGLISH PROTESTANT BISHOP.

DEDICATED TO HIS GRACE, THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

"Holy ! holy ! holy !" — *Old Song.*

HE is the third son of a country squire, and devoted to the Church from his birth, not by the special inspiration of the Holy Ghost, but because the laws against simony allowed his father to purchase the presentation to a living. In his infancy he is alternately spoiled by ignorant nursemaids and a careless mother. At the age of eight years he is entrusted to the pedantry of a bigoted tutor, and permitted to recreate himself among grooms and stable-boys, who soon become his choice playmates. In due time he is sent to college, where he keeps a woman instead of a tutor, and admits a few stable-educated lords to his society. He soon becomes an adept in drinking, gaming, whoring and such like fashionable virtues; swears falsely on his entering the college, as a preparation for the priesthood; and is a liar when he comes out. Unable to pass his examination, he is plucked; and leaves the university with less morality than he left the nursery. He is now of age: family interest secures his ordination; as his vices are nothing more than the irregularities of youth—a few seductions and one very slight adultery; no thefts heinous from their paltriness, nor poaching, nor murder—though he has handsomely rewarded his gamekeeper for shooting a poacher; he is ordained, and, if he does not lie this time, the Holy Ghost is delighted to inhabit the rotten carcase of a libertine. He takes his mistress to the opera, but having to preach a charity sermon before the Duke of—, on the next morning, at some distance from London, he is obliged to leave even in the middle of the ballet, and reaches the church but just in time to enter the pulpit: his sermon is on purity of mind and the vanity of sensual delights; one portion of it is his own composition—an illustration of his subject drawn from the life of the Virgin Mary, occasioned by the confusion in his mind of the virgin in the service of the day with the Prima Donna of his last night's devotion: after the sermon he goes to the altar; consecrates the bread and wine—which have been paid for by money wrung from poor Dissenters, and the contributions of Infidels—and, being faint with fatigue, takes the holy sacrament to his great comfort; confesses himself a miserable sinner, and, thus qualified, absolves the congregation from their sins, that they may take in a new stock; administers the body and blood of Christ in small portions to these professed offenders, lets them depart with the peace of God; finishes the remains of his divinity; and goes to dinner with his grace. He now obtains a second living, on condition that he shall never visit it but to receive his tithes: a poor widow is in arrear with her payments; the disciple of Jesus procures a distress-warrant, and murders the widow's son for resisting the attempted robbery:—this comes of promoting curs to be shepherds: they cannot help worrying the sheep. "These bishops trace their dignities in a right line from the Apostle Judas." After some time he marries, in order that he may beget scrofulous children to inherit his holy office, and partly that through his wife's interest he may get a third living and an archdeaconship. Having somehow picked up a little book-learning, he writes a volume to prove that a watch was made by hands, and that God must have been made by somebody. His performance is approved by the heads of the church, and ordered to be read, learned, and inwardly digested, by all aspirants for ecclesiastical *honour*. The author, if a borrower of other's thoughts may be called such, is promoted to a bishopric. He has long discarded his stable companions as too honest; his company is now more select, confined to well-born and titled prostitutes, and noblemen of the most distinguished depravity. He deprives a poor half-paid curate of his gown, and dooms him and his family to starvation, because he has profaned his church by preaching Christianity; and the following Sunday he thinks nothing of profaning the church by his own presence, though, in truth, he goes there to

no purpose. He drives through Woolwich, and beholds a brutal and cowardly officer torturing a private soldier who is in all respects a better man than himself—he is horribly mangled and treated worse than a dog because he is of the blood of the unenfranchised: the worthy bishop takes home the officer to dine with him, and after dinner compliments him on his generosity and the kindness of his disposition. The next Sunday he preaches, before royalty, a sermon on the duties of inferiors—that they should honour the *civil* magistrate, and pray for those who despitefully use them: their prayers will be heard, my Lord Bishop! On Monday he goes down to the House; makes a speech to prove that murder on a wholesale scale is christian and just, illustrating his argument by the preferment of Barabbas; and votes for war. He hears that the poor of his diocese are starving, and he promptly prescribes six hundred new churches to relieve their necessities, so that it may be said, In him this Scripture is fulfilled—What man is there of you, who, if his brother ask him for bread, will give unto him a stone? The poverty of the people, the consequence of church-exactions and legal robberies, having produced a pestilence, he obtains an order for a general fast, as a true specific for the general destitution; and composes a form of prayer, entreating of Almighty God that, as his visitation in *the form of evil* was to punish the impiety of his people, so he would be graciously pleased to withdraw his wrath, without visiting the pockets of his faithful clergy. On the fast-day he dines sumptuously with royalty, gets as near drunk as etiquette will allow, and cannot sleep for indigestion: the plague is stayed in consequence; and the holy man publishes a form of thanksgiving. A few days after he dies of apoplexy: and is not damned—for the devil will not have him.

The foregoing history is strictly true: it may not be all applicable to a single individual; but even that is possible under the present discipline of the *Established Church*.—*Veritas:—From the "Star in the East."*

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

WINCHESTER—a city in Hampshire, containing eight churches besides the cathedral. In the cathedral is the marble coffin of William Rufus. Here also were interred several Saxon kings and queens, whose bones were collected by bishop Fox, put into six small gilded coffins, and placed on a wall on the south side of the choir. Winchester was of great note in the time of the Saxons; and here Egbert was crowned the first sole monarch of England.

In former days, when the Romish superstition possessed the land, and her rapacious priesthood rode paramount, magnificent cathedrals were erected to God's honour, wherein the church-supported pauper might worship at the noble's side. But we have altered all that. Our reformed clergy—the robbers of the aged and the destitute—cannot afford even to repair their churches without troubling the community. The very uses of our cathedrals are changed; they are not now for God's service, but for the "Church of England's" service: raree shows and places of exhibition. The Pilgrims to Westminster Abbey go there to see the wax-work rather than to kneel at its shrines, though kings have costly chapels therein, and poets—a corner. And our metropolitan temple, St. Paul's, may (thanks to the liberality of the reformed possessors!) be seen any day in the week for two-pence. God's house and its many monuments—not of saints, but of the honourable company of butchers—for only two-pence! Verily, our fathers' religion was a superstitious mummery, and the increase of dissent in our own day is a most uncalled for and impudent thing! What is wanted? Have we not bishops and murderers' monuments and royal wax-work? What better teachers want we than our reformed clergy? Christ is nothing to them.

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. XVIII.

THERE was a certain number of men who had amassed unto themselves immense wealth and power, and much respect.

They sought diligently after knowledge; they instructed the ignorant; they provided for the poor; they ministered unto the old, and infirm, the sick, the wanderer, and the destitute.

They built churches; they endowed schools; they founded hospitals: and did much good.

Yet therewith was great evil and many abuses: the nation decided that their funds were more than sufficient to perform all those offices; their goods were confiscated, and intrusted to a body of reformers, men pledged to remedy the evil and to increase the amount of good.

How have they redeemed their pledge?

They have retained the immense wealth: the tithe of the produce of the land, paying nothing for seed or labour; the glebe; much copyhold land; the churches; the very burial-ground of the people.

They neither build nor repair churches; they support not the poor and destitute; they relieve not the sick, or the aged, or the wayfaring man; they are neither the most learned, nor encouragers of learning; they maintain no schools nor hospitals.

Nevertheless they retain the wealth of their predecessors: and the people are taxed anew to provide for the poor and ignorant, to repair the churches, to supply vestments for the priest.

And the twice-paid priest will neither marry nor bury without an additional fee.

And again, the possessors of the seventh of the value of the land yet make a property of the common burial-ground, and sell to the people a place wherein alone they may bury their dead.

And yet again, a stone may not be raised to mark the grave thus purchased, without again paying for the leave of him who had sold the ground wherein in justice he had no property.

And yet again, the grave of your fathers, or that for which your own money has been paid, may not be re-opened without another fee for permission of the priest.

And, after all this, you may not even remove the weed or moss that defaceth the beloved name, you may not renew the fading memorial of your sorrow, without license of the still domineering and exacting priest.

Ye who love the priesthood! love ye to be so mulcted? Ye who love not the priesthood! how long will ye endure its injustice and rapacity?

There was a man who for a certain end used a particular machinery.

In process of time wheel after wheel was added unto it, till it became very cumbersome and was managed with extreme difficulty; and being much worn, by reason of its great age and the clumsiness of its make, it required often patching and constant attention.

And the man saw that this continual mending was very expensive, and, after all, that his work was but bunglingly and slowly executed: the cost of the labour exceeding the value of the produce.

And this was the more vexatious, for his neighbours, who employed a simpler and cheap engine, obtained a speedier and better result.

So, after much hesitation, he pulled down the cumbersome and intricate machine, and in its stead employed the simpler power: and he found that there was less noise, less waste, less trouble; his work was quicker and better done; his outlay was little, and his profit great.

And he acquired vast wealth.

†

Incumbents—rather incumbrances.—*Milton*.

Church Revenues.—As to the argument that large or any permanent revenues are essential to the existence of a christian church, it is answered at once by the well known fact, that during the primitive ages of the christian church, it possessed no other revenues than the voluntary contributions of the faithful. As to tithes, they were wholly unknown for many centuries after the establishment of the christian church; they have, therefore, no connection with christianity; and it is worthy of remark, that they have never formed any part of the temporal establishment of the eastern church.—*Eagle.*

The Church is a sable society of gentlemen, wearing broad hats and deep garments; who possess great part of the wealth and power of the world, and would have all, as a reward for keeping mankind in a decent ignorance and bondage.

THE ATONEMENT.

HOW CAN GOD BE THE DESIGNER OF EVIL?

Why must the lovely die? Though Death restore
All captives for One's sake—why must One perish?
Is Evil God, to will such remedy?—
Redeeming what offence?—The pure intent
Of my fond thought in its simplicity
Accuseth the Supreme Beneficence.
There is no God: My weak and lame Desire,
Infinite in its passion, doth aspire
Beyond Omnipotence. Though one should die
For myriads, 'tis yet ill. Is God content;
Or bow'd perforce to Evil's influence?—
Thou best Divinity, Beloved! cherish
The woe-worn soul of Love!—Art thou no more?
Then the world hath no hope, no life, no deity.

Z.

Inscrutability.—This is the key-stone of all religions: this is the angel with the flaming sword that turns every way, who keeps the way of the tree of life. In the perception of humanity the Universal Spirit must be inscrutable. We quarrel not with the assertion but with the application. Since God is inscrutable, how comes it that the priest can ascertain and accurately describe his nature, which description is ever found to correspond with the character and circumstances of the narrator? By what superior power attains he to such knowledge? Through revelation? This can only avail for himself. Could men analyse the minds of Theologians, they would discover that the gods of their idolatries are the very types of their own characters, the images of their own passions which they have set up for worship: Be it so! but let every man rest content with his own image, nor wish to compel others to bow down and worship him. The Spirit of proselytism is not the desire of truth. He who seeks converts, either arrogantly fancies that he has mastered truth, which hereafter shall be subservient to his opinion; or, as in the case of those founders of religions, who have pretended to miraculous power, he is an impostor and deceiver. Where power and profit are the produce of this assumption of superhuman knowledge, the persuading motive is sufficiently obvious; and even self-martyrdom, though it prove the honesty of the martyr, is no argument for the rationality or justice of his opinions.

May 4, 1839.

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



TEMPLE OF THE SUN:

Balbec, Syria.

CHURCH HIRELINGS.

WHAT recompence ought to be given to church-ministers, God hath answerably ordained, according to that difference which he has manifestly put between those his two great dispensations, the law and the gospel. Under the law he gave them tithes; under the gospel, having left all things in his church to charity and Christian freedom, he hath given them only what is justly given them. That, as well under the gospel, as under the law, say our English divines, and they only of all protestants, is tithes; and they say true, if any man be so minded to give them of his own the tenth or twentieth; but that the law therefore of tithes is in force under the gospel, all other protestant divines, though equally concerned, yet constantly deny. For although hire to the labourer be of moral perpetual right, yet that special kind of hire, the tenth, can be of no right or necessity, but to that special labour for which God ordained it. That special labour was the levitical and ceremonial service of the tabernacle, *Numb. xviii. 21, 31*, which is now abolished: the right therefore of that special hire must needs be withal abolished, as being also ceremonial. That tithes were ceremonial, is plain, not being given to the Levites till they had been first offered a heave-offering to the Lord, *ver. 24, 28*. He then, who by that law brings tithes into the gospel, of necessity brings in withal a sacrifice, and an altar; without which tithes by that law were unsanctified and polluted, *ver. 32*, and therefore never thought on in the first Christian times, till ceremonies, altars, and oblations, by an ancienter corruption, were brought back before. And yet the Jews, ever since their temple was destroyed, though they have rabbies and teachers of the law, yet pay no tithes, as having no Levites to whom, no temple where, to pay them: which argues that the Jews themselves never thought tithes moral, but ceremonial only. That Christians therefore should take them up, when Jews have laid them down, must needs be very absurd and preposterous. Next, it is as clear in the same chapter, that the priests and Levites had not tithes for their labour only in the tabernacle, but in regard they were to have no other part nor inheritance in the land, *ver. 20, 24*, and by that means for a tenth, lost a twelfth. But our Levites undergoing no such law of deprivation, can have no right to any such compensation: nay, if by this law they will have tithes, can have no inheritance of land, but forfeit what they have.—

If the Minister be maintained by his own ministry, why should he be twice paid for any part thereof? why should he, like a servant, seek vails over and above his wages? As for christenings, either they themselves call men to baptism, or men of themselves come: if ministers invite, how ill had it become John the Baptist, to demand fees for his baptizing, or Christ for his christenings? Far less it becomes these now, with a greediness lower than that of tradespeople calling passengers to their shop, and yet paid beforehand, to ask again for doing that which those their founders did freely. If men of themselves come to be baptized, they are either brought by such as already pay the minister, or come to be one of his disciples and maintainers: of whom to ask a fee, as it were for entrance, is a piece of paltry craft or caution, befitting none but beggarly artists. Burials and marriages are so little to be any part of their gain, that they who consider well may find them to be no part of their function. At burials their attendance they allege on the corpse; all the guests do as much unhired. But their prayers at the grave; superstitiously required: yet if required, their last performance to the deceased of their own flock. But the funeral sermon; at their choice, or if not, an occasion offered them to preach out of season, which is one part of their office. But something must be spoken in praise; if due, their duty; if undue, their corruption, a peculiar simony of our divines in England only. But the ground is broken, and especially their unrighteous possession, the chancel. To sell that, will not only raise up in judgment the council of Trent against them, but will lose them the best champion of tithes, their

zealous antiquary, Sir Henry Spelman; who in a book written to that purpose, by many cited canons, and some even of times corruptest in the church, proves that fees exacted or demanded for sacraments, marriages, burials, and especially for interring, are wicked, accursed, simoniacal, and abominable: yet thus is the church, for all this noise of reformation, left still unreformed, by the censure of their own synods, their own favourers, a den of thieves and robbers. As for marriages, that ministers should meddle with them, as not sanctified or legitimate, without their celebration, I find no ground in Scripture either of precept or example. Likeliest it is (which our Selden hath well observed, 1, 2, c. 28, Ux. Eb.) that in imitation of heathen priests, who were wont at nuptials to use many rites and ceremonies, and especially, judging it would be profitable, and the increase of their authority, not to be spectators only in business of such concernment to the life of man, they insinuated that marriage was not holy without their benediction, and, for the better colour, made it a sacrament; being of itself a civil ordinance, a household contract, a thing indifferent and free to the whole race of mankind, not as religious, but as men: best, indeed, undertaken to religious ends, and as the apostle saith, 1 Cor. vii. "in the Lord." Yet not therefore invalid or unholy without a minister and his pretended necessary hallowing, more than any other act, enterprise, or contract of civil life, which ought all to be done also in the Lord and to his glory: all which, no less than marriage, were by the cunning of priests heretofore, as material to their profit, transacted at the altar. Our divines deny it to be a sacrament: yet retained the celebration, till prudently a late parliament recovered the civil liberty of marriage from their encroachment, and transferred the ratifying and registering thereof from the canonical shop to the proper cognizance of civil magistrates. Seeing then, that God hath given to ministers under the gospel that only which is justly given them, that is to say, a due and moderate livelihood, the hire of their labour, and that the heave-offering of tithes is abolished with the altar; yea, though not abolished, yet lawless, as they enjoy them; their Melchisedechian right also trivial and groundless, and both tithes and fees, if exacted or established, unjust and scandalous; we may hope, with them removed, to remove hirelings in some measure, whom these tempting baits, by law especially to be recovered, allure into the church.

Milton: Likeliest Means to remove Hirelings out of the Church.

Tithes.—Of all institutions which are in this way (letting in those, who have no concern in the improvement, to a participation of the profit) adverse to cultivation and improvement, none is so noxious as that of *tithes*. A claimant here enters into the produce, who contributed no assistance whatever to the production. When years, perhaps, of care and toil have matured an improvement, when the husbandman sees new crops ripening to his skill and industry; the moment he is ready to put his sickle to the grain, he finds himself compelled to divide his harvest with a stranger. Tithes are a tax not only upon industry but upon that industry which feeds mankind; upon the species of exertion which it is the aim of all wise laws to cherish and promote; and to uphold and excite which composes, as we have seen, the main benefit that the community receives from the whole system of trade, and the success of commerce. And, together with the more general inconveniency that attends the exaction of tithes, there is this additional evil, in the mode at least according to which they are collected at present, that they operate as a bounty upon pasturage. The burthen of the tax falls with its chief, if not with its whole weight, upon tillage; that is to say upon the precise mode of cultivation which it is the business of the state to relieve and remunerate, in preference to every other.—

Archdeacon Paley.

Prayer.—He, who believes in the all-pervading Soul of Nature, believes that the Spirit, which others call God, dwells in him. What worship shall he render to that existence of which he is a part—to himself? The worshipper of an independent and self-sufficient God, cannot avoid the same difficulty, without denial of his omnipresence. But, even if we allow the contradictory God of Theologians, what is gained in recommendation of prayer? Can Man inform Omniscience what is good or politic; or will his words alter the pre-determination of the Foreseeing? To what purpose then does he pray? If we pray for that which God purposes, we do but pray for that which he would give us without the prayer; and if we pray for that which he does not purpose, are we arrogant enough to expect that he will listen to our advice, or be bribed by our words? To pray, then, without the possibility of consequent good, is an idle absurdity, unworthy of a rational creature.

*

A Look into Church Pews.—If every hassock had a tongue, and might tell the thoughts, reveal the inmost workings of the hearts of those who, in attitudes of humiliation, kneel upon them! Look at this one, this lump of softest wool, covered with cloth of purple: this has borne the bulky mortality of a rich and arrogant man—of one, who, every week, confesses himself a miserable sinner, and in that confession prays aloud for grace—whose son is barred the paternal door, for that he has taken a wife, whose only vice was poverty! Here is another, yet warm from the knees of a domestic tyrant, who comes to church to sacrifice to the humility, the love, and searching tenderness of the Divine Example; and who, returning home, shall make his wife tremble at his frown, and the little hearts of his children quail at his foot-fall. Take a third: this is part of the pew furniture of a man who lives, and becomes sleek, upon the falsehoods, the little tyrannies of the world, who eats the daily bread of heartless litigation, whose whole life is a lie to every Christian precept; and, Judas to Truth, who kisses it only to sell it! Yet will this man pray, respond in prayer, run through the Creed, and glibly trol the Decalogue—a human clock, wound up on Sundays—and in this pew will kneel the withered usurer, a most respectable man, and one in parish office, whose heart glows at the worldly cunning of Jacob, and who, losing the spirit in the letter, dotes, above all measure, on the parable of the talents. These come to church to keep up the farce that their worldly brethren, with themselves, agree to act; they congregate to perform a ceremony, and that over, the week lies fair before them. They come to church deaf adders, and deaf they quit it; and as the weekly hypocrites come and go, the devil stands in the porch and counts them.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

VESPERS.

Robed are the forest columns in rich gold
That burns in the level sunlight; the grey domes
And fretted arches glitter, as of old
The Temples of the Desert; free and bold,
The rabbits wander from their cavern'd homes;
The tired cuckoo sobs convulsively;
The droning beetle sweepeth stumblingly
Athwart our path; like an unsubstanced thing,
Glides the most silent moth; the dragon-fly,
Disturb'd from rest, darteth with rattling wing
Over the stagnant pool:—The Moon is risen!
From the damp grass the white mists are uproll'd,
Meeting the light: so Beauty aye doth spring
To the calm light of God, from out her natal prison.

Z.

Predestination.—God made man such as he is, and then damned him for being so : for to say that God was the author of all good, and man the author of all evil, is to say that one man made a straight line and a crooked one, and another man made the incongruity.

A Mahometan story, much to the present purpose, is recorded (*in Sale's Prelim. Disc. to the Koran*), wherein Adam and Moses are introduced disputing before God in the following manner. Thou, says Moses, art Adam, whom God created, and animated with the breath of life, and caused to be worshipped by the angels, and placed in Paradise, from whence mankind have been expelled for thy fault. Whereto Adam answered, Thou art Moses, whom God chose for his apostle, and entrusted with his word, by giving thee the tables of the law, and whom he vouchsafed to admit to discourse with himself. How many years dost thou find the law was written before I was created? Says Moses, Forty. And dost thou not find, replied Adam, these words therein, And Adam rebelled against his Lord and transgressed? Which Moses confessing, Dost thou therefore blame me, continued he, for doing that which God wrote of me that I should do, forty years before I was created; nay, for what was decreed concerning me fifty thousand years before the creation of heaven and earth?—*Shelley: Notes to Queen Mab.*

Punishment.—It is ridiculous to speak of a man or an angel opposing the will of an almighty God. If he is a God of love and goodness, why does he not change evil to good; or rather, why did he create, or allow the creation, of evil? If he cannot alter the evil, why does he punish man for the self-same sufferance? Either God delights in evil—then he is not a God of love; or for good purposes he permits evil—which is the same as if he caused it; or he cannot overthrow evil—what then becomes of his omnipotence? In any case, the punishment of man—who surely is not the power that resists him—can not be just, even though there were a mutual contract between him and God. There is none. Man was no party to his own creating; consequently, is not responsible to his maker. All duties and responsibility must be the debt of the Creator to his creature.

“Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man; did I solicit Thee
From darkness to promote me?”

My will
Concurred not to my being.”

MILTON.

✱

The Poet's Religion.—’Tis not merely
The human being's Pride, that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place:
Delightedly dwells he ’mong fays and talismans,
And spirits; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
(Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanish'd.
They live no longer in the faith of reason!

But still the heart doth need a language, still
 Doth the old instinct bring back the old names;
 And to yon starry world they now are gone,
 Spirits or gods that used to share this earth
 With man as with their friend; and to the lover
 Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
 Shoot influence down.

Schiller: translated by Coleridge.

A PARABLE.

AND it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun. And behold a man bent with age, coming from the way of the wilderness leaning on his staff. And Abraham arose, and met him, and said unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night; and thou shalt arise early in the morning, and go on thy way. And the man said, Nay; for I will abide under this tree. But Abraham pressed him greatly: so he turned; and they went into the tent: and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of heaven and earth? And the man answered and said, I do not worship thy God, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a god, which abideth always in my house, and provideth me with all things. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man; and he arose, and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness. And God called unto Abraham, saying, Abraham, where is the stranger? And Abraham answered and said, Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness. And God said, Have I borne with him these hundred and ninety and eight years, and nourished him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?—*Franklin.*

LOVE.

Thou art the wine whose drunkenness is all
 We can desire, O Love! and happy souls,
 Ere from thy vine the leaves of autumn fall,
 Catch thee, and feed from their o'erflowing bowls
 Thousands who thirst for thy ambrosial dew;—
 Thou art the radiance which where ocean rolls
 Invests it: when the heavens are blue,
 Thou fillest them; and when the earth is fair,
 The shadows of thy moving wings imbue
 Its deserts and its mountains, till they wear
 Beauty like some bright robe;—thou ever soarest
 Among the towers of men, and as soft air
 In spring, which moves the unawaken'd forest,
 Clothing with leaves its branches bare and bleak,
 Thou floatest among men; and aye implorest
 That which from thee they should implore:—the weak
 Alone kneel to thee, offering up the hearts
 The strong have broken—yet where shall any seek
 A garment whom thou clothest not?

Shelley's Prince Athanase.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare ;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

* * * * *

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar :
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home :
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy ;
The Youth, who daily farthest from the east,
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended ;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

* * * * *

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity ;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet doth keep

Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
 Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
 A Presence which is not to be put by;
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive!
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest;
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise;
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings;
 Blank misgivings of a Creature
 Moving about in worlds not realised,
 High instincts before which our mortal Nature
 Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
 To perish never;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
 Nor Man, nor Boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!
 Hence in a season of calm weather
 Though inland far we be,
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither,
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
 And let the young Lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound!
 We in thought will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of this May!
 What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendour in the grass, or glory in the flower;
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind;
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been must ever be;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering;
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hill, and Groves,
 Forebode not any severing of our loves!
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
 I only have relinquished one delight
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
 The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
 Is lovely yet;
 The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Wordsworth.

An "Atheist's" Religion.—What a divine religion might be found out, if *charity* were really made the principle of it, instead of *faith*.—*Shelley.*

The worst of all fallen angels we take to be those who have fallen out of antipathies, and not out of sympathies.—*Leigh Hunt.*

Man.—In any point of Space, in any section of Time, let there be a living man, and there is an Infinitude above and beneath him, and an Eternity encompasses him on this side and that; and tones of Sphere Music, and tidings from loftier worlds, will flit around him if he can but listen, and visit him with holy influences, even in the thickest press of trivialities, or the din of busiest life.—*Edinburgh Review.*

THE MOON-WORSHIPPER.

Thou gentlest One, how beautiful thou art!
 Thy soft smile kisseth me: Dear Lady Moon,
 That pallid grace foldeth in my still heart
 A passionate melody, which seems to part
 Life from annoyance; a delicious swoon,
 Wherein—as phantom clouds fade in thy light
 Devouring them continually—the might
 Of shadowy sorrow quaileth trancedly!
 Fair Majesty, that steepest the calm night
 In the music of thy loveliness, till sky
 And earth and sea embrace voluptuously—
 Be thou an Omnipresence in my sight;
 Companion me with the intense delight
 Of thine abiding pure tranquillity!

Z.

RELIGION.

IN the depth of the dim wood, in some grey cave, on the wild sea-shore, or on the balmy mountain top, in some sweet solitude, beautiful as the passed Life, peaceful as that life's rest, would Love lay the ashes of the Loved. With his own hands would he fashion her last couch. Unannoyed by the obtrusiveness of strangers, by the heedlessness of hirelings; unaided save by the loving and lamenting, the Widowed would perform the last office for the dust that needeth no service. There would his grief seek comfort, communing in silence and tranquillity with that loveliness wherein the Most Beautiful yet might seem to linger: sure that no unholy tread should profane the hallowed earth; that no unmoistened eye should laugh to scorn the heart's fidelity; that no rude hand should rend the flowers drooping o'er that purest breast, wherefrom their gentle being drew light, and fragrance, and an echoing of melodious beauty.

Why is the trampling of hirelings in the house of mourning? Why do not the hands, that smoothed the pillow of sickness, bear the outworn to the couch of rest? Why should the utterance of the most solemn parting be the bought and formal words of cold-hearted or careless strangers and hirelings? If the awed silence of grief must be broken, when earth receives back her own, and the spirit returns to God, and the place of the Lovely is vacant—who should speak the words of consolation but those whose affection has been already ministrant; who should say, Farewell! but the One most wishful for the traveller's welfare?—What hindereth this? what unpitying hate mocketh the thrall of grief, trampling on the sorrow-broken? It is the World's *Religion*! It is the world's command that human thoughts and human passions shall bow down before accustomed forms. The world's irreligious forms! RELIGION is not custom; it is no legal ordinance; it is not line upon line, or precept upon precept; it is not a changeful thing of Time, a habit of Yesterday. *True Religion is the melody that dwelleth in all things, omnipresent and eternal, whose manifestations and ministrings are the echoings of that BEAUTY which is the soul of the Universe.* What have forms and ceremonies, arbitrarily established, and to be bought and sold, and forced or counterfeited, to do with Religion? Shall we be content with wearing the form of a heart? Alas that the services from humanity to humanity, which should be rendered freely and lovingly, should be shut up in a den of thieves, in the poor store-houses of Commerce, only to be bought when spoiled and worthless! There is no religion in a hired and prescribed service. It is not religious to buy a few hypocritical phrases to throw into the grave of the Beloved. The pompous

hearse, the feathers and the mutes, the pall, the passing under an arched roof where unconcerned officials prate by rote, the crowding of sorrow and curiosity, of pity and trade, around the grave, the reading of appointed words, the indecent and business-like lowering of the coffin, the trampling over the dead to disentangle ropes, the after refreshment at some hostelry, and the distribution of gloves and hatbands—these are not religious forms, but formal insults cast at the religion of humanity, at the poetry of the human heart.

The law-ordained mummery is over. Priests and bearers are laughing over the wages of their trouble. The grass is growing over the grave. In some confined corner, where the dead are thrust, as if the living would forget them; amid the many monuments of ostentation and hypocrisy, which make burial-grounds like masons' show-rooms; there is one record that lieth not. It needs no epitaph. Enough, that the Loved was there laid to rest. There is no marble monument exquisitely and elaborately sculptured, but living things are drooping over that grave; and *the Religion of Sorrow is there*. The little children, carelessly sporting among the tombs, gay as the flowers upon the green hillocks—seem they with their lightheartedness to profane this worship? *Theirs too is a religious service: the thanksgiving laugh of healthful childhood on the very lap of Death*. Doth the flower-bearing and buoyant Spring insult the bygone Winter? Do not the fair Wind-flowers bloom amid the dead leaves of last Autumn's scattering? Not in the carelessness of inexperienced childhood, but in the heedlessness of observant manhood (or manhood which ought to be observant), is the insult to religion. The children have approached the grave. Their merriment is hushed at the sight of tears. Wondering, yet in simplicity and faith, they pay *the religious homage of Pity*. O, thou strict religionist! which is the better form—the pious earnestness of the paid priest, or the promise of the little child that she will tend the flowers upon the grave, and keep her playmates from injuring them? Dry thine eyes, dear Child! Resume thy truthful laugh! It is the solemnity of the uniplying stranger that is offensive.

Why linger we in the place of graves? Away, over the sunny fields, to the forest glades! Is there not religion there? Listen to the sky-piercing lark!

"Like a star of heaven,
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight."

Hear, and heed! for the bird's song is a holier hymn than the organ-aided *Te Deum*. The air is filled with the words of innumerable thanksgivings. Not alone the Love-music of the birds, the melodious hummings of the bees, which greet the ears even of those who listen not; from the busy ant-world ariseth the multitudinous echoing of the myriad footfalls, the rustling as of far voices; the warm winds are whispering in the tree tops. There is enjoyment everywhere: and *Enjoyment is thankfulness, is Religion*. There is music everywhere: and *Harmony is Religion*. Follow the gurgling brook that dances over the pebbles to the sound of its own mirth; and if thou hast *Poetry—which is Religion*—in thy soul, learn from that how holy is melody! If thou hast poetry!—Who can be destitute of the Spirit of God? Were we not *all* made in God's image, in the likeness of the Spiritual? Then are the Poets God's Prophets, they alone the Redeemers of mankind, they the most devout worshippers of Nature's Spirit; whose earnest contemplations find

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

See the stream gushing over yon ledge of mossy rock: the wayfarer halteth there to slake his thirst. Tired with his day's march, yet more worn with his life's journeying, is the traveller. He is a man of trade—of craft and guile: but, as he drinks the clear water from the hollow of his hand, a smile of gratitude leapeth from his grey eyes, through the veil of the accustomed caution; and he passeth on his way, a better man for that momentary devotion.

Let him sell his wares as honestly as the despotic Rules of Commerce will allow!—What beareth he? Linen for priests' vestments; fine linen for the altars' covering. What! are even the things dedicated to God matters of dishonest speculation? In the purchased garment (perhaps the very money which purchased it having been stolen—why not violence as well as the fraud of traffic?) God's Minister stands between God's altar and God's children. They may not utter the feelings which demand expression: *he* must speak, not the meaning of their thoughts, but a monotonous form of words, which, perhaps, suits not the feelings of any. He stands between the people and the altar. Alas! even the altar is covered with an unclean altar-cloth; and the inscription thereupon is hidden from the worshippers. "*God is a spirit: and they, who worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth.*" Thou, who callest thyself the Priest of the Holy One! why liest thou to the people? why hidest thou the inscription of the altar? Is the senseless jargon of an antiquated ritual, a worship of the spirit? Can there be truth in the worship of the multitude, when the same inexpressive words are put into the mouths of all, their circumstances so widely differing? (Thanksgiving for the oppressed and sorehunted; calm looking to God for the oppressor; contrition, bewailing of enormities, confession of intolerable misery, from the innocent and happy; and promises of blessing for the selfish and unrelenting.) Is it religion to enact laws that only upon certain days the Supreme Beneficence shall be worshipped, that only in certain forms he shall be permitted to receive worship? Though their words were of divinest eloquence, yet marvel not that this word-religion rules not the lives of those from whose hearts it proceeded not. Marvel not, that those, who are compelled hypocrites before God, should be liars to their fellow-men; that the curse of their blasphemy against the Holy Spirit pursueth them to their homes; that they *live* without faith, without hope, saying with the fool—There is no God; all men are liars; all things are a mockery!

Back again to the forest haunts! Out of the world's war sometimes, lest thy heart be possessed by hypocrisy, and the worship of Nature and Truth become an undesired thing!

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration."

There has been heavy rain; and the parched earth has been refreshed, even as a fierce passion is relieved in tears. In the dreamy twilight the beautiful spirits of the olden fables are again apparent—spirits of mist, and wierd forms wandering through the long tree-aisles, Dryad and Oread, "in the dim distance fugitive."

"From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd."

O thou most beautiful, thou that pourest calm into the night-watcher's troubled heart! who, that thou smilest on, is not religious? *There is music in the universal silence, and the silent expression of religious sympathy with the beauty in which the night is steeped. Not silent long.*

"'Tis the Nightingale,
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes;
• • • • • far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's song,
With skirlish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical, and swift jug jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
• • • • • in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
A hundred airy harps!"

Are not these God's worshippers? Are not *they*, too, religious—yon love-stricken youth and maiden, in whose hearts is the burden of a hymn of sweet accord, more musical than the moonlight or that thrilling melody. He is one whose

brows have been sealed with the kiss of Love, one chosen to bear Love's name through the battle of Life; and she—look into those deep blue eyes, that meet the moon's gaze with answering beauty! What need is there of words? Beauty communeth with Beauty: the Beautiful is never silent. Spirit of Love! this is thy holiest worship; this thine own religion. Priest and Devotee! be silent. Here is a better creed than ye have ever taught or learned! **THE BEST RELIGION IS LOVE: THE BEST WORSHIP IS HAPPINESS!** In the heart-thrill that echoes that impassioned embrace, there is a melody most grateful to the Universal Harmony; in that intense gaze, which seeth a home in the far world, is the expression of the holiest faith that ever passed o'er mortal lips. These are God's appointed priests; these have entered the Holy of Holies; ever, in the truthfulness of their hearts' religion, are they devoted to the service of the Eternal: these are Ministers of Good to Humanity—equally with the Apostle of the Beautiful, the Messenger of LOVE, to prepare His way before Him, who, from grey youth to dim age, beareth the Good Tidings over the fearful earth; unarmoured, for his heart is bare; homeless, save when he resteth him from his long travail in the far-spreading shadow of the Accomplished; and unaccompanied, save by the Spirit of his own Destiny, whose severe eyes look lovingly upon him, who guideth him through the untracked wilderness, upstaying his feebleness, cheering him with words of the Hidden Melody, and leading him equally and gently to the mooned night of Death—the portal of the Morrow's Life.

RELIGION IS NOT FORM, BUT HEART-WORSHIP.

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. XVIII.

CHRISTIANS! for what purpose enter ye into the Temple of God?

Is it not to thank and praise him for his goodness; to petition him for a continuance of his blessing; to contemplate the magnificence of his glory?

There the rich and poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all.

Ay! they meet together, and under the same roof; but they are sorted and divided as if the poor man were of an inferior clay: he must stand aloof from his rich and well-dressed brother; his touch would contaminate, his very presence is an abomination.

What! shall the patched or ragged garment of poverty sit by the side of silks and feathers; shall the tattered gown profane with its foul contact the superior sanctity of yon gorgeous mantle? Reserve a corner for the unfortunates:—There stand, ye poor ones! and thank your scornful masters that their grace so much accords you!

Why are not these miserable distinctions forgotten in the presence of your God?

Behold how high the heaven is in comparison with the earth: can ye compare earth's loftiest with the Infinite? How less than little, then, the difference between the emperor and the most humble.

Are not ye all of the same form, having the same senses, and wants and passions? Is the proud man fearless of the lightning; beareth he hunger better than the woe-worn beggar; or doth he more despise, or is he more free from, infirmity and pain?

Is the noble wiser or better for the accident of his birth? Is the poet ploughman inferior to the inane and debauched aristocrat; the virtuous peasant less honourable than the royal harlot?

And if the noble is wise and virtuous, what is it that ennobleth him, his title or his virtue? Is an empty name better than wisdom; or esteem more to be desired than worth?

There is no nobility but virtue: and virtue striveth not for the place of precedence.

Go to, ye rich ones! ye boast of your charity, of your christian humility, yet your liveried slaves attend you to the house of God: even there they may not sit beside you, but await respectfully in the free seats or in the porch: and at the very sacrament the pauper must stay till the pride-swollen magnate hath turned his back upon him and the altar.

And Christ was the son of a carpenter; he had not where to lay his head; he preferred the widow's mite: the poor were his brethren, his disciples, and his friends.

Verily, I say unto you, The rich shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven: they would require a place unto themselves, a place of select company.

O, blessed, thrice blessed will be the dawn of that day which shall behold the extinction of man's feudal tyranny! Blessed, yea, seven times blessed the morning and evening of that day when man shall walk with man through the garden of life, as children of the same father, as brethren and friends; when there shall be no distinctions but those of real worth, *which Love alloweth*; when the whole earth shall be the Temple of the Holy one, where the rich and poor shall meet together in the equality of Love and Truth.

One Lord is the maker of them all.

†

THE LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST.

JESUS CHRIST—if we may credit the “histories” that have come down to us—was the son of Mary, a carpenter's wife. Mary was a Jewish woman, of the tribe of Levi, and had been educated by the priests in the temple, where no doubt she had received the gift of the Holy Ghost to her great satisfaction. Joseph, the carpenter, having no desire of marrying a family, was minded, on discovering her condition, to put her away; however, he was a philosopher, and, moreover, a believer in the almighty power of God—so the matter was more pleasantly settled. Jesus Christ was born; and was adopted by the worthy carpenter. We know little of his infancy, except from the paintings of the Italian Masters, who may be as correct as any one else. His childhood probably gave some indications of the career he was to run. It is reported, that he was of so precocious an ability, that, at the age of twelve years, being among the doctors in the temple, he fairly posed them all by the acuteness of his replies and questionings. This may be no great proof of genius: however, it is not certain that the conference ever took place. It would be gratifying to know something of his character as a carpenter, since we have excellent evidence that he worked at his *father's* business, being a most dutiful son; but, unfortunately, we possess no record of any manual dexterity; nor is there any little thing of his fabrication, among the many undoubted relics treasured up by pious Christians. Our own decided opinion is, that he was a capital workman; and Justin Martyr agrees with us. We do not hear, either, of his marriage: and some Fathers of the Christian Church have not scrupled to throw out certain unworthy insinuations, which we do not think ourselves bound to answer. All this must remain a mystery, and proper subject of dispute. We believe that he commenced preaching when he was about thirty years of age. Some say, at an earlier age; some, at a later period: there is much to be said on all sides. It is also said that, previous to his appearance in public, he passed a great part of his life among the contemplative Essenians, or Therapeutes (a kind of Jewish Monks, living near Alexandria, in Egypt), and that from them he acquired his knowledge and gathered the principles of his morality. It is undoubted, that he was for some time a sojourner in Egypt: certainly there is a prophecy somewhere, indicative of the fact. His doctrine was a modification of that of the Samaneans (known throughout the East for above a thousand years before the time of Christ) who inculcated the equality of mankind; a community of goods; the virtue of self-denial, of forgiveness

and endurance of injuries; and the immortality of the soul. Most earnestly did he devote himself to the promulgation of these tenets, leading a simple and austere life, and continually preaching—but with little success. His severe rebukes of the priests, and repeated condemnation of a hired priesthood, drew upon him the hatred of that intolerant body; his unflinching assertion of the equality of mankind, his requisition of a community of goods, must have alarmed and disgusted all those who, in Christian parlance, had anything to lose; and his recommendation of rigid self-denial, the patient suffering of injuries, and reliance upon moral power, even in the worst extremity, was as little likely to be palatable to the poorer class, who, doubtless, even in those days, were not more satisfied than now, with their unremedied miseries. The immortality of the soul was, perhaps, a matter of indifference to all parties. Though great multitudes followed his discourses, he appears to have won but few disciples, and those but lukewarm or treacherous. His preaching continued not more than three years, probably not nearly so long. Even one honest man is thought dangerous. He was then seized, and brought before the Roman governor; and accused, as all reformers are, of being seditious and a disturber of the peace of society. His condemnation naturally followed; Priestcraft and Wealth bearing witness against him. The extent of his popularity may be inferred from the fact, that the only tumult occasioned by his trial, was excited by the fear of an acquittal. He was crucified between two thieves, without the occurrence of any prodigies; and his followers were dispersed.

The general tenor of his doctrines would lead us to conclude that he was a gentle and benevolent enthusiast; though certain of his biographers have endeavoured to blacken his character by anecdotes of a malicious and revengeful nature,* and would fain prove that he was no more than a common conjuror and sleight-of-hand man: but, as every one of these historians accuses all the others of lying, we may as well believe them on this point as on any other. In truth, so scanty and unauthenticated are the only materials for a history of Jesus Christ, that we can form nothing but conjectures as to his character and conduct. We are bound to confess, that even his existence has been doubted, and we must acknowledge that his names give much reason for the doubt. *Christ* is no other than *Chris*, the conservator (the same as the Hindoo *Chrisen* or *Christna*), the Sun, which passes through the constellation of the Virgin, &c. &c.; and *Jesus* or *Yea-us* is *Yes*, the cabalistic name of Bacchus, with a Latin termination—still preserved over Christian pulpits and altars: I H S (H being the Greek letter *E*) surrounded by rays, identifying it with the Sun. "Many," says Tertullian, an orthodox bishop of the early Christian Church, "suppose with greater probability that the Sun is our God and they refer us to the religion of the Persians."

* See the Gospel of the Infancy, also those of Matthew, Mark, Luke, John; &c.

LOVELINESS.

How beautiful art thou, fair Moon! that calmes
The worn earth with thy womanly sweet smile;
How thrill thy luscious ditties, Nightingale!
As a fond wooer's most melodious wile;
Many-hued Flower! thou in thy heart embalme'st,
As in a woman's passion, fragranc'y;
Thou cherishing Heat! in whose embrace doth quail
Day, thy voluptuous lord—thy fervency
Claspeth like woman's faith: all lovely things
Are but of Love material shadowings;
And light, and warmth, freshness, and melody,
Poor echoes of the Woman-harmony.—
What seeks't Thou in heaven's eyes? There is more glory
In Thy love-eloquent gaze than all the mooned story.

Z.

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.



LEBANON AND BALBEC.

LIBANUS, the Lebanon of the Bible—mountains of Turkey in Asia, famous for their forests of cedars, supposed to have furnished timber for the roof of Solomon's Temple. On a ridge, near the highest part of Lebanon, which is covered with snow during half the year, stand a few venerable cedars, believed by the Arab summer-dwellers beneath their shadow, to have been contemporary with the Wisest Monarch. Balbec, the City of the Sun, is said to have been built by him. A few ruined columns alone remain. The worship of the Sun is gone—all save a few misshapen forms. Its better spirit is buried in the Tomb of Calvary. But as Lebanon, the cedar-roofed, outlasteth the unquarried Temple, so shall the Religion of Nature arise again to displace the many "systems" of the idol-worship of the man-created Gods.

MARIANA.

"Mariana in the moated grange."—*Measure for Measure*.

1.

WITH blackest moss the flower-plots
 Were thickly crusted, one and all,
 The rusted nails fell from the knots
 That held the peach to the garden-wall.
 The broken sheds looked sad and strange,
 Unlifted was the clinking latch,
 Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
 Upon the lonely moated grange.
 She only said "My life is dreary,
 He cometh not," she said;
 She said "I am weary, weary;
 I would that I were dead!"

2.

Her tears fell with the dews at even,
 Her tears fell ere the dews were dried,
 She could not look on the sweet heaven,
 Either at morn or eventide.
 After the flitting of the bats,
 When thickest dark did trance the sky,
 She drew her casement-curtain by,
 And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
 She only said "The night is dreary,
 He cometh not," she said;
 She said "I am weary, weary,
 I would that I were dead!"

3.

Upon the middle of the night,
 Waking she heard the night-fowl crow:
 The cock sung out an hour ere light:
 From the dark fen the oxen's low
 Came to her: without hope of change,
 In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,
 Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn
 About the lonely moated grange.
 She only said, "The day is dreary,
 He cometh not," she said;

She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

4.

About a stone-cast from the wall,
A sluice with blackened waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The clustered marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silvergreen with gnarled bark,
For leagues no other tree did dark
The level waste, the rounding grey.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

5.

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up an' away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

6.

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creaked;
The blue fly sung i' the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peered about.
Old faces glimmered through the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, "My life is dreary
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

7.

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Down-sloped was westering in his bower.
Then, said she, "I am very dreary,
He will not come," she said;
She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,
Oh God, that I were dead!"

Tennyson.

A ROUNDELAY.

O SORROW !

Why dost borrow

The natural hue of health, from vermeil lips ?—

To give maiden blushes

To the white rose bushes ?

Or is it thy dewy hand the daisy tips ?

O Sorrow !

Why dost borrow

The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye ?—

To give the glow-worm light ?

Or, on a moonless night,

To tinge, on syren shores, the salt sea-spray ?

O Sorrow !

Why dost borrow

The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue ?—

To give, at evening pale,

Unto the nightingale,

That thou may'st listen the cold dews among ?

O Sorrow !

Why dost borrow

Heart's lightness from the merriment of May ?—

A lover would not tread

A cowslip on the head,

Though he should dance from eve till peep of day--

Nor any drooping flower

Held sacred for thy bower,

Wherever he may sport himself and play.

To Sorrow

I bade good morrow,

And thought to leave her far away behind ;

But cheerly, cheerly,

She loves me dearly ;

She is so constant to me, and so kind :

I would deceive her,

And so leave her,

But ah ! she is so constant and so kind.

Beneath my palm-trees, by the river side,
I sat a weeping : in the whole world wide
There was no one to ask me why I wept,—

And so I kept

Brimming the water-lily cups with tears

Cold as my fears.

Beneath my palm-trees, by the river side,
I sat a weeping : what enamour'd bride,
Cheated by shadowy wooer from the clouds,

But hides and shrouds

Beneath dark palm-trees by a river side ?

And as I sat, over the light blue hills
There came a noise of revellers : the rills

Into the wide stream came of purple hue—
 'Twas Bacchus and his crew!
 The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills
 From kissing cymbals made a merry din—
 'Twas Bacchus and his kin!
 Like to a moving vintage down they came,
 Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame;
 All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,
 To scare thee, Melancholy!
 O then, O then, thou wast a simple name!
 And I forgot thee, as the berried holly
 By shepherds is forgotten, when in June,
 Tall chesnuts keep away the sun and moon:—
 I rush'd into the folly!

Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,
 Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,
 With sidelong laughing;
 And little rills of crimson wine imbrued
 His plump white arms, and shoulders, enough white
 For Venus' pearly bite;
 And near him rode Silenus on his ass,
 Pelted with flowers as he on did pass
 Tipsily quaffing.

Whence came ye, merry Damsels! whence came ye,
 So many, and so many, and such glee?
 Why have ye left your bowers desolate,
 Your lutes, and gentler fate?
 "We follow Bacchus! Bacchus on the wing,
 A conquering!
 Bacchus, young Bacchus! good or ill betide,
 We dance before him thorough kingdoms wide:—
 Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
 To our wild minstrelsy!"

Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs! whence came ye,
 So many, and so many, and such glee?
 Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left
 Your nuts in oak-tree cleft!—
 "For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree;
 For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,
 And cold mushrooms;
 For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth;
 Great god of breathless cups and chirping mirth!—
 Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
 To our mad minstrelsy!"

Over wide streams and mountains great we went,
 And, save when Bacchus kept his ivy tent,
 Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,
 With Asian elephants:
 Onward these myriads—with song and dance,
 With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians' prance,
 Web-footed alligators, crocodiles,
 Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,
 Plump infant laughers mimicking the coil
 Of seamen, and stout galley-rowers' toil:

With toying oars and silken sails they glide,
Nor care for wind and tide.

Mounted on panthers' furs and lions' manes,
From rear to van they scour about the plains;
A three days' journey in a moment done;
And always, at the rising of the sun,
About the wilds they hunt with spear and horn,
On spleenful unicorn.

I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown
Before the vine-wreath crown!
I saw parch'd Abyssinia rouse and sing
To the silver cymbals' ring!
I saw the whelming vintage hotly pierce
Old Tartary the fierce!
The kings of Ind their jewel-sceptres vail,
And from their treasures scatter pearled hail;
Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,
And all his priesthood moans,
Before young Bacchus' eye-wink turning pale.
Into these regions came I, following him,
Sick-hearted, weary—so I took a whim
To stray away into these forests drear,
Alone, without a peer:
And I have told thee all thou mayest hear.

Young stranger!
I've been a ranger
In search of pleasure throughout every clime;
Alas! 'tis not for me:
Bewitch'd I sure must be;
To lose in grieving all my maiden prime.

Come then, Sorrow,
Sweetest Sorrow!
Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast:
I thought to leave thee,
And deceive thee,
But now of all the world I love thee best.

There is not one,
No, no, not one
But thee to comfort a poor lonely maid;
Thou art her mother,
And her brother,
Her playmate, and her wooer in the shade.

Keats.

The Ideal is in thyself; thy condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of. What matters whether such stuff be of this sort or of that; so the form thou give it be heroic, be poetic?—*Sartar Resartus.*

The Mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

Milton.

OF GOD.

THE philosopher neither denies nor asserts the being of a God: having no proof on either side of the question. Proof of the non-existence of a God can never be obtained: there may be many Gods, many existences differing from humanity, superior and inferior; but *may be* is no proof. Since God has never been made manifest to our senses, through which medium alone we can obtain satisfactory evidence, we can have no *knowledge* of his existence. They, to whom God has revealed himself, must believe in him; but with them the efficacy of the revelation rests: their account thereof is but the evidence of Man, who frequently errs, and sometimes lies. We must either allow all accounts of revelations, and consequently admit the truth of the Koran as well as of the Bible; or, on the same ground that we reject the one, refuse all. Implicit faith in every pretender to direct communion with God, whether Moses or Mahomet, St. John, Johanna Southcote, or John Thom; or entire rejection of that which can never be distinguished from imposture.

There is needed then an express revelation to every individual of every generation: "LET GOD SO SPEAK, AND THE UNIVERSE WILL BE CONVINCED!"

WHAT IS SPACE?

IS SPACE CREATED OR UNCREATED?

WE cannot conceive it possible to be created, since we cannot conceive it as non-existent; nor can we conceive it as annihilated or annihilable. If it have length, breadth, and depth, they must be infinite; if capacity, infinite and unbounded. It seems to be omnipresent, eternal, and unchangeable; to contain what existence it has, in the very idea, nature, or essence of it; to be a necessary being; to have a sort of self-existence.

It seems to be an impassable, indivisible, and immutable essence; It looks like an all-pervading, all-containing nature, an all-comprehending being. What are all these but attributes of Godhead? and what can this be but God?—

Objections—1. If Space be God, then all bodies are situated in God, as in their proper place;—then every single body exists in part of God, and occupies so much of the dimensions of Godhead as it fills of space.—

2. If Space were God, then God, though in the whole immeasurable, yet hath millions of parts, really distinct from each other, measurable by feet, inches, &c. even as the bodies contained therein; and, according to this notion, it may be most properly said, that one part of God is longer than another part of him, and that twenty-five inches of the Divine Nature, long, broad, and deep, will contain above two feet of solid body, &c.—

Another hard consequence of supposing space to be God is this, Then every part of this divine space will contain perfections in it complete or only some part of each of them. If only some part of each, then each part of the space, whether an inch or a mile square, has a degree or share of wisdom, power, and holiness, in proportion to its dimensions—or we must allow that every part of space contains all these divine attributes in it completely; and if so, then not only every mile, but every inch of space, (if space be God) is all-wise, all-holy, almighty. Besides, if every inch of space contain completely these perfections, then there seem to be so many complete wisdoms and powers, that is in reality so many all-wise and almighty beings as there are inches or minutest parts of space; for every part of space seems to be as much independent on any other part, as one part of matter is independent on

another—and if so, then every part of space is an independent, all-wise, and almighty being; and instead of one God we shall have millions.

To conclude, *if space be a substance, it must be THE ONE DIVINE SUBSTANCE of infinitely long and broad perfections; or else all the parts of it must be THE LESSER DIVINE SUBSTANCES united in one.*

IS SPACE NOTHING OR SOMETHING?

Space is long, broad, and deep; has measurable distances, real capacity, a power to contain bodies. *If it be not something*, if there be nothing between two bodies, say, our world and the moon, must they not lie close together, touch one another?

Do not these considerations prove space to be something?

It must then be a mere idea of the mind, or have an existence without us.

It cannot be a mere idea, for we can form none of the infinite, which space must be, and besides, it must exist whether there were mind to conceive it or not.

Try to suppose all annihilated; you cannot conceive the annihilation of space.—*Essays by Isaac Watts, D.D., Author of Hymns for Children, &c. &c.*

[What is God. Is he something or nothing? If something, whether he is Space or not, by whatever name we designate our idea of him, the remarks applied to space may be applied with equal force to him.

But it will be said, God is a Spirit, is immaterial; that is, if the word has any meaning, exists without substance or manner of existence. This is, like the assertion of a creative power, or first cause, mere assumption to conceal our ignorance. Of the things within our reach we doubt, examining into their truth ere we assent thereto; those, which from their remoteness are incapable of proof, we believe; and with completest certainty we frame our theories for the darkness yet beyond. That which exists is composed of something or is in something, and we call that something immaterial only when we know not its material: If it is not composed of any thing to distinguish it from other existences; or, being a mere power or property, such as thought, &c., if it has not any thing wherein to exist, how can it have existence? *It is not.* We say that God is immaterial, yet hath powers and properties; that he is omnipresent, yet is *no-where*; invisible, intangible, uncognizable by our senses or thoughts: yet we endow him with powers and affections according with those senses, assert the method and ends of his existence, and make him in all respects, save degree, like unto the notions we have formed of our own souls, they too being immaterial because we have no idea of their materials. We assert that he sways and directs all things, and that in him all things consist; yet that he is independent of all things, and existed before all things. —WHERE? WHAT DOING? AND HOW? *Brooding through "an eternity of idleness" in the immensity of NOTHING.*

This is the dogma of the Theist, That a Being exists *per se* and independent in *toto*, who was in Nothing from eternity; who from that Nothing made all things; who, before the beginning of things, foresaw and predestined all that has happened or that shall happen in his Creation; yet whose wisdom and power are still constantly requisite to direct and preserve his perfect machinery. Will not the whole of this quibbling attempt to reconcile incongruities and establish the truth of nonsense fall to the ground when, in the place of the all-absorbing yet independent God, we suppose the being of a Spirit co-existent with the Universe, which it directs and pervades yet is dependent on; a supposition, which in fact is but saying, that Nature lives and moves and has its being; that Nature and the great Soul thereof are mutually dependent and subsisting—as the body were worthless without the soul, and the life were not without its substance.]

BELPHŒBE.

THERE steppéd forth
 A goodly lady, clad in hunter's weed,*
 That seem'd to be a woman of great worth,
 And, by her stately carriage, born of heavenly birth.

Her face so fair, as flesh it seemed not,
 But heavenly portrait of bright angel's hue,
 Clear as the sky, without or blame or blot,
 Through goodly mixture of complexions due;
 And in her cheeks the vermeil† redness shew
 Like roses in a bed of lilies shed,
 The which ambrosial odors from them threw,
 And gazers' sense with double pleasure fed,
 Able to heal the sick and to revive the dead.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
 Kindled above at th' heavenly Maker's light,
 And darted fiery beams out of the same,
 So passing piercing and so wondrous bright,
 That quite bereaved the rash beholders' sight:
 In them the Blinded God his lustful fire
 To kindle oft assay'd, but had no might;
 For with dread majesty and awful ire
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.

Her ivory forehead, full of bounty brave,
 Like a broad table did itself dispread,
 For Love his lofty triumphs to engrave
 And write the battles of his great godhead:
 All good and honor might therein be read,
 For there their dwelling was; and when she spake,
Sweet words like dropping honey she did shed,
 And 'twixt the pearls and rubies softly brake
 A silver sound, that heavenly music seem'd to make.

*Upon her eyelids many graces sate,
 Under the shadow of her even brows,
 Working sweet looks and amorous retreat;
 And every one her with a grace endows,
 And every one with meekness to her bows:
 So glorious mirror of celestial grace.
 And sovereign monument of mortal vows,
 How shall frail pen describe her heavenly face,
 For fear through want of skill her beauty to deface?*

* * * * *

Her yellow locks, crisped like golden wire,
 About her shoulders were all loosely shed;
 And when the wind amongst them did inspire,
 They waved like a penon wide dispread,
 And low behind her back were scatteréd;
 And whether art‡ it were, or heedless hap,
 As through the flowering forest rash she fled,
 In her rude§ hairs sweet flowers themselves did lap,
 And flourishing fresh leaves and blossoms did enwrap.

(MODERNISED FROM) *Spenser's Faery Queene.*

* Apparel.

† Vermilion.

‡ Artifice.

§ Dishevelled.

LUCRECE.

HER lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
 Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;
 Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
 Swelling on either side, to want his bliss ;
 Between whose hills her head entombed is.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
 On the green coverlet ; *whose perfect white*
Shew'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night :
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light ;
 And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
 Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath ;
 O, modest wantons ! wanton modesty !
 Shewing life's triumph in the map of death,
 And death's dim look in life's mortality :
 Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
 As if between them twain there were no strife,
 But that life lived in death, and death in life.

Shakspeare :—The Rape of Lucrece.

THE LIFE OF SHAKSPERE.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, before whose wonderful dramas, both tragic and comic, those of the greatest of other writers, of all ages and of all countries, pale away into secondary splendor, was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, on the 23rd of April, 1564, and died on the same day of the year 1616, at the age of 52, in his native town, and was buried in the church of that place. His father is generally said to have been a dealer in wool, and a magistrate ; but some have asserted that he was a butcher, and a story is told of Shakspeare, in the capacity of his apprentice, killing a calf with much grace and dexterity, and rehearsing an extempore poem in celebration of the feat. His mother was of the Ardens, an ancient family of the county of Warwickshire, and, we are assured (as if it were a matter of vital importance to the fame of the great dramatist !) "of undoubted gentility." He was the eldest of ten children, and only received the ordinary education of a country free-school. Whether it were as wool-comber, or butcher, it seems probable that he assisted in his father's business, after leaving school ; but Malone, one of his commentators, is of opinion that he was placed in the office of an attorney of Stratford, and there obtained that knowledge of legal phraseology which is so conspicuously scattered throughout his plays. In his seventeenth or eighteenth year he married a yeoman's daughter, Ann Hathaway, who was eight years older than himself, from whom he soon separated, and by whom he had one son, Hamet, who died in his infancy, and two daughters, who survived him. Being compelled to leave his native town in consequence of a deer-stealing frolic, he came to London in his 22nd year, and there met with a townsman, Thomas Green, a popular actor, by whose means he obtained a footing at the theatres. One tradition tells us that he commenced his theatrical career as a holder of the horses of those persons who attended the theatre without servants ; another, that he first officiated as call-boy to the prompter. As an actor, he does not appear to have ever ranked very high : the characters he represented were such as the Ghost in his own "Hamlet," and old Adam in his "As you Like it," and he is known to have performed the Elder Knowell in his friend Ben Jonson's comedy of "Every Man in his Humor." He must have commenced his splendid career as a dramatist very soon after his introduction

to the London players; in the successful course of which he very speedily became a theatrical proprietor and manager himself, and retired early in life to his native town upon a fortune equivalent in the present day to about £1000 a year. A monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, in 1741. His elder, and favourite daughter, Susannah, was twice married, but left no issue. His second, Judith, was once married, and had three sons, all of whom died unmarried. Of Shakspeare, therefore, there are no descendants amongst us, unless the divine poet himself, or one or other of his three grandsons, conferred upon some sweet child the honours of a generous "illegitimacy."

The only record extant as to the personal appearance of Shakspeare is that of Aubrey, who says "he was a handsome, well-shaped man;" and adds the very superfluous information, that he was "very good company, and of a very ready, pleasant and smooth wit."

Shakspeare's plays were only collected and authentically published seven years after his death; a circumstance solely, we think, attributable to the nature of the arrangements usual in his day between theatre and author, and to its being considered that the publication of a popular play was injurious to its attraction on the stage: for, as to its being a consequence of his ignorance of their great literary value, or of his general modest estimate of his own powers, we must utterly repudiate the ridiculous and unwarranted notion. Such a mind could not, in the nature of things, be unaware of the relative greatness of its own most wondrous workings; and that Shakspeare, in common with all other great poets, was imbued with a full sense of his own greatness, is evident from many passages in his sonnets. We will quote but one of these in proof:—

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

The entire sonnet which these two lines commence continues and concludes in the same strain; and several others comprise similar instances of exalted self-appreciation.

Shakspeare, we may, in conclusion, aver, is the greatest and most universal of all human creators. Hamlet, Falstaff, Ariel, Caliban, Beatrice, Lady Macbeth, Timon, Rosalind, Dogberry, Ophelia, the Fool in Lear, Mercutio, Falconbridge, Imogene—where, in the range of the incarnate idealisms of poetry, have we existences like to these? Where in poetry have we aught that approaches in human beauty, mirth, truthfulness, grandeur, and high nobility, to the love of Viola and of Juliet, of Julia and of Helen, of Imogene and of Desdemona; to the wantonness of Cressida and the gorgeous voluptuousness of Cleopatra; to the wit and humor of Falstaff and his companions, and of the Clowns in Twelfth Night and All's Well that Ends Well; to the drolleries of Touchstone, and the stolidness of Dogberry, Verges, Aguecheek; to the manly grace and vivacity of the Prince of Wales, of Biron and Mercutio; to the philosophy and wisdom with which the Troilus and Cressida is full to overflowing; to the heroism of Hotspur and the valor of Coriolanus; to the supernatural terrors of Macbeth, the passion of Othello, the madness of Ophelia and of Lear; and to that continued consummately-wrought expression of "the burthen of the mystery of the Universe," which constitutes Hamlet the one sole miracle of creative literature? We may search for ever in the works of all the poets of the earth, and find nothing comparable to these. As the "mere poet," too, in his Rape of Lucrece and his Venus and Adonis (the only works which he himself ever published) he is surpassed by none in beauty of imagery and abundant grace and richness of expression; his Lover's Complaint is one of the most ceaselessly eloquent lyrics in the language; and among his upwards of one hundred and seventy sonnets, and other brief poems, there are many unapproached and unapproachable, in sweetness of feeling, profundity of thought and sublimity of imagination, by the very greatest of our other sonnet and song writers. They are brilliant spray-drops which the vast and ever-pouring stream of his genius seems to have sprinkled from its bosom in the course of its wondrous flow.

RECORDS OF THE WORLD'S JUSTICE.

BY A HARDWAREMAN.

No. 9.—*The Sincere Christian.*

"Here lieth the Body
of
SIR FRANCIS DIGBY, BART.,
Of Digby Hall, in this Parish;
who departed this life in cheerful hope of a glorious
Resurrection through the merits of Christ
on the 18th of April, 1838.
He was a Man of most gentlemanly manners
and vast attainments,
A loving Husband,
An affectionate Father,
A faithful Friend,
A considerate Landlord,
And, to sum up all, A SINCERE CHRISTIAN."

Churchyard Lies.

WHAT an excellent custom is that among us, of allowing none but the owners of superlative characters to be honoured with a churchyard monument! What a proof of the slandered world's passing charity, that no ill is spoken of the dead! There, in the hallowed ground, they rest all forgotten save their virtues. What a pleasant business must be a tomb-stone cutter's! How delightful *his* "Meditations among the Tombs"! Exemplary wives; patterns of husbands; money-tormented Jobs, the un murmuring bearers of sore afflictions; hopeful Christians of all ages, from a few weeks, upwards; generous masters; faithful servants;*—these are the monumented: but where are the bad folk, where the worthless? God knows. He made all: and his mercy is infinite. Certainly they sleep not in consecrated ground. But how came Sir Francis there?

I had the honour of being acquainted with Sir Francis; not, to be sure, on equal terms, for I am but a poor tradesman, and he was a wealthy baronet; but I had sufficient opportunity of studying his character, and I cannot say I think his Epitaph *well expressed*. In the first place, Sir Francis Digby died of apoplexy, occasioned by over-eating—a mode of dissolution not very favourable to the exercise of cheerfulness. Yet it is possible that in his last moments he did find time to think of him who "came eating and drinking."—Then, as to the Baronet's gentlemanly manners—Sir Francis was accustomed to receive the salute of a poor man without returning it: this is not gentlemanly: if he did return it, he took care to show that he considered his own superiority: and it is not gentle to tell another, you think him not so good as yourself—whether true or not.—I will not deny his intellectual acquirements; but I never heard of any, except himself, being the better for them: and a man's indolence or selfishness should not be prominently recorded by his "panegyrista."—I desire to know why mere external manners, or even intellectual attainments, should be classed first among a man's merits.

Let us look into the other items of the account. "A loving Husband:"—That is to say, he never beat his wife, seldom swore at her, cared no more for any other woman than he did for her; and in his general behaviour acknowledged her to be a very useful domestic, worthy to be the mother of *his* children, to sit at the head of *his* table, to wait upon him in health, without contradicting him, and, when he was ill, to think it her greatest happiness to be allowed to nurse him. She was not to expect to be burnt at his funeral.

"An affectionate Father:"—Sir Francis proved this by the bringing up of his children. "He spared no *expense* in their *education*." He could say

* The "faithful Servant's" monument is a very plain, very unpretending stone, in a corner of the burial-ground, quite out of the way. It was erected by his MASTER, to reward the exemplary conduct of an *attached domestic*, who lived forty years in one service, without any desire of improvement, and who died "in harness"—a most christian conclusion!

the same of his horses and of his garden—with only this difference:—The colt-breaker was required to know his business—while the children were less expertly broken; and the trees and flowers received, from the hands of a skilful gardener, such treatment as was best adapted, according to their varieties, to bring them to perfection—while the children (whose dispositions and capabilities were exactly alike, though their forms and faces differed greatly) were all *educated* on one plan, by a less sensible person. In spite of this, one of his daughters dared to unite herself to one who, she believed, loved her. She was deceived: and her “affectionate father” allowed her to die miserably in a hospital—because she was not a proper behaved hypocrite. “It was quite good enough for her, and all like her,” who presumed to act naturally and *truthfully*. His eldest son was cut off with a shilling, for disgracing his family by marrying a tradesman’s daughter, who made him very happy. Strange way some parents have of showing their affection!

“A faithful Friend:”—Sir Francis had not a friend. Sir Francis was not a friend to any body. It is not friendship, but speculative selfishness, that invites guests to a dinner party. Is there ever a welcome for the dull or sorrowful? Sir Francis kept open house and a splendid table for all whose conversation was likely to be worth the cost of their dinner: but he never outraged the propriety of the most trivial world-custom for a “friend’s” sake. He never went out of his way for any one.

“A considerate Landlord:”—Very considerate! He kept no agent; but regularly collected his own rents. If a tenant was too poor to pay, he had notice to quit; and Sir Francis felt happy that “he had never put a distress into the house of any one.” One honest fellow I knew, who had been excused a whole quarter’s rent by Sir Francis. He then had notice to quit, and was allowed to take his little furniture with him: every body praised the humanity of his landlord. The only house he could procure was the property of a *man* who gave him house-room till he had acquired a *legal* claim over his goods, and then, as he could not pay the whole of his rent, turned him out of doors, to perish in the cold. Sir Francis had nothing to do with this. It was not to be expected that he should allow a man to live rent-free on *his* estate: though it might be hard to say, what right the baronet, who never *premeditatedly* did good to any, had to be proprietor of an estate ten miles in circuit, while those, who had laboured unremittingly on that very estate, possessed neither land nor shelter, and were less cared for than even the baronet’s dogs. Yet he was a considerate landlord.

“And, to sum up all, a SINCERE CHRISTIAN:”—I do not dispute it. Sir Francis “believed” all the thirty-nine articles of the English reformed church. He had never read them; but his father had: and that is quite enough in matters of *religion*, albeit we do not so closely copy our fathers in the cut of our clothes, or in other affairs of as much importance. He knew that the most essential of those articles were *tithes* and *church-rates*, for the support of bishops, belfries, organists, and pew-openers. He was certainly sincere! He went to church every Sunday, in his own carriage, with all becoming humility, with two footmen behind him. Though the coachman and footmen did therefore lose a part of the service (only the Confession, the Absolution, and the Blessing), this was not the consequence of their master’s Christianity. Besides, they could not pretend to so much religion as a gentleman. He, who wears another’s livery, cannot be more than half a man. Very devoutly, every Sunday, on entering church, Sir Francis looked at the lining of his hat. Never did he omit to feel very miserable at the times appointed by the Rubrick; and his heart was as regularly disburthened at the proper moments of thanksgiving. He did not sing: his voice was not musical. The parson performs prayer: why should not the clerk and the charity-children, with the aid of the organist and organ-blower, do the praise, “to the glory of God”? Meanwhile the sincere Christian looks at the words in the Psalm-book, and, between the verses, takes snuff. Once a month he repented him of his sins, and intended to lead a new life: which repentance and intention almost out-

lasted the flavour of the sacramental wine that evidenced before God his "love and charity towards his neighbours." Many of those neighbours were conscientious dissenters: and never, in that parish, was there a church-rate collected, without violating the consciences or trampling upon the miseries of those who were unwilling or unable to pay for that which should be given "not grudgingly nor of necessity." Yet was the communicant "a sincere Christian." Nor was his faith without works. Sir Francis subscribed to all the charities in his neighbourhood; and his name was published at the head of the list. Not that this was the motive for his benefactions—but it would look so, if he did not: for as good a reason he subscribed to the county races. He was "a sincere Christian." How meekly and christianly did he bear injuries, who ruined his brother by a vexatious law-suit! How humble was the man who would have frowned at the Lord's table, if the honest pauper had dared to kneel beside him! How Christ-like the imitator of the "young lawyer," who turned his back upon Christ, very sorrowfully, because he had great possessions, and could not share them with his destitute brethren! Yet Sir Francis was sincere in *his* Christianity. Moreover, he was naturally kindhearted, and unwilling to do harm to any one; but he had been drilled into a certain mechanical habit, and had not sufficient moral courage to disobey the orders of his commanding officer—Opinion, nor, perhaps, was he clear-sighted enough to perceive the injustice of those orders, which he followed implicitly and, so far as he gave himself the trouble of thinking about them, conscientiously. I do not mean to impeach his sincerity; I would only remark that, like very many other "sincere Christians", his conduct in almost all cases was the very opposite of Christ's.

A GOOD LIFE IS BETTER THAN AN EPITAPH.

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. XX.

THE thoughts of One who believeth in the Almighty Spirit of Truth: the utterance of the thoughts of One who looketh for the Advent of Love.

Hallowed be thy name: thy will be done!

Riches beget riches: neither shall benevolence be unproductive.

There is a stream beneath the deepest ice: though the ice of oppression be never so thick, the current of Liberty shall not cease to flow.

As the frosts of winter flee away before the glance of the sun: even so shall the ice of tyranny melt and vanish away.

He, who oppresseth his neighbour, robbeth his own children: he who despoileth another, pointeth a poisoned arrow to his own breast.

Whoso enslaveth his brethren, teacheth a stronger to enslave him: and the strongest in his turn may wear the irons of captivity.

Where distrust reigneth, Love is exiled: and where Love is not, the doom of evil abideth.

Let every one improve himself, waiting not for the backwardness of others: were every swallow to linger, saying, Another shall lead the way—they would all perish in the winters of the North.

Assist the advance of thy brethren: but and if they halt?—What is that to thee? To their own master they must stand or fall. Tarry not thou!

Follow not a multitude to do evil: though the whole world be leagued together to commit wrong, yet swim not with the stream of iniquity.

Dash not the dew-drop from the chalice of the flower: check not the pure tear of compassion which springeth up from the depth of the heart, as the dew ariseth from the bosom of the earth.

He, that aideth the sufferers, shall be rewarded: and the man whose charity judgeth not another, blessed is he!

Assist thy brethren, though it be to thine own injury : so shalt thou deserve help in the time of need.

Water the drooping plant : as it again puts forth its blossoms, their fragrance shall reward thy care.

Trample not upon the worm that crawleth across thy path : cower not before the fury of the tempest.

The autumnal wind sweepeth over the forest, stripping the trees of their foliage : so fall away man's summer friends at the howling of the blasts of calamity.

Oaths are a needless tax upon the just : and the wicked laugh them to scorn.

The lips that utter falsehood are the lips of insanity : he, who lieth, blasphemeth.

The birthright of man is Liberty : cursed is he who would deprive him of his inheritance.

Cursed is he who planteth his foot upon the neck of his fellow-man : cursed is he who boweth down his neck to slavery.

Blessed is he who breaketh the sword of oppression : blessed, thrice blessed shall he be, whose hand shall bury the implements of war.

He, who loveth his neighbour, is loved of the Lord : he, who loveth not, is accursed both of God and man.

He is his own enemy, who careth not for himself : he, who careth only for himself, is the enemy of his kind.

The sow rolleth herself in the mud and filth : so walloweth the worldly man in the mire of selfish enjoyments.

Earth to the earthly, and dust to the body that was formed therefrom : but the aspirations of the soul are far above them.

Is there a man beloved of the Lord : it is he who improveth his own soul, who loveth another as himself.

The mists arise from the earth, and in fertilizing showers return again into its bosom : even so the Love that man sheddeth abroad upon his kind is repaid by Happiness showered abundantly upon his head.

LOVE, THE OFFSPRING OF JUSTICE, IS THE BEGINNING OF ALL GOOD :
LOVE THE TWIN-BROTHER OF LIBERTY, IS THE CONSUMMATION OF
HAPPINESS.

†

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see

You haste away so soon :

As yet the early rising sun

Has not attained his noon.

Stay, stay

Until the hasting day

Has run

But to the even-song ;

And having prayed together, we

Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,

We have as short a spring ;

As quick a growth to meet decay,

As you or any thing.

We die,

As your hours do,

And dry away,

Like to the summer's rain !

Or as the pearls of morning's dew

Ne'er to be found again.

Herrick.

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



. EDEN.

CHURCH ESTABLISHMENTS.

WHAT has a priesthood ever been? What, under any circumstances recorded in the world's history? As far back as we can go, wherever we can find any trace of a class of men thus separated from and factitiously raised above their fellow-creatures, with what are we presented but with scenes of equivocation, fraud, hypocrisy, imposition, and persecution?

The priestcraft of antiquity ever aided oppression, often becoming itself the great oppressor; its frauds and exactions knew no bounds, and it fooled the credulity of the people to its topmost bent; while, by its corrupt and corrupting rites which were consecrated as worship, the work of demoralization was carried on, till civilized society seemed to be in danger of losing its distinctive superiority, and of becoming one great mass of worse than savage foulness and pollution.

But it may be said that this was in the days of heathenism, and that a priesthood becomes a purer institution now, for we are under the Christian dispensation.

We are under the Christian dispensation; but when I look at that dispensation, when I regard its origin, when I refer to its founders and primeval annals, I do not find the establishment of a priesthood there. I see the Jewish and the heathen priesthood superseded by the Gospel; but Christ was not a priest; his apostles were not priests; they did not make priests; they were men, in simplicity and fervency, in the power of truth and in the wisdom of love, going forth to benefit their fellow men, and teaching them to unite together in voluntary associations to carry on the blessed work. But investiture with spiritual authority, the creation of authorized interpreters to stand between God's word and men's consciences—these are not in the New Testament; and he, who represents the priesthood as purified and amended by Christianity, has to learn, from the records of Christianity, that it might abolish, but that it never consecrated or established a priesthood.

But then the advocate for a priesthood may say, it might have been so in the first promulgation of Christianity, but that does not apply to the different circumstances in which it was placed when it had made its way in the world; then it was found that a priesthood was necessary, and that it must arise in the church. Very true, and it did arise in the church; and what fantastic tricks did it not play in the world, in the sight of heaven, and to the degradation of earth! How rapid was its progress by means of false miracles, and other aids not less nefarious! How rapid was its progress to supremacy over political power, over mental action, over moral feeling, over the social state of mankind, and over the hopes and apprehensions which are cherished in relation to futurity, until the head of that priesthood seemed to move as a god on earth, and with powers which the gods of antiquity had scarcely possessed in the imagination of the poets by whom they were described; a priesthood that trod on the necks of kings, that disposed of thrones, that for an offensive word would lay a parish, a province, a nation under interdict, would abolish all sacred rites, would put the whole population in a state of gross and grovelling humiliation, of deep and dark despair, until it bowed them into unconditional submission to its own tyrannical and unrelenting will.

But the advocate for a priesthood will say, this was corrected at the Reformation. And how corrected at the Reformation in this country? Why that, instead of a pontiff at the head of the church, there was a king at the head of the church; while the mighty chain that bound men's properties and souls was wrenched from the papal footstool in order to fasten it to the throne of a licentious tyrant; and there was it firmly bound; and to the throne of his successors, from one to another, has the church remained bound; obliged at all times to recognize in whoever might be the sovereign of the country, one qualified to represent Christ on earth, to create ministers of religion, to vest with an authority which is pretended in the title of those who hold that authority to be derived from God's grace, or, if the mitred man be an archbishop, from Divine Providence; regality being the "grace" and the "pro-

vidence" by which these spiritual dignities are created and the functions connected with them exercised upon society.

The apologist for a priesthood may say again, that this is corrected by the freedom of our constitution and the institutions under which we live. And how is it corrected by them? That constitution, and those institutions, while they curbed regal authority, did so for a long period of time, only by setting up oligarchical authority, and bringing into play the power of aristocratical party; binding men together in different factions, who regarded all the offices in the state, and the right of taxing the state, as the prize for which they were to struggle, in conflicts which often resembled rather the friendly sport of a village May-game than serious warfare, especially when only principle and public peace and freedom were at stake. And in these proceedings the church was ever entangled, itself transformed into a faction also—having its own separate party spirit and aims, and too often leaguely with other parties to sustain their corruptions by a mutual and base barter; both acting in opposition to the general rights of the great mass of the people which was altogether unremembered and unregarded in these political arrangements.

Is it said by the apologist that this evil is mitigated by the toleration of dissent and by the *holy emulation* thus produced? I allow there has been some correction here; but to how small an extent, and by what means? What has been the result? Has it made the clerical profession the simple heartfelt originators of schemes of benevolence, or led them to aid those schemes till they were driven to the adoption of their semblance by the very spirit of opposition, or competition? Has it ever made them as zealous, as devout, as unceasing in their attentions to the poor, to the poorest and the lowest classes, as the methodist preachers of England, and the catholic priests of Ireland? Has it ever identified them with the feelings, religious and political, of the middle classes, as the dissenting minister is identified? Has it ever inspired them to act efficiently upon those higher classes which are represented as the exclusive province of their usefulness, and enabled them to point, as their work, to a pure and patriotic, a virtuous and devout aristocracy? Nothing of all this; it has only put them in an adverse position to what appeared the growing good of other classes, and led them to wage a sectarian warfare, keeping up animosities that ought to have been buried in eternal oblivion.

Is it said these evils will be corrected by the recent reforms in the institutions of the country, and by the results which necessarily follow from that reformation? Ay, to be sure they will be, when the clerical profession can no longer put a stop to such corrections; they will be when the corrupt parties and factions with which the clerical profession is too often in alliance shall be also unable to resist the flowing tide of public opinion, demanding that what exists by the people shall exist for the people also; and that there shall be, not a nominal, but a real and efficient church reform, that shall reduce pay to the appropriate wages of meritorious service; a church reform that shall destroy all distinctions and influences that are incompatible with the public good; a church reform that shall demand service that will benefit men's minds, that will advance their useful knowledge in this life, and their rational anticipation of another—solid food, instead of the empty babbling of dogma and controversy; a church reform that shall realise national education, adult instruction, and whatever of spiritual culture the country can have provided for it out of the ample and glorious funds which exist as a national provision for that purpose.

Most deeply to be lamented is it, that in this, or in any other case whatever, religion should have been degraded into a trade. Here is the essence of the evil; here is the fruitful source of all the various species of immorality, the temptations to which I have been endeavouring thus briefly and rapidly to sketch. Never should any man—I will not say who values religion himself, but any man who values the well-being of society, consent to arrangements which degrade into a trade that religion which is in itself most pure, spiritual, and ethereal; which is too fine in its essence, too elevated in its

attributes, and in its influence on the mind and the heart, thus to be entangled in the grossest and most corrupting of human concerns; that religion which owes its power to its being so properly an individual concern; entering into man's mind as a principle from heaven, with authority to command all movements of the intellect, all feelings of the heart, and all actions of life; regulating in solitude and in society that which he is to be and to do, and forming in him the moral image of his Maker; religion which is at once most worldly and most unworldly; most worldly, because there is not a concern of human interest, not an action of human energy, not a relation of human being, however trifling and temporary, to which its power does not extend, and in which it should not render man better in himself and the source of more abundant blessing to others; and most unworldly, because, while thus conversant with all the things of earth and of time, it breathes the spirit of immortality, points upwards to Heaven and God, and bids man look forward to eternity.

W. J. Fox.

THE ART OF WAR.

I GAVE him a description of cannons, culverins, musquets, carabines, pistols, bullets, powder, swords, bayonets, sieges, retreats, attacks, underminings, countermines, bombardments, sea-fights: ships sunk with a thousand men, twenty thousand killed on each side; dying groans, limbs flying in the air, smoke, noise, confusion, trampling to death under horses' feet; flight, pursuit, victory; fields strewed with carcasses left for food to dogs, and wolves, and birds of prey; plundering, stripping, ravishing, burning, and destroying. And to set forth the valour of my own dear countrymen, I assured him, that I had seen them blow up a hundred enemies at once in a siege, and as many in a ship, and beheld the dead bodies come down in pieces from the clouds, to the great diversion of the spectators. I was going on to more particulars, when my master commanded me silence. He said, whoever understood the nature of Yahoos,* might easily believe it possible for so vile an animal to be capable of every action I had named, if their strength and cunning equalled their malice. But as my discourse had increased his abhorrence of the whole species, so I found it gave him a disturbance in his mind, to which he was wholly a stranger before. He thought his ears, being used to such abominable words, might by degrees admit them with less detestation. That, although he hated the Yahoos of his country, yet he no more blamed them for their odious qualities, than he did a Gnnayh (a bird of prey) for its cruelty, or a sharp stone for cutting his hoof. But when a creature, pretending to reason, could be capable of such enormities, he dreaded lest the corruption of that faculty might be worse than brutality itself. He seemed therefore confident, that instead of reason, we were only possessed of some faculty fitted to increase our natural vices; as the reflection from a troubled stream returns the image of an ill-shapen body, not only larger, but more distorted.—*Swift*.

Effects of the unequal Distribution of Property.—Sometimes in Ireland whole districts have been reduced to the very lowest state of existence; and while they have been on the brink of starvation, while they have even been glad to stop the craving of their stomachs with sea-weed, or with any unnutritious diet that may have been thrown in their way—even at this moment ships have been loading with wheat to be exported to other countries, and cattle have been driven through ranks, through staring and starving ranks of peasantry, in order to be sold and sent to other lands. All this may be unavoidable in certain conjunctures, as things are at present ordered, but it exhibits a condition of humanity fruitful in moral mischief of the worst description. Such a state of misery at once indicates a cause, and furnishes a palliation that must reach every heart, for whatever species of vice those subjected to it may unhappily plunge into.—*W. J. Fox*.

* A monster possessing the form of man.

MISSIONARY MORALITY.

A FEW WORDS ON A TRACT EXTENSIVELY CIRCULATED BY THE WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, ENTITLED—"HINTS TO THOSE WHO ASK, WHY SHOULD I CONTRIBUTE TO SUPPORT MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN?"

"WHAT are the objects of such Missions? To banish Pagan ignorance, Pagan vices, and Pagan cruelties, from the earth.—Have not such objects been already accomplished, *to a certain extent*, in various parts of the Heathen World? This is indisputable. Many no longer worship idols; no longer destroy each other, &c. &c." Let us reply to these lying supporters of Missions, supported by Missions too. It is indisputable that if such objects have been accomplished, they are not within the reach of public observation. Throughout Christendom men worship idols—wealth and power, intolerance and selfishness; and, through their idolatries, continually destroy each other. Can we believe those who support these vices and cruelties at home, when they tell us that the same false teaching produces such opposite effects elsewhere? Why should we go to far lands to test their statements? Listen again to the Missionary!

"Are you a man?—Do you not then shudder at all the miseries, and oppressions, and murders, which heathenism is daily practising, *and which christianity brings to an end wherever it prevails*? On the principle of common HUMANITY and SYMPATHY, you will then surely feel an interest in Missions, nor suffer the cry of slaughtered widows and children, and the voice of distress pouring out its wailings from all lands, to reach your ears in vain."—Has no cry reached our ears from Canada? Yet Canada was a Christian country; and, they, who made Canada a slaughter-house, who burned Canadian villages, were supporters of Missions. Does Christianity put an end to miseries and oppressions, and murders? even in the home of Missionaries? O ye heart-broken, ye people of famine, ye naked slaves of incessant misery, whom well-fed and well-clad Committees of Missions to the Heathen leave to perish in inclement wretchedness, though they would rob you of your last mite—ye English labourers, to whom WESLEY (honour to his great name!) preached the Gospel of Redemption—answer, if the Christianity of your task-masters has brought your miseries to an end! Ask these hypocrites, who talk of converting *the heathen*, what they have done to prevent the trampling of unchristian power and of unchristian wealth over your worn hearts? Bid them convert the throned idolaters at home!

"Are you a Briton? Shall we enjoy the advantages of that extensive commerce which so vast an empire gives to us; shall we revel in the luxuries of the West and of the East; shall we turn every colony to gain? and shall we neglect the souls of our fellow subjects? As a Briton you are bound to support Missions, and BY THEM to fill the whole empire with the blessings of that Christianity *we enjoy at home*."—Let the oppressed Hindoo, let the abused West-Indian Slave, answer!—No, ye whited sepulchres! No, ye hypocritical carers for men's souls! ye shall not enjoy the advantages of which ye have infamously defrauded us; ye shall not revel in luxuries which have grown out of our miseries—the luxuries of the West and of the East; ye shall not make a money-gain of any colony! As *Christians*, ye are bound to follow the commands of Christ, "or you offer vain service, and mock God." "GIVE UNTO THE POOR—FREELY GIVE!" Mock us not with promises of heaven, while ye make a hell of earth! Give us bread—not stones; present happiness—not valueless words; justice—rather than "the blessings of that Christianity" which is "enjoyed" in your island home; that "Christianity" which permitted British adventurers to become slave-holders and pirates, murderers and thieves, which sent you to convert "idolaters" more honest and less offensive than yourselves!

"Are you a Christian Child? But for the blessed Gospel, *you had scarcely known your parents' tender love*. You would have been a wor-

shipper of the *ugly, gloomy gods* of Paganism. *You might have been cast into a river, or turned out to perish in a wood*; or, if not, you would have grown up in ignorance, vice, and misery. You would have had no education;" &c. &c.—Pagan Mother! Pagan Lawgiver! tell these slanderers, that it was in a Christian land that the Book of Murder was written, that the New Poor-Law is enforced; that, in the land whence Missionaries depart to *seek* sinners whom they may convert from the error of their ways, it was seriously recommended to murder the children of the poor, it was determined by the legislature that the poor had no right to existence; that there mothers are forced, by the tyranny of the law and of society, even with their own hands to murder their offspring; that there whole families are "educated" for prostitution; that there generation after generation grow up in ignorance, vice, and misery:—"O favoured Christian families! Families whom Jesus loves"—and whom Missionaries neglect! "BUT MISSIONS ARE CREATING MANY SUCH FAMILIES!" Back! ye zealous Missionaries! back to the "Sea-Sodom" whose sons ye are! seek ye there, even among the fools who support you, for righteousness and for religion! When ye have found one upright Christian, one Christlike man, who neither lieth nor over-reacheth, who designedly wrongeth not his neighbour—one who is not priest, or trader, or wealth-idolater: when ye have found but one such man, leave him to convert his brother Christians; and go ye then, if ye must, among the *heathen*. Your lukewarmness may then be spared here. O ye converters of idolaters! tell them in far lands of the blessings of your Christian home—Wars, extravagant taxation, all the chicanery and immorality of trade, poor-laws, prisons, child-murder, prostitution, tithes, church-rates, game-laws, corn-laws, legal and illegal robberies, hereditary paid worthlessness, and hereditary poverty and suffering, selfishness, strife, hatred, and insecurity—tell the *heathen* of these things; and bid them leave their "gloomy gods, their idolatry, and all its polluting and degrading superstitions," to follow the innocent, the beautiful, the delightful practices of earnest Christians, the conscientious supporters of Missions.

*

It is easy to convey a lie in the words of truth.—*Franklin*.

The two Principles.—There are two principles in continual operation in the human being, the selfish and the sympathetic. The selfish is productive of pleasure of a certain kind. The sympathetic is productive of pleasure of another kind. The selfish is primary and essential; the sympathetic, arising out of the selfish, is superadded to it. The sympathetic principle is nobler than the selfish, whence the selfish is subservient to the sympathetic; but there is not only no opposition, hostility, or antagonism between them, but the strictest possible connection, dependence and subservience; and whatever is conducive to the true end of the selfish, is equally conducive to the true end of the sympathetic principle. Any attempt to extend the selfish principle beyond what is compatible with the perfection of the sympathetic, or the sympathetic beyond what is compatible with the perfection of the selfish, instead of accomplishing the end in view, only produces mental disease. Opposing and jarring action, antagonizing and mutually destructive powers, are combined in no other work of nature; and it would be wonderful, indeed, were the only instance of it found in man, the noblest of her works, and in the mind of man, the noblest part of her noblest work.

No one supposes that there is any such inharmonious combination in the organization of his physical frame, and the notion that it exists in his mental constitution, as it is founded in the grossest ignorance, so it is productive of incalculable mischief.—*Dr. Southwood Smith's Philosophy of Health.*

FOLLOWING NATURE.

THE term nature here, is still more loose and unintelligible than the term passion was before. If it be meant that we ought to accomodate ourselves to hunger and the other appetites which are common to our species, this is probably true. But these appetites, some of them in particular, lead to excess, and the mischief with which they are pregnant is to be corrected, not by consulting our appetites, but our reason. The advocates of this maxim are apt to consider whatever now exists among mankind as inherent and perpetual, and to conclude that this is to be maintained, not in proportion as it can be shown to be reasonable, but because it is natural. Thus it has been said, that man is naturally a religious animal, and for this reason, and not in proportion to our power of demonstrating the being of a God or the truth of Christianity, religion is to be maintained. Thus, again, it has been called natural, that men should form themselves into immense tribes or nations, and go to war with each other. Thus persons of narrow views and observation, regard every thing as natural and right, that happens, however capriciously, or for however short a time, to prevail in the society in which they live. The only things which can be said to compose the nature or constitution of man, are our external structure, which itself is capable of being modified with indefinite variety; the appetites and impressions growing out of that structure; and the capacity of combining ideas and inferring conclusions. The appetites common to the species we cannot wholly destroy: the faculty of reason it would be absurd systematically to counteract, since it is only by some sort of reasoning, bad or good, that we can so much as adopt any system. In this sense, therefore, no doubt we ought to follow nature, that is, to employ our understandings and increase our discernment. But, by conforming ourselves to the principles of our constitution in this respect, we must effectually exclude all following, or implicit assent. If we would fully comport ourselves in a manner correspondent to our properties and powers, we must bring every thing to the standard of reason. Nothing must be admitted either as a principle or precept, that will not support this trial. Nothing must be sustained, because it is ancient, because we have been accustomed to regard it as sacred, or because it has been unusual to bring its validity into question.—*Godwin*.

EDEN.

THE village of Eden is situate on a part of Lebanon. "The tradition that the garden of Eden once stood here, originated in the extreme loveliness of the site, which is, however, of too alpine a character to render the locality probable." The climate is salubrious; vineyards, gardens, mulberry and walnut trees, clothe the mountain sides, watered by numerous rivulets and little canals; and every cottage is supplied with excellent wine, of which no fewer than twelve kinds are made on the range of Lebanon. What is wanting to make this delightful land indeed a Paradise? But one thing—that the heart of man should echo the external beauty. Why even in the most inclement waste of earth the heart of humanity is, but too generally, yet more barren and ungenial, must be asked of those who lead man away from the worship of Nature's beautiful existences, to the idolatry of ignorance and supernatural fear. Cast away religious systems; let men know that they have no duties but to themselves and to their kind, that their only duties are to be ever truthful and loving; let them feel that the earth is beautiful—and the Golden Age will be redeemed from Time; the cultivated earth will indeed be as the fabled Garden of Eden; and neither command nor temptation shall again make man to fall.

HYMNS FOR THE UNENFRANCHISED.

No. IX.

Why are white foreheads bow'd with shame,
And infant backs with toil?

Why is strong-sinew'd Honesty
Trade's ignominious spoil?

Why do grey men with maidens mate,
And orphans multiply?

Why is Content a slave's reproach?—
Unriddle me the why!

Why are the Lords of Intellect
The Slaves of Power and Pelf?

The Apostle preacheth martyrdom—
Why should he lose himself?

Why should men labour without pay,
Wasting continually;

While felons' homes are palaces?—
Unriddle me the why!

Why are six men the tools of one?
Woman a menial thing,

A creature kept to propagate
The forms of suffering?

Why is Religion Law-condemn'd,
And Truth a "blasphemy";

While Liars lecture "in God's name"?—
Unriddle me the why!

Why lies the beggar Justice
In the cold, at the rich man's door?

Have we not Houses of Charity,
And prisons for the poor?

Why is Love a homeless wanderer,
And Thought an agony?—

Seek out a Christian! question *him*!
Bid him expound the why!

No. X.

Truth is no more the anarchy Custom's prey;

Man, the poor serf, by kings and priests long hounded
Into the den of Woe, now turns at bay:

The trampler is unhorsed, the hunter wounded.

We sought for peace—ye gave us toil and war;

We begg'd for quiet bread—and stones were given:—*

Tyrants and priests! we will be scourged no more:

The chains of loyalty and faith are riven.

What bargain have your boasted victories bought?

Church-rates and gyves, corn-laws and desolation:

Tyrants and priests! we need not *your* support;—

The Nation will work out its own salvation.

We claim Man's equal rights; we will no ruin

Even unto the robbers:—Love, Truth—gender'd,

Dwelleth with Justice: we to all men doing

That we require shall unto us be render'd.

Spartacus.

* Taxing us to build new churches in a time of famine.

RELIGIOUS APPLIANCES.

Is it requisite for the maintenance of religion, that there should be tithes or church-rates? Is it necessary for the maintenance of religion, that there should be a priesthood—a body of men separated from the community, to perform “religious service”—whether supported by voluntary or compulsory payments? Is the establishment of certain prescribed forms essential to the preservation and promotion of religion?

It is not our present design by argument or by reference to texts to prove the unchristianity of a paid priesthood and of law-ordered forms of worship; we do not intend here to show, what every honest inquirer, whose studies have reached the Gospels, can not fail to perceive—that Christ abolished all ceremonial observances, all setting apart of hirelings to teach religion. What we now purpose is, to inquire into the utility of these practices: to inquire whether hired priests and formal services are the appliances best adapted for the promotion of religion; whether they are essential to the being of religion; and whether they may not be essentially inimical to the increase, or even the existence, of religion.

Setting aside the fact that, of the many sects in this country, all, save that called the Established, support their clergy without any law-exactions, solely by voluntary donations; let us inquire of our episcopal clergy themselves, whether their ministering would cease, or flag, if they were deprived of the remuneration of tithes. We have *their own oaths* to inform us that they are all called to the ministry by the Holy Ghost. Either they speak truth, in which case they must continue to preach as the Spirit compels their utterance, whether there be any payment or not (for surely they will not blaspheme the Holy Ghost by showing that they were called to receive money, or houses, or lands; or that the Spirit of God takes estimate of presentations and stalls and bishopricks); or they lie, and, so blaspheming, are unfit for their office. Their very qualification for the ministry; and this their own explicit declaration, disallows the need, or the desire, of recompense.—But “they must be supported.” By whom? Surely not by those who do not desire their care? To compel a man to give value for that which *to him* is valueless, is indisputably a robbery. So would they make the Holy Spirit of God a patron saint of thieves—hardly to the advantage of religion. By those, then, who need their services? These will not hesitate to recompense their labour, giving as freely as they have received; or the preaching, which produces not even the mere honesty of paying good for good rendered, can deserve but little reward. But tithes are paid by all: therefore manifestly unjust towards those compelled to pay them without receiving their equivalent; their appointment, also, useless and absurd as regards those who, having derived benefit, though they have learned but one virtue, will be careful to reward their benefactors; unjust too even to these last, inasmuch as the legal ordinance deprives even the most willing of the grace of ready gratitude. Compulsory tribute, therefore, not being required for the support of honest priests, and lying teachers being the worst enemies of religion, it follows that tithes may be safely and satisfactorily abolished, according to the injunction of Christ, without detriment to religion, religionist, or religious labourer, and to the happy removing of all future occasion of strife or uncharitableness, or of any of the unpleasantries, sometimes by them engendered; since there could not be even a variance of opinion concerning that which had certainly ceased to exist. With tithes would also depart much of that dishonesty which so lamentably obtrudes itself in the place of the apostolic singleness of purpose, which alone can qualify man or woman for the priestly office. The great and continual temptation to commit forgery against the Holy Ghost, to lie even to God’s face, would be no more: and who doubts but this would advance religion? But yet, while devout persons were ready to support those who laboured for their souls’ welfare, and while the devout are not necessarily

discreet or not to be deceived, the mere probability of obtaining a livelihood at the expense of others' credulity, for the appearance of services, would tempt some to pretend to authority to teach, to assume a holy name to which they had no title. A strong argument this against any payments for spiritual services: and, without such distinctive mark, there would be no priesthood. If a man may not expect to be supported by others, he cannot wholly devote himself to others; he must necessarily apply a certain portion of his time to the satisfaction of his own wants: the rest he may dispense as he pleases. Nor can it be necessary that he should be set apart entirely, for religion's sake, in any country where religion is a general thing: for we are not supposing a heathenish land where the most strenuous exertions and utter devotedness of apostolic men may be required to teach a new faith; but we refer to a land like our own, where generation after generation is brought up religiously by pious parents and god-parents, and where a priesthood pretends to nothing but to be the conservators of religion. Since Christianity is not an accumulation of facts, and as a knowledge of few things is necessary to salvation, it is ridiculous to waste the whole time of learned divines in merely reminding people of that, of which they might in their daily intercourse find such abundant opportunity of reminding each other, which, indeed, should be the conversation of every hour. Accordingly we find that the clergy can only make a decent show of being employed by repeating week after week the same words, rather to the wearying than the edifying of their hearers. As the days in which public worship is more especially made use of, are days of law-appointed rest from men's usual avocations, any man might perform all this, as well as those now set apart, and find no great labour either. This is satisfactorily proved by the common practices of dissenters, who can find time to be earnest and active in the ministry without neglecting their worldly interests. We might also make an example of the conduct of the Apostles and primitive Christians, who surely underwent weightier religious duties than rest upon the shoulders of our episcopal apostles. It will be urged "Who shall attend christenings, marriages, burials, &c.?" At christenings, even the nurse might be free enough to cross the child's brow and baptize her own fingers, as well as any other gowned official; and any one of the company, who could spare time to be a listener, would not find it occupied more time to be a reader. Of marriage we need say nothing further than that the legislature, which never errs, being powerful, has declared it to be a civil ordinance; and rightly has at length redeemed it from the fee-exacting hands of the clergy. Besides, on these occasions there are always guests enough ready to say at least as much as can be useful without impertinence. At burials it cannot be desirable, it is hardly decent, that strangers should thrust themselves between the loving and those for whom the loving alone should perform the last offices. They, whose kindness has waited upon the sick, possibly rendering more effectual service than the cold reading of a few formal words that haply jar against the feelings of the sufferer, or the unfeeling catechising and indecent interruption of the death-questioned, will not be slack, even without fees, in finishing their labour of love. In all these cases the interference of appointed officers, neither friends, nor carers for the persons concerned, seems to be an unwarrantable and impudent intrusion, often most offensive to those for whose service it is pretended to be. All this must be inimical to religion, which, not being a mere outward form, cannot be worthily represented by formal observances; but should be evidenced by observances springing from the heart of each, rendering every one engaged therein, and so indeed called by the Holy Spirit, a priest for the time of such service, whether performed on his own account or for the benefit of friend or neighbour. This would not separate any, since every one in turn would take part in this holiest worship and ritual of mutual and charitable service, for which no pay should be asked or offered, for which no man would desire pay, were it not the baleful and inevitable effect of Commerce to separate all duties and employments from their right

religious destination, and to class them as things of speculation, to be bought and sold.

The arguments against tithes bear with equal force against church-rates, as to the injustice of compelling men to pay for that which conscientiously they cannot use. Let those who use the churches keep them in repair. But the churches are not the rightful, though they may be the legal, property of the Establishment. They belong to the community. Let them be used by all sects in turn, as they are in many places out of England, (There need be no jostling, and there would be none if arrangements were made in a religious spirit;) and let all contribute fairly to their maintenance.

As to printed forms of worship—till human hearts become as mechanical as compositors' forms, these can not be other than false or feeble representations of human desires, preventing the spontaneous expression of those devotional feelings, which alone are the inspirations of God.

On the whole, it appears to us that the services of a hired priesthood *must* degenerate into worthless forms, to hang like a dead weight upon Religion, so that Religion, instead of being served and promoted, is ordered to a shameful death, being sacrificed upon the altars of Trade, a worse foe to Truth, than either mere savage Ignorance, or the less despotic tyranny of Force.

TO THE HIERARCHY.

THOU hast not built thy house upon the rock
Of CHRIST and his GOOD THINGS, thou proud Thing,
Self-baptized with the name of "Hierarchy!"
But on the sand of this world's vanishing;
Wherefore, it shall not brave the coming shock
Of Truth and Knowledge, in their flowings high
Up the vast banks of Time; but, undermined,
Must shake, and great shall be the fall thereof.
Thy title is usurp'd, swollen Hierarchy!
"Chief of the Sacred" art thou not; for, know
That not with Mammon and his rust, below,
Abideth Sacredness, whose mansion-roof
Archeth the Universe! O, Base-of-Mind!
Thou in the CHURCH of CHRIST hast dug a gluttonous sty.

Wade.

O world! when wilt thou come out of thine infancy and assume a beard, and a mind worthy of that beard? learn to despise *long coats*; reject thy leaders and thy leading-strings; stand upon thy own legs; be of age; look round thee, and distinguish, at last, truth and freedom from restraint and disguises.—*Gordon.*

The Clergy.—Officers of God Almighty's Revenue; who, also, are a board of commissioners for managing his power, or rather their own power, by his ministration.

God's Dwelling.—I will tell you, scholar, I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings; one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart.—*Isaak Walton.*

Revolutions.—All revolutions are the utterance of some one, long-felt truth in the minds of men.—*Carlyle.*

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. XXI.

THE world lay spread out before me, like an opened book.

Therein have I read and considered the destinies of humanity : the past and present aspects of great nations.

How, O ye sons of clay ! shall I impress those lessons upon your hearts ?

There is one who styleth herself, The first among the Nations ; who hath devoted herself to be the priestess of Liberty—yet she is not free.

She standeth aloof from all, oppressing and oppressed, scornful yet despised, kissing the hand that scourgeth her, licking the very feet of those whose folly hath degraded her.

Another hath twice planted the myrtle in a pool of blood : it flourisheth not, the strenuous toil hath not conquered, they have turned away in despair ; yet is there hope—the withered shall revive.

Behold a third, the conqueror, idol, slave of all : her enervated hand rendeth her own breast, and the dogs of her foemen lick up her blood.

Another—hydra-headed, subtle, profound, and mighty ; a chained lion that slumbereth at a palace-gate : but his dreamings are terrible ; dark, and power-filled, and prophetic.

Another—fertile and beautiful : a wild and melancholy waste.

Another—bought and sold : the prize of the highest bidder.

Another—the page is smeared with blood, the very name hath been obliterated ; but on the next leaf, in the annals of an adjoining country, I read of a nation whose sons rebelled against a tyrant that had usurped dominion over them, who in their madness preferred Liberty to servitude, peace and justice to oppression and insult.

Long and obstinate were their struggles, but they were at length overwhelmed by a race of serfs, whose enlightened faith was in the sublime truth that millions were made for the sport of one.

The merciful and generous conqueror forgave the vanquished, and exterminated them.

Dark and gloomy is the kennel of the serfs : the spring-time hath not yet dawned upon their sterile soil ; the thaw hath not yet commenced, and the seeds of Truth lie buried beneath the snows of many winters.

Mine eyes travelled over many pages : the tale was the same in all, written with blood, by the finger of oppression. Woe unto the lands ! the dark cloud of corruption still broodeth over them.

Freedom ! a few scattered embers are all we have of thee. But the hand of the Saviour shall collect them ; the breath of the Eternal awaken a flame, whose light shall illumine the earth : there is yet a remnant whose knees have not bowed unto Baal, a few brave hearts untainted by corruption.

Soldiers of Liberty, when ye take up arms, be ye men without fear ! Your adversary is in the field and shouteth for the battle : be not dismayed though that battle appear against you ! Many of the army of Liberty have indeed fallen, many lives must yet be sacrificed ; but from every drop of the martyrs' blood that falleth upon the ground, springeth up a new foe to tyranny.

Crowd ye around the Standard of Freedom ! *hail not for petty advantages ;* turn neither to the right hand nor to the left ; be ye unflinching, uncompromising, desirous of peace—even for the enemy's sake, but determined to obtain justice !

The earnest desirer of freedom seeketh not only his own good : he desireth freedom for his wife, for his children, for his neighbours, even for his opponents. He desireth the world's freedom : he, who would tyrannize over any, is a traitor to the cause of Justice.

Be ye well-organized, prepared and united : hand joined to hand, as brothers pledged to achieve each other's freedom ! Many and powerful are the foes banded against you : in dissension is no power of worth ; division is ignominious death.

BE UNION YOUR MOTTO ! VICTORY SHALL BE YOUR GUERDON. †

A View of the Evidences of Christianity. By William Paley, D.D., Archdeacon of Carlisle.

The "Evidences of Christianity" are based upon suppositions. Read!

"Preparatory considerations.—SUPPOSE the world we live in to have had a Creator; SUPPOSE that the Deity, when he formed it, consulted for the happiness of his sensitive creation (excellently manifested in his predetermining man's fall, and punishment of misery here and damnation hereafter); SUPPOSE the disposition which dictated this counsel to continue (evidenced by the continuance of damnation in spite of the Redemption); SUPPOSE a part of the creation to have received faculties from their Maker, by which they are capable of *voluntarily* pursuing any end *for which he has designed them* (that is, of *choosing* to do that which they cannot help doing); SUPPOSE the Creator to intend for these, *his accountable agents*, a second state of existence (suppose the Creator to intend nothing of the kind), in which their situation will be regulated by their behaviour in the first state (which behaviour was regulated by the Creator's predetermination), by which supposition, and by no other, *the objection to the divine government* in not putting a difference between the good and the bad, and *the inconsistency of this confusion* with the care and benevolence discoverable in the works of the Deity, is done away (the greater "objection to the divine government" *is the essential difference* between the good and the bad. God made both bad and good: is "the inconsistency of this confusion" to be done away by his intending an after state of punishment for those who are "no better than the work of his own hands"?); SUPPOSE it to be of the utmost importance to the subjects of this dispensation to know what is intended for them, that is, suppose the knowledge of it to be highly conducive to the happiness of the species (does not experience contradict this supposition?); SUPPOSE, nevertheless, almost the whole race, either by the imperfection of their faculties, the misfortune of their situation, or by the loss of some prior revelation, to want this knowledge, and not to be likely, without the aid of a new revelation, to attain it: *Under these circumstances, is it improbable that a revelation should be made?*"—

"Now, in what way can a revelation be made, but by miracles?" The logician proceeds to *combat* Hume's objections to miracles.

"To this length does a modern objection to miracles go, viz. that *no human testimony can in any case render them credible*. I think the reflection that, if there be a revelation there must be miracles; and that, under the circumstances in which the human species are placed, a revelation is not improbable, *or not improbable in any great degree*, to be a fair answer to the whole objection." In plain language, a miracle is probable because a revelation, *improbable in a degree*, cannot do without it.

The Work is divided into three parts: 1. Of the direct evidence of Christianity; 2. Of the auxiliary evidences; and 3. Concerning popular objections. Part 1 contains two propositions to be established: the first, that "there is satisfactory evidence that (there were) many professing to be original witnesses of the Christian miracles," (in fact there were *none* so professing *except* the authors of the New Testament; the only evidence of whose truth is in their own writings, certainly not the most satisfactory), and that they were honest witnesses: all which is worth nothing without *satisfactory proof that it was impossible for them to be deceived*. The honestest men may be imposed upon. Proposition 2 is merely that there is not satisfactory evidence of any other religion; which may be, and yet the one in question be no nearer to the truth.

Such being the "direct evidence" collected by the Christian Advocate, surely it cannot be necessary to notice the mere auxiliary. We pass to Part 3—Considerations of some *popular* objections. "The discrepancies between the several Gospels" he seems to consider rather an argument for their truth, than a proof of their falsehood; though, we suspect, few juries, unless espe-

cially endowed with "that large competency of blindness which so eminently qualifies a man for a good churchman," would agree with him. He also allows that the Apostles might have held "erroneous opinions" when they spoke of casting out devils; and declares it to be very necessary to distinguish between the apostolic *doctrines* and *arguments*—the one being revelation, the other not; that is, though the premises be evidently false, the deduction may yet be divinely true. They who delight in sophistry, may feast even to surfeiting throughout this book, a work well worthy of him who collected the will of God from expediency, and *defended* a religion which he deemed "a complication of probabilities." His whole argument is built upon probabilities. He neither proves the genuineness of the Scriptures, nor even the existence of Christ or the Apostles; but he does show that there were other writings of similar pretension, which were declared spurious and were suppressed, and that nearly all the writings, which were very many, against the present Scriptures, have been destroyed. His language is ambiguous; he prevaricates grossly; and gives reason to suspect that he too could suppress opposing evidence. His argument is that of a special pleader. His client is Church-of-Englandism, and not Truth.

The Way to Universal Suffrage. By a Tyne Chartist. Northern Liberator Office, Newcastle upon Tyne; Hetherington, Watson, and Cleave, London: 1839.

This is the best work we have yet seen on what *ought* to be the conduct of the Working Classes and their Leaders in the present state of affairs; evidently written by a clear-sighted, and far-minded man, whose suggestions will, we trust, meet with the regard they deserve from the People and their Representatives. We subjoin a few extracts as a specimen, in place of comment. The pamphlet, at its low price of sixpence, ought to be extensively circulated among the desirers of Freedom.

"If the middle classes rose to make common cause against the common tyrant, there would hardly be any 'trial by combat', and, if there should, the result would not be doubtful.

"The middle classes must be brought to a sense of their duty; at least all means must be tried to bring them to it—this is part, and a most important part, of the duty of the popular agitators.—

"Let every large town in the kingdom, say fifty in number, issue an address to the middle classes. Let Newcastle print 50,000 copies of its own address, distribute 1,000 copies at home, and send 1,000 for distribution to each of the large towns. Let each of the other large towns perform the same duty, and return the compliment to Newcastle, having it so arranged, that the different addresses may succeed each other every three or four days, as shall be deemed most effectual. These addresses, though breathing pretty nearly the same spirit, would be each different in style, impressed, as it were, with the genius of the several districts from which they emanated. These succeeding addresses, repeated and again repeated, will produce effect, if anything can produce it—would produce much effect on the middle classes, perhaps all we could desire."—

Then follows an excellent sample of what the Addresses should be. "Similar addresses might be presented to the Soldiers, the Sailors, the landed Aristocracy, and the Clergy:—the duty is not done unless all classes by solemnly and repeatedly appealed to."—

The author proceeds to give some valuable hints relative to "the constitution, regulations, and duties of Political Unions. THIS SUBJECT IS ONE OF INCALCULABLE IMPORTANCE. Indeed, upon the efficiency of the Political Unions the success or defeat of the 'Movement' mainly depends.—

"I do not believe," he continues, "*that holding frequent meetings, is sufficient to rouse the people to a sense of their wrongs, and a determination to put an end to them.* Such meetings will be attended in succession, chiefly

by those who approve of the principles of liberty, whilst those, who most require instruction, will decline, through prejudice, to attend the meetings at all.—

"Let every centre, therefore, or head quarters of a Union carry on a manufacture of TRACTS. Brief, simple, and perspicuous let them be, embodying the facts of the hideous system. Once fully in possession of the facts, the common sense of the People will furnish the commentary."—

We must refer our readers to the pamphlet for very capital specimens of these most serviceable Tracts. A few words on *arming* are also appended.

"It is necessary that the people be armed (and, more especially, defensively armoured)—whatever cost or inconvenience that arming may put them to. Whilst the people ought to cultivate a friendly understanding with the unfortunate and oppressed soldiery, it is also their duty to calculate against all chances."—

Most earnestly do we entreat attention to the Tyne Chartist's concluding remarks, "that the time has not yet arrived for 'Ultior Measures'; that we are not, as yet, *thoroughly* prepared to assume the *offensive*; that a twelve-months' campaign—positively moral, preparatory physical—is before us; that, in fine, by courting a collision just now, we may make a mighty sacrifice in the attainment of our rights, and, perhaps, miss them after all. *Whereas, if the Convention dissolve not, but DISPERSE, and—supported as they now are supported—set vigorously to work over the United Kingdom, one year's uprousing would put the people in a position to safely, and, I believe, quietly settle the whole question.*"

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE presentation of the *National Petition* is deferred, the British Senate having toiled so long, though to no purpose, that they are now holiday-making—no business pressing. Whether the Petition be presented, or not, matters little. Its rejection is not needed to prove that the *Right* of petitioning is a mere farce. The People's Parliament have transferred their sittings from London to Birmingham. We must think London their proper place. If the power of the Masses is insufficient to support them here, they should "*dissolve, not DISPERSE*" (having, indeed, accomplished their main object) to *prepare the People for the future*.—Already the impolicy of certain among us has given the throned Anarchs a plea for numerous arrests. Let us play a better game than was played by the brave men of Paris, last Sunday week. What is the use of 300, or 3000, or 30,000 undisciplined men without plans or proper union, taking up arms against a well-appointed army of 100,000? Let us at least endeavour to win the co-operation of these *our brethren*. Let us keep out of the reach of the Law till we have strength to wrestle with it. Why retard our noblest Cause, by an abortive attempt? We say this, not to discourage, but to *warn*. WE MUST NEGLECT NO MEANS. Everywhere combine! Mature your plans! Arm! Then let your voice be heard—Tyranny *shall*, for then it *must*, obey you.

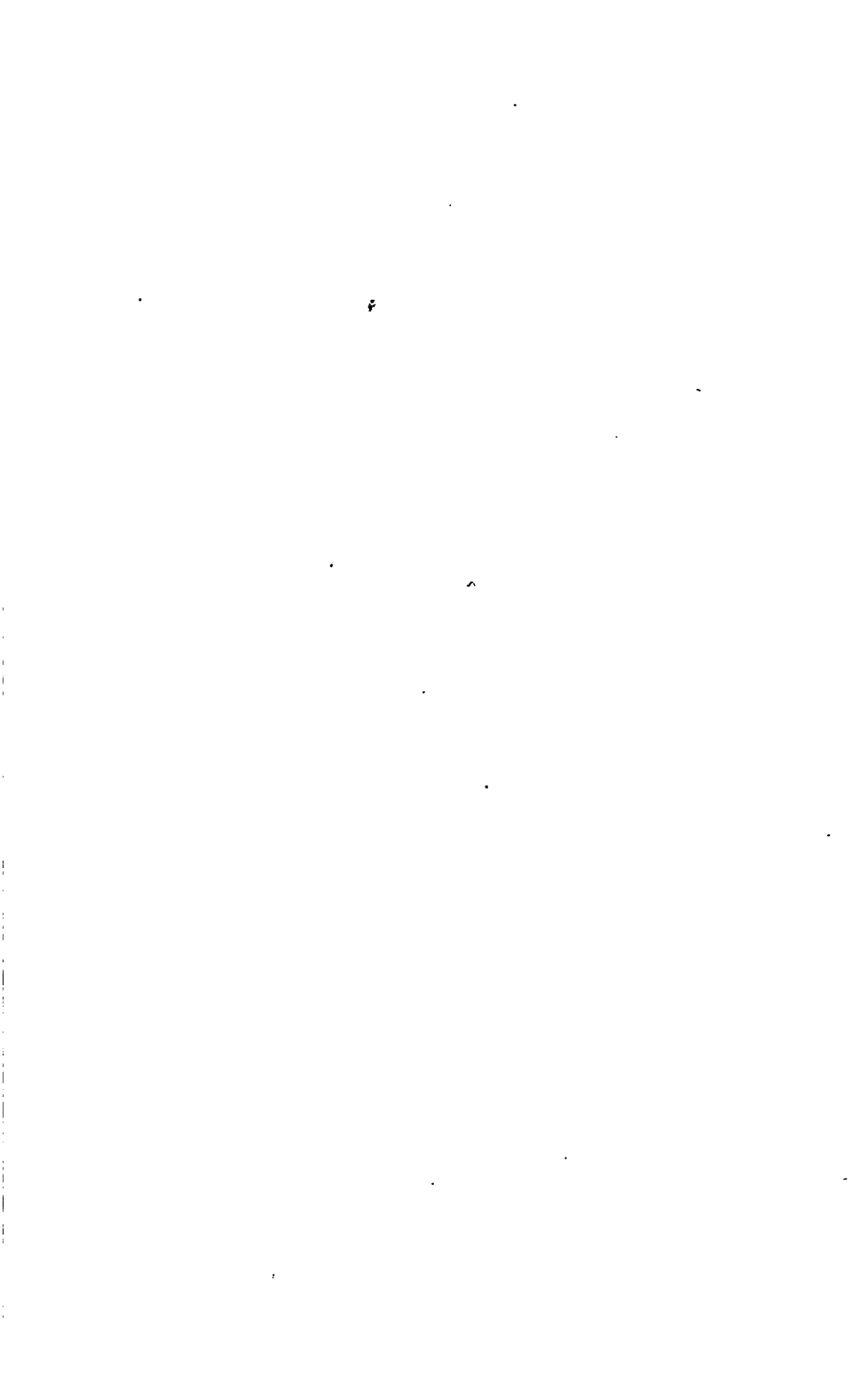
We are well-pleased in correcting an error in our last "Notes." No new Act to suppress "seditious" meetings was debated of by the Commons. But such an Act, now in force, contained a clause for the punishment of sellers of *pamphlets not having the printer's name on both sides*; and it was the repeal of this absurd clause which was under consideration. Let credit be given for this act of justice, though it be tardy, though little reparation to those who have lost health through imprisonment for such law-made offences.—Less worthy of notice is the late downfall and *replacing* of the Whig Ministry, and the brief elevation of the Tories. What change! The spirit of both factions is the same. Yet it was hardly decent that a nation's *government* should depend upon the private partialities of an individual. But *it is the mode*. A People's will may be mocked at—a Queen's caprice is to be consulted.

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



THE GARDEN OF THE ACADEMY.



KNOWLEDGE AND VIRTUE ARE SO ENTIRELY THE SAME, THAT VIRTUE IS KNOWLEDGE INSPIRED WITH THE ATTRIBUTES OF LIFE.—*Dr. Southwood Smith.*

Knowledge is an accumulation of facts, and signifies *things known*.
All real knowledge is derived from positive sensations.—*Frances Wright.*

The Aim of Education should be to teach us rather *how to think* than what to think—rather to improve our minds, so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.—*Beattie.*

Self-Knowledge.—Who seeth not how great is the advantage arising from this knowledge, and what misery must attend our mistakes concerning it. For he, who is possessed of it, not only knoweth himself, but knoweth what is best for him. He perceiveth what he can and what he cannot do; he applieth himself to the one, he gaineth what is necessary, and is happy: he attempts not the other, and therefore incurs neither distress nor disappointment.—*Socrates, in Xenophon.*

Obedience.—To say that a blind custom of obedience should be a surer obligation than duty taught and understood—is to affirm that a blind man may tread surer by a guide, than a seeing man can by a light.—

Lord Bacon.

Necessity of National Education.—The Christian nations of our age seem to me to present a fearful spectacle; the impulse which is bearing them forward is so strong that it cannot be stopped, but it is not yet so rapid that it cannot be guided; there fate is in their own hands; yet a little while, and it may be so no longer. The first duty which is at this time imposed upon those who direct our affairs is *to educate the democracy*; to reanimate its faith, if that be possible; to purify its morals; to regulate its energies; to substitute for its inexperience a knowledge of business, and for its blind instincts an acquaintance with its true interests; to adapt its government to time and place, and to modify it in compliance with circumstances and characters. A new science of politics is indispensable to a world which has become new. This, however, is what we think of least; launched in the middle of a rapid stream, we obstinately fix our eyes on the ruins which may still be descried upon the shores we have left, whilst the current sweeps us along, and drives toward an unseen abyss.—*De Tocqueville.*

The Desire of Excelling.—It will probably be asked, would I extinguish every spark of vanity in the world, all thirst of fame, of splendour, of magnificence, of show, all desire of excelling or distinguishing one's self from the common herd? What must become of the public service, of sciences, arts, commerce, manufactures? The business of life must stagnate. Nobody would spend his youth in fatigues and dangers to qualify himself for becoming a general or admiral. Nobody would study, and toil, and struggle, and roar for liberty to be a minister. The merchant would not drudge on through the infirmities of age to fill his own coffers, and supply his country with foreign

commodities. The artificer, having acquired an independence, would leave his business to be practised by novices and bunglers. The man of learning would not waste his time and spirits to enrich the public with knowledge, to combat error, or defend *his favourite truths* against all opposers. Poetry, painting, music, elegance, wit and humour, would be lost from among us; affability, politeness, gallantry, and the pleasures of refined conversation be things unknown. How would you keep your children from rolling in the dirt without some motive of shame to influence them, or bring the schoolboy to ply close to his task? How prevent your sons from consorting with blackguards, or your daughters from romping with the grooms?

While we remain indolent and selfish, it may be necessary for us to have vanity to counteract those mischievous qualities, as one poison serves as an antidote to another. But I could wish that there were no necessity for the poison, which must always have a tendency to impair the constitution.

If masters can find no other way of making their lads apply to their learning willingly, but by exciting an emulation among them, I would not deprive them of the use of this instrument. But there may be a commendation which has no personal comparison in it, and the pleasure, the advantages, the credit of a proficiency in learning may be displayed in sufficient alluring colours, without suggesting a thought of superiority over others, or of being the foremost. I acknowledge that it is a very nice point to distinguish between the desire of *excellence* and the desire of *excelling*, and the one is very apt to degenerate insensibly into the other: yet I think it may be effected by an attentive and skilful tutor, and the first will answer all the good purposes of the latter, without running the hazard of its inconveniences.

We may fairly conclude that the world would go on infinitely better if men would learn to do without it; and we may rank it among those evils permitted by Providence to bring forth some unknown good, but which we should encourage neither in ourselves nor others.—*Tucker's Light of Nature.*

Improvement in Education.—In the more advanced progress of knowledge, in the room of the pernicious maxims which are now so early and so universally inculcated, the mind will be taught that there is no law of our nature which operates more certainly and uniformly than that which secures the greatest sum of enjoyment to him who thinks least of his own, and most of others' good; that the principal design of the desire of approbation, the influence of which over noble spirits is so potent, is, *to add to the authority of our own hearts*, in favour of the dictates of virtue, the authority of the worthy and the wise; that the surest method of securing their honour, is, not to be guided invariably by their opinions and practices, but *with firmness and fidelity to act according to our convictions*; that there is sometimes the sublimest glory in submitting to what is generally considered the deepest disgrace; *in a word, that the great aim ought to be, not to appear but to be excellent*; not to obtain the applauses of the ignorant, nor even the cheering approbation of the wise, but to be of use in enlightening and blessing mankind; not to be governed contrary to our better judgment by a false maxim of the world, but to rectify its errors; not to idolize public opinion, but *to deserve its homage*; not from any pretext or at any price to forget for a moment the claims of morality and benevolence, but to regard them under all circumstances (as under all circumstances they must ever be) sacred and inviolable.—*Dr. Southwood Smith.*

Our Opinions have, unfortunately, to be changed, not simply formed; our advance in knowledge must involve forgetting as well as acquiring.

Frances Wright.

Fame.—Great minds had rather deserve contemporaneous applause without obtaining it, than obtain it without deserving it. If it follow them, it is well; but they will not deviate to follow it. With inferior minds the reverse is observable; so that they can command the flattery of knaves while living, they care not for the execrations of honest men when dead. Milton neither aspired to present fame, nor even expected it; but (to use his own words) his high ambition was, "to leave something so written to after ages, that they would not willingly let it die!" and Cato finely observed, he would much rather that posterity should inquire why no statues were erected to him, THAN WHY THEY WERE.—*Colton.*

Paid Teachers.—So long as the mental and moral instruction of man is left solely in the hands of hired servants of the public—let them be teachers of religion, professors of colleges, authors of books, or editors of journals or periodical publications, dependent upon their literary labours for their daily bread, so long shall we hear but half the truth; and well if we hear so much. Our teachers, political, scientific, moral, or religious; our writers, grave or gay, are *compelled* to administer to our prejudices, and to perpetuate our ignorance. They dare not speak that which, by endangering their popularity, would endanger their fortunes. They have to discover not what is true, but what is palatable: not what will search into the hearts and minds of their hearers, but what will open their purse-strings. They have to weigh every sentiment before they hazard it, every word before they pronounce it, lest they wound some cherished vanity, or aim at some favourite vice.

When we would hear truths, we must seek them from other mouths and other pens than those which are dependent upon popular patronage, or which are ambitious of popular admiration.—*Frances Wright.*

RECORDS OF THE WORLD'S JUSTICE.

BY A HARDWAREMAN.

No. 10.—*The Evangelical Preacher.*

"This outward-sainted deputy,—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth! the head, and follies doth enmew,
As falcon doth the fowl—is yet a devil.

"And reck's not his own read."

Shakspeare.

"O YE plague-spotted vipers! how dare ye to drink the blood of your God? Ye straight-lipped adulterers and adulteresses! how dare ye with your pollutions profane the sacramental vessel of the Lord? Ye whited sepulchres, fair outside, but within full of uncleanness! (Damned fine woman Mrs. Thomson—next to Mary!) wash not alone your hands in innocency, but cleanse your filthy hearts, ye double-minded! O that ye could feel the blessedness of repenting grace! O that with unfeigned contrition and bewailing for your manifold enormities ye would come unto Him who died for sinners such as you; unto Him who can make the foulest pure and lovely as a little child; who can make your sins, though they be as scarlet, through the efficacy of his wonderful blood, white as the unsullied snow! Repent, repent, I say, ere it be too late! Hell yawneeth for you, ye are on the brink of everlasting perdition; yet ye mock at the proffered mercy of your blessed Redeemer, and wantonly embrace the painted harlot that winds you in a miserable death. The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, &c."

And the reverend Joseph Veale, concluding a lengthy discourse, sank back exhausted in his pulpit; wiped the streams of perspiration from his brow, with a delicate cambric handkerchief; passed his fingers through his dark curls; and very earnestly examined the roof of the church of St. Peggy Pattens, till the better portion of his congregation had vacated their pews, to jostle one another at the church-door.

Joseph Veale, by law and *courtesy* the "reverend," was lecturer at St. Peggy Pattens, a *fashionable place* of worship at the best end of the town. My first introduction to him was at the house of a worthy tailor, where Mr. Veale was a frequent visitor. My friend, a very respectable tradesman, and as honest as a tradesman should be, lived close to the above-named church; and his house was conveniently situated for the refreshment of the lecturer. The tailor kept a good table, and was well pleased to render his offerings of mere carnal gratification in return for the spiritual fare with which Mr. Veale regaled him. Mr. Veale was a fashionable preacher; a "dear man;" gifted with a tolerable face, black hair, great expression of sanctity, and a wondrous power of moving the feelings of his audience; and unobjectionable in all, save that some very particular people thought him "a little too studied and theatrical," but nevertheless admired him. My introduction to him was on the evening of a day which had been ordered, by the beneficent legislature, to be sanctified by fast and prayer, on account of very general distress throughout the country. Sermons, also ordered, were preached in all churches and chapels, and collections of money were made, for which the most distressed were none the better. I did as Martin Luther and Archbishop Cranmer direct to be done on Sundays, to vindicate a christian's liberty from the control of the ceremonial law—I followed my business: though I was not allowed to keep my shop open. In the evening, however, I thought I would go and sup with my friend Thomson, the tailor, who, though a saint, is an honest man, and very pleasant company when it pleases him. He was at church; so I waited some minutes, till he returned, bringing with him Mr. Veale and three or four old ladies of our acquaintance, who had been of the lecturer's congregation. The reverend gentleman was much fatigued with the delivery of a "wonderful" long discourse in an unhealthy atmosphere. The Church had been crowded—not an unoccupied place—not even the pulpit stairs—"he had actually sent for the chairs from the vestry for two or three very interesting ladies who seemed exhausted with long standing." But his exertions were nothing compared with their effect. Many had left the church in tears. How the old ladies, including my friend Thomson, hung about the reverend man, thanking him for his heavenly discourse. In a little time he was well nigh fainting, either from the recollection of his labour, or beneath the overpowering attentions of the old women, who, one and all, lifted up their voices and wept over him. It was very affecting; it quite took away my appetite—gave me a sickening sensation; and I went home supperless.

Shortly after this, Mr. Veale obtained the curacy of Western, a suburban parish; and gave up his former duties for an evening lectureship at St. Adultery's. The Rector of Western was newly married to a young lady of great personal attractions. The curate became a frequent, and a welcome guest at the rectory. Indeed he soon was a most esteemed visitant in all the best families in his parish, being very assiduous in his attentions, and possessing great conversational powers and captivating manners. By the rector he was treated with the greatest friendship, of which Mr. Veale appeared very gratefully sensible. The rector had occasion to leave home for some weeks. Very soon after his departure, Mr. Veale became an inmate of the rectory (on what pretence no one could say) and was observed to be very familiar with his master's lady. Certain unpleasant reports greeted the ears of the confiding rector, on his return home. They were followed by a pitiable confession from his wife; and that by her attempting suicide. Next came a public trial, *an action for damages*, when it was clearly proved in evidence

that the Reverend Joseph Veale had been accustomed, during the rector's absence, to read prayers, every evening, to the rector's servants, previous to going to bed to the rector's wife. The *reverend gentleman* threw all the blame upon the lady. "He had endeavoured to the utmost to resist her importunities; but the flesh is weak: she had almost forced him." She, of course, was blamed and abused by all. It is usual. "A woman is always wrong in such cases." I must think there was much to be said in her excuse. She was very young, a mere girl, when she was married to a man for whom she had no regard, having only been slightly acquainted with him for a few weeks; but his situation in life was considered by her parents to be sufficient recommendation. They deliberately persuaded, or forced her (for what choice had she but to obey) to prostitute herself; and yet, if she should leave her evil way of life for some virtuous attachment, she was then, and then only, to be branded with the outcast's mark. I do not know that she did act thus nobly. If she was conscientious in her attachment to the scoundrel Veale, she had not strength of mind to sustain the disgrace of honesty, but, believing the world's false condemnation rather than the integrity of her own nature, sank into the wretchedness of repentant self-loathing. We need not ask what became of her.

The better part of the Western people turned their backs upon the man who, there was great reason to believe, had made free with, or, as he would say, had been seduced by, more than one or two of his female parishioners; and who generously refused to give up the letters in his possession, and even threatened to publish them; though she, whom he reviled, had returned all his, when, poor creature! she confessed her depravity to her "husband." I must confess this cowardice seemed to me the most infamous and dastardly part of the business. However, certain *ladies* of Western, after the trial presented the reverend defendant with a handsome piece of plate, whereon appeared in high relief the Temptation of Joseph, encircled by an appropriate inscription, stating the donors' deep conviction that their beloved shepherd was indeed worthy of his name. I am sorry, for the *ladies'* sake, that the inscription is not fit to be here repeated. Neither can I give the names of the *ladies*. The Scriptures do not determine the exact number of the *Maries*. One, we know, was the abused Magdalen: the others might have borne a better character.

Mr. Veale is not removed from the sacred office. It would have been hard to have made an example of him, when a reverend gentleman, who seduced his own daughter, lived many years unmolested in the odour of such sanctity, and at last was only punished by being prohibited from doing any work for the hire which he continued regularly to receive, to his life's end. If he should be turned out of the Establishment, the reverend adulterer intends to start in the dissenting interest, in a New Connexion. He understands that his friends will build him a chapel; and there is no doubt but he would thrive wonderfully.

O, human world! are these thy teachers? Why marvel we at the scantiness of thy moral and religious knowledge, at the little fruit of thy expensive education, when such as these can be among thy holiest and law-ordained instructors? What marvel that simplicity is so poorly learned in bishops' palaces; that men are not persuaded by the enforcing of tithes to love one another; that Trade takes license from the dirty trafficking of priests; and that the ignorant world is not more honest or more pure-minded, more Christ-like or more respectable, than its teachers of hypocrisy, its sensual and selfish leaders, its legalized scourgers and plunderers, or its Evangelical Preachers? "SOMETHING IS ROTTEN" IN SOCIETY. "*It is the habit only that is honest.*" O world, world!

"Canst thou believe thy living is a life?"

Go, mend; go, mend!"

LIFE OF PESTALOZZI.

HENRY PESTALOZZI (or Pestaluz) was born at Zurich, in Switzerland, on the 12th of January, 1745. His father, an eminent physician, died when he was quite a child, leaving him to the care of an excellent mother, with a very scanty provision. He used to attend a grammar-school, the dull routine of which failed to call forth his intellectual powers. His feelings were better cultivated by his mother's affection. This unequal treatment prepared for him many a grievous disappointment, from his judgment wanting sufficient clearness to control the intensity of his feelings; though to this perhaps he owed that unabated elasticity which caused him to rise after every downfall, with renovated strength. He was a gentle and almost feminine boy, yet remarkable for his energy and for an irrepressible spirit of indignation at the sight of wrong. The attachment and attentions of an old servant of the family awakened his sympathy and interest for the poorer classes of society, while the memory of his mother's devoted love gave him that opinion of the importance of the mother's duty, which was always so prominent a point with him. When he left school, he went to the more liberal institutions for young men in Zurich; and there his talents began to unfold themselves. He studied for the church, (that reformed by Zuinglius,) but never went further than the delivery of his probationary sermon. Some failure in it made him relinquish his plans altogether; and he now applied to the law. Here he was again stopped. Instead of poring over law-books, he embarked in speculations on the best form of government. He published an essay on the constitution of Sparta, and a translation of some of the orations of Demosthenes, which attracted attention. It was a period of hope and of great men in Switzerland, and a second reformation seemed dawning there. The more Pestalozzi inquired, bringing the actual state of things to the test of principles, the more clearly he perceived how poorly society answered the purposes of its institution; the more was he disgusted with its artificiality, and touched by the misery of its many victims. He was especially struck with the false method and inefficiency of education. He published an essay on the "bearing which education ought to have on our respective callings." The severity of his mental exertions and continued mental conflict, threw him into a dangerous illness. His sufferings ended in a resolution no longer to be distracted by the painful clashing between his theory and his practice. By acting up to the full extent of his notions, he hoped to give himself the inestimable opportunity of putting his views to the test of life. He burned all his papers, and took a dislike to books, which was not removed till nearly the end of his life. He left Zurich and all his pursuits, and apprenticed himself to a farmer named Tschiffeli, in the Canton of Berne. Here, working with the spade and at the plough, he soon recovered his health and serenity. When he had learned his business, he employed the small property which his father had left him, in the purchase of a tract of waste land in the neighbourhood of Lenzburg, in the canton of Berne. He built a house and offices, and named it the Neuhof. He set to work with energy, and brought it into a flourishing condition. His prospects were easy and cheerful; and at this bright epoch of his life he married. His wife was the daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants of Zurich, a young woman to whom nature and education had been equally lavish in the bestowal of accomplishments, and who evinced the nobility of her character in appreciating and uniting herself to a man "in whom there was *nothing* to love *but* the kindness of his disposition and his zeal in the cause of humanity," whose virtuous "eccentricities" had already gained him the shoulder-shrugging compassion of the more worldly-wise and less conscientious of his fellow-citizens. Eight years of assiduous labour had brought the Neuhof into a prosperous condition, when Pestalozzi determined to make the experiment, how far it might be practicable by education to raise the lower orders to a condition more consistent with the principles of christianity. He converted his house into an asylum for fifty poor children, whom he

clothed, fed, and educated, and whom he chose from the very lowest of the people, or from amongst orphans, to avoid interference. "His views were by no means confined to the establishment of a private charity; his ulterior object was to effect a reform in the popular education of his country." He "wanted to place national education on a more internal and more solid basis." Through some mismanagement, (we believe, financial) his plan failed. He indeed continued it for fifteen years, and in that time rescued from vice and poverty many hundred children; but his affairs went wrong, and he was obliged, almost ruined, to give up his school and his farm. He, who had, to use his own words, "lived as a mendicant, in order to teach mendicants to live like men," was forced for want of the co-operation of his fellow "christians" to hide his head in obscurity and disappointment. His fortitude quite forsook him, and "he was unreasonably angry with the world." Little was it to be marvelled at, that one so constituted, heart-sore and writhing under the scourging of the world's taunts, and the world's worse false condolence, should have evinced but little of the "Philosophy" of Zeno or of the holier resignation and faith of Christ. "Of the cause which lay nearest to his heart, he dared not speak:" a sarcastic hint as to the success of his undertaking would have been the orthodox answer of human charity. "He was obliged to conceal from mankind the love he bore them, and to take it for tender compassion on their part, if they considered him no worse than a lunatic." He had however gained experience in education. He had also published *Leonard and Gertrude* and *Christopher and Eliza*, both written to advance his favourite principles; and a series of Essays, called *Evening Hours of a Hermit*. He also, in 1782, undertook a Swiss weekly Journal, to advocate his views of national improvement. It was continued only for a year. Shortly after he published his *Fables*, called *Figures to my Spelling-book*, and several political pamphlets. The first exposition of his system was not published till 1797, under the title of *My Researches respecting the Course of Nature in the development of the Human Faculties*. The unfortunate scenes of the French Revolution only the more confirmed him in his opinion of the necessity of a reform in all education, and the need of national establishments for that purpose. Switzerland was now revolutionized, and governed by a Directory, in imitation of the French. Legrand, one of the directors, was a friend of Pestalozzi, and, like him, aware how much national regeneration depends on the real education of all classes. Encouraged by Legrand, Pestalozzi laid his views before the government. They were favourably received; he was supplied by government with money to commence; and was engaged in selecting a spot of ground for a school near Zurich, when the French invaded Switzerland. The old democratic cantons refusing to submit to the government forced upon them, a French army burst upon Underwalden, ravaged the country, and laid Stantz, the capital, in ashes. This was in 1798. The Swiss government took the most active remedial measures, and delegated Pestalozzi, placing him in a deserted convent, to collect all the wandering, houseless children that he could around him. The children flocked in by scores. Ample pecuniary means to provide all that was necessary had been given him by the Swiss authorities, but in a country desolated by war it was not easy to procure anything. Pestalozzi and the children (for all shared alike) suffered many privations and much inconvenience. He was surrounded with difficulties. Some of the children were of the "better" classes, too well-born, too well-bred to put up with the inconveniences of the asylum; others, of the poorer classes, were also discontented, and were often removed by their parents; others were depraved and vicious; others diseased. Pestalozzi persevered. In a little time he had set his house in order, winning the love of the children, and so having their confidence and respect, and rendering them loving towards each other. He had neither books nor school apparatus; but his enthusiastic mind supplied their want. When Altorf, the capital of the canton of Schwitz, was laid in ashes, he said to the children—"Hundreds of children are now wandering about, homeless as you

were last year. Shall we invite twenty of them to come here?" Prompt was their answer: "Oh yes, do invite them!" "But," said he, "I shall not be able to get any more money on that account, and you will have to share your food and clothes with them." Still was there the same joyful answer. He only continued a year at Stantz. It was taken possession of by the Austrians, and the establishment was broken up. Shortly after, however, the chateau of Burgdorf near Berne was granted to him, and he resumed his labour of love. In 1803 the canton of Zurich appointed him member of the Helvetic Consulta, summoned to Paris by Napoleon. On his return, in 1804, his school was transferred to München Buchsee, near to Fellenberg's establishment at Hofwyl. The government of the Canton de Vaud offering him his choice of seven chateaux, he again removed, to a better situation at Yverdon, where, some years after, similar institutions were founded upon his plan. This was the height of his popularity. Commissioners of inquiry were sent by various potentates to Yverdon; he received the compliments of sovereigns. His system was the talk of Germany, and much applauded. But to his child-like heart trifling events were continually the sources of mortification. The most painful of his annoyances was the failure of a favourite plan of forming a school for the poor, distinct from that at Yverdon, which had somehow become a select establishment for the "better" orders. He also desired to qualify certain of the poor, so educated, for instructors of their own class. In this he was thwarted, and disheartened and worn out, the old man retired to Neuhof, to arrange a complete edition of his writings. Thus he employed the remnant of his days, unconquered, though acutely feeling the world's injustice and heedlessness; thus he solaced his neglected age. On the 17th of February, 1827, at the age of eighty-two, the life-martyred Apostle laid down to rest. Let the educated world, through the long ages of its enlightenment, pay the homage of love and imitation to his glorious memory!

FRAGMENTS OF PESTALOZZI.

"No, the moral elevation of the people is not a dream: the power that shall effect it, shall be in the keeping of the mother—of the infant—in the impregnable guard of innocence. Let no man say that popular improvement is a dream.—

"Education in the earliest stage of life has almost universally been overlooked.—

"Our great object is the development of the infant mind—and our great means, THE AGENCY OF MOTHERS.

"Has the mother the qualifications requisite for the duties and exercises we would impose upon her?

"What I would demand of her is only—A THINKING LOVE.—

"There is in the child an active power of faith and love.—And this power is not, as other faculties are, in a dormant state, in the infant mind. While all other faculties, whether mental or physical, present the image of utter helplessness, of a weakness, which, in its first attempts at exertion, only leads to pain and disappointment, that same power of faith and love displays an energy, an intensity, which is never surpassed by its most successful efforts, when in full growth.—

"Every plan of education ought to be based on a consideration of the nature of the child.—

"The faculties must be so cultivated that no one shall predominate at the expense of another.—

"It is recorded that God opened the heavens to one of the patriarchs of old, and showed him a ladder leading to their azure heights. Well, this ladder is let down to every descendant of Adam. Mother! it is tendered to thy child. But he must be taught to climb it. And let him take heed not to attempt it, nor think to scale it, by cold calculations of the head,—nor be compelled to adventure it by the mere impulse of the heart:—but let all these powers combine, and the noblest enterprize will be crowned with success.

"All these powers are already bestowed upon him: but thine is the province

to assist in calling them forth. Let the ladder leading to heaven be constantly before thine eyes, even the ladder of *Faith*, on which thou mayest behold ascending and descending the angels of *Hope* and *Love*.—

“WHOEVER HAS THE WELFARE OF THE RISING GENERATION AT HEART, CANNOT DO BETTER THAN CONSIDER AS HIS HIGHEST OBJECT—THE EDUCATION OF MOTHERS.”

THE POWER OF SOUND.

As Conscience, to the centre
Of being, smites with irresistible pain ;
So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter
The mouldy vaults of the dull idiot's brain,
Transmute him to a wretch from quiet hurled—
Convulsed as by a jarring din ;
And then aghast, as at the world
Of reason partially let in
By concords winding with a sway
Terrible for sense and soul !
Or, awed, he weeps, struggling to quell dismay.
Point not these mysteries to an Art
Lodged above the starry pole ;
Pure modulations flowing from the heart
Of divine Love, where Wisdom, Beauty, Truth
With Order dwell, in endless youth ?

* For terror, joy, or pity, * * * * *
Vast is the compass and the swell of notes :
From the babe's first cry to voice of regal city,
Rolling a solemn sea-like base, that floats
Far as the woodlands—with the trill to blend
Of that shy songstress, whose love-tale
Might tempt an angel to descend,
While hovering o'er the moonlight vale.
Ye wandering Utterances, has earth no scheme,
No scale of moral music—to unite
Powers that survive but in the faintest dream
Of memory ?—O that ye might stoop to bear
Chains, such precious chains of sight
As laboured minstrelsies through ages wear !
O for a balance fit the truth to tell
Of the Unsubstantial, pondered well !
By one pervading spirit
Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
As sages taught, where faith was found to merit
Initiation in that mystery old.
The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as still
As they themselves *appear* to be,
Innumerable voices fill
With everlasting harmony ;
The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That Ocean is a mighty harmonist ;
Thy pinions, universal Air,
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony, and bear
Strains that support the Seasons in their round ;
Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

Wordsworth.

DUTY OF PARENTS.

WHAT has the parent to do, if he would conscientiously discharge that most sacred of all duties, that weightiest of all responsibilities, which ever did or ever will devolve on a human being? What is he to do, who, having brought a creature into existence, endowed with varied faculties, with tender susceptibilities, capable of untold wretchedness or equally of unconceived enjoyment; what is he to do, that he may secure the happiness of that creature, and make the life he has given blessing and blessed, instead of cursing and cursed? What is he to do?—he is to encourage in his child a spirit of inquiry, and equally to encourage it in himself. He is never to advance an opinion without showing the facts upon which it is grounded; he is never to assert a fact, without proving it to be a fact. *He is not to teach a code of morals*, any more than a creed of doctrines; but he is to direct his young charge to observe the consequences of actions on himself and on others; and to judge of the propriety of those actions by their ascertained consequences. He is not to command his feelings any more than his opinions or his actions; but he is to assist him in the analysis of his feelings, in the examination of their nature, their tendencies, their effects. Let him do this, and have no anxiety for the result. In the free exercise of his senses, in the fair development of his faculties, in a course of simple and unrestrained inquiry, he will seize upon virtue, for he will have distinguished beneficial from injurious actions; he will cultivate kind, generous, just, and honourable feelings, for he will have proved them to contribute to his own happiness and to shed happiness around him.

Who, then, shall say, inquiry is good for himself and not good for his children? Who shall cast error from himself, and allow it to be grafted on the minds he has called into being? Who shall break the chains of his own ignorance, and fix them, through his descendants, on his race? But, there are some, who, as parents, make one step in duty, and halt at the second. We see men who will aid the instruction of their sons, and condemn only their daughters to ignorance. "Our sons," say they, "will have to exercise political rights, may aspire to public offices, may fill some learned profession, may struggle for wealth and acquire it. It is well that we give them a helping hand; that we assist them to such knowledge as is going, and make them as sharp-witted as their neighbours. But for our daughters," they say—if indeed respecting them they say any thing—"for our daughters, little trouble or expense is necessary. They can never *be any thing*; in fact, they are *nothing*. We had best give them up to their mothers, who may take them to Sunday's preaching; and with the aid of a little music, a little dancing, and a few fine gowns, fit them out for the market of marriage."

But to such parents I would observe, that with regard to their sons, as to their daughters, they are about equally mistaken. If it be their duty, as we have seen, to respect in their children the same natural liberties which they cherish for themselves—if it be their duty to aid as guides, not to dictate as teachers—to lend assistance to the reason, not to command its prostration,—then have they nothing to do with the blanks or the prizes in store for them, in the wheel of worldly fortune. Let possibilities be what they may in favour of their sons, they have no calculations to make on them. It is not for them to ordain their sons magistrates nor statesmen; nor yet even lawyers, physicians, or merchants. They have only to improve the one character which they receive at the birth. They have only to consider them as *human beings*, and to ensure them the fair and thorough development of all the faculties, physical, mental, and moral, which distinguish their nature. In like manner, as respects their daughters, they have nothing to do with the injustice of laws, nor the absurdities of society. Their duty is plain, evident, decided. In a daughter they have in charge a human being; in a son, the same. Let them train up these *human beings*, under the expanded wings of liberty. Let them seek *for* them and *with* them just knowledge; encouraging, from the cradle

upwards, that useful curiosity which will lead them unbidden in the paths of free inquiry; and place them, safe and superior to the storms of life, in the security of well-regulated, self-possessed minds, well-grounded, well-reasoned, conscientious opinions, and self-approved, consistent practice.—

Frances Wright.

Assumption.—Of all the forms which the division of mankind into classes can assume, none is more pernicious than that which gives to one set of men the right to dole out knowledge to another set, according to some standard of sufficiency erected by themselves. They would have an equal right to limit their portion of light or of air.—*Monthly Repository.*

The best instruction.—Neither children nor grown people trust, any more than they believe, because they are bid. Telling them to have confidence is so much breath wasted. If they are properly trained, they will unavoidably have this trust and confidence, and the less that is said about it the better. If not, the less said the better, too; for confidence is then out of the question, and there is danger in making it an empty phrase. It would be well if those, whose office it is to address children, were fully aware that exhortation, persuasion, and dissuasion are of no use in their case; and that there is immeasurable value in the opposite method of appeal. Make truth credible, and they will believe it: make goodness lovely, and they will love it: make holiness cheerful, and they will be glad in it: but remind them of themselves by threat, inducement, or exhortation, and you impair (if you do anything) the force of their unconscious affections: try to put them on a task of arbitrary self-management, and your words pass over their ears only to be forgotten.—*Harriet Martineau.*

The due exercise of the physical feelings, at the times when nature requires them to be put into action, is essentially requisite to the health of both body and mind; and without such exercise, at the proper periods indicated by nature, the body will become diseased, and the mind confused and weakened. Society, as it is now constituted, is full of error on this subject, both in principle and practice; [and man can never become either rational or happy, until the errors in both shall be removed.—*Robert Owen.*

The Academia, a garden in the neighbourhood of Athens, belonging to Plato, and in which he taught his philosophy, is said by some to have derived its name from that of its first owner Academus, an Athenian, who was celebrated and honoured by his countrymen for the part he took with the Tyndarides in the wars which ended in the overthrow of their tyrant Theseus. It was situate in the midst of a grove devoted to the celebration of public games. The school founded by Plato was termed the Old Academy; to which succeeded that of Arcesilaus, called the Middle; and that of Carneades, known as the New Academy. The "sacred groves" of the Academy were cut down by the Roman tyrant Sylla, during his expedition into Greece.

Plato, who derived many of his opinions from his master Socrates, taught the transmigration and immortality of the soul, and asserted the existence of a divine principle in things, superior to necessity and independent of fate. The doctrines of Arcesilaus and of Carneades differed in many points from those of Plato; but all three dealt in problems as inexplicable by philosophy as is the "miraculous conception," the "actual presence," or even the "Holy Trinity" itself, by Faith. We therefore refrain from the useless task of recording them; contenting ourselves with the simple remark, that Christianity stands indebted to Platonism for all which it involves of ideal beauty and sublimity of metaphysical speculation.

LUCY.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
 Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown;
 This Child I to myself will take;
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A Lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse: and with me
 The Girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
 Shall feel an overseeing power
 To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the fawn
 That wild with glee across the lawn
 Or up the mountain springs;
 And her's shall be the breathing balm,
 And her's the silence and the calm
 Of mute insensate things.

*The floating clouds their state shall lend
 To her; for her the welkin bend;
 Nor shall she fail to see
 Even in the motions of the Storm
 Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
 By silent sympathy.*

The stars of midnight shall be dear
 To her; and she shall lean her ear
 In many a secret place
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
 And beauty born of murmuring sound
 Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight
 Shall rear her form to stately height,
 Her virgin bosom swell:
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
 While she and I together live
 Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
 How soon my Lucy's race was run!
 She died and left to me
 This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
 The memory of what has been,
 And never more will be.

Wordsworth.

Powers there are
 That touch each other in the quick in modes
 Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
 No soul to dream of.

Wordsworth.

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. XXII.

THE teachers of the world are met together: there is jealousy and display and much nonsense, but neither charity nor truth.

They devise schemes for the improvement of mankind; they discuss many and great projects: but they unite not to perfect or to perform any.

They would make all men happy; but must dictate the kind and method of their happiness: every one is anxious to assist his fellows, provided he may be their leader.

The unphilosophical insinuates the falsehood of a discovery, to revenge the implication of his own ignorance, or in envy of the greater knowledge: of every new thing he exclaims, It is folly! testing it by his own want of observation.

The philosopher, searching for Truth, and not for the confirmation of his own opinions, judgeth nothing until he hath heard some evidence: and laugheth not at a new thing *because he understandeth it not*.

Behold the difference between the fool and the wise.

And society is disunited, and divided into separate classes: this is a monstrous evil.

The upper or privileged class is idle, luxuriously sensual, heartless, careless of the feelings of others, and immoderately selfish.

The middle or respectable class is sensual, greedy, intolerant, prejudiced, and selfish.

The lower and despised class is sensual, envious, violent and intolerant, yet less selfish than the others.

And many, who oppose evil, do it from envy of the evil-doers: they would depose the tyrant that they may usurp his seat, and tyrannize in their turn.

These and the waverers are spies from the enemies' camp.

All are born equal: the infant slumbering in a cradle of gold is in no wise superior to that which, wrapped in a few rags, lieth on a handful of dirty straw.

Let EDUCATION be given to all, that every one may know his duty to himself and to his fellow-beings: if there be one ignorant of this, that one is a broken link in the chain of social order, a jarring chord in the Harmony of Life.

Education is not a leading to the acquisition of words; Education is not authoritative; the teaching of facts is information, not Education: to teach *how* to think, not *what* to think; to prepare the mind for healthful thought, not to direct that thought—this is EDUCATION: All else is but little compared with this, and worthless without it.

If the body is unhealthy, the mind becomes diseased. To provide for the health of the body, before the child's own reason can refuse the evil and choose the good, is the first educational duty, in the present depraved state of human existence, in which, inheriting the diseased constitutions of our parents, we are born without the guide of Instinct.

Provide for the health of the body—you have laid the foundation of a sound mind, of a virtuous heart; give opportunity for the free and healthful exercise of the mind—the chief business of education is provided for. What remains? To counteract the sophistry of evil example—to guard the pliant immaturity from all external evil. The Spirit within will build up its own Character.

But "there is natural evil within; the human heart is desperately wicked: we must eradicate *original sin*." What telleth thee this?

Evil dispositions are not natural to humanity, though they be inherited by the individual: Medicine the diseased nature—but beware lest thou create the evil which shall need thy remedying.

The child is accountable to its parents, to its guardians and instructors:

but the man is responsible to none save God and the laws of society, those laws being for the good of all.

If he offend or injure one of his brethren, he hath offended and injured all: Shall not he be judged by the community, even though his fault be not named in the statute book?

Despise not the blameless child of the Sinner: is he answerable for the errors of his sire? Why should the children be punished for the sins of their fathers? is not their inheritance sufficient evil? ay, more than sufficient.

Religion is not form, but heart-worship: Fetter not the hearts of men; let every one act as he shall think most fitting, uncontrolled save by the just respect for others' right; punish not his truthfulness, neither compel him to pay for services he doth not need: yet separate not from your brethren for a mere form, an unimportant variance of opinion.

Let practice, not speculative and unknowing theory, be the qualification for private respect, for public preferment: let vice be everywhere amenable to public opinion, to be corrected at the bar of public justice.

Finally—Respect virtue; prevent vice: honour abilities when well employed; condemn them when their influence is evil. Shun the man who liveth but for himself; learn of him who loveth another as himself.

†

Idler, why lie down to die?

Better rub than rust:

Hark, the lark sings in the sky,

"Die, when die thou must:

Day is waking, leaves are shaking,—

Better rub than rust."

In the grave there's sleep enough,—

"Better rub than rust."

Death, perhaps, is hunger-proof;

"Die, when die thou must:

Men are mowing, breezes blowing;

Better rub than rust."

He, who will not work, shall want;

Nought for nought is just;

Won't do, must do, when he can't:

"Better rub than rust;

Bees are flying—sloth is dying!

Better rub than rust."

Ebenezer Elliot.

The New Moral World.—In this New World, the sympathies of human nature will be rightly directed from infancy, and will engender a spirit of benevolence, confidence and affection, which will pervade mankind.

The impurities of the present system, arising from human laws opposed to nature's laws, will be unknown. The immense mass of degradation of character, and of heart-rending suffering, experienced by both sexes, but especially by women, will be altogether prevented,—and the characters of all women will, by a superior, yet natural training, be elevated to become lovely, good and intellectual. Of this state of purity and felicity few of the present generation have been trained to form any correct or rational conception.

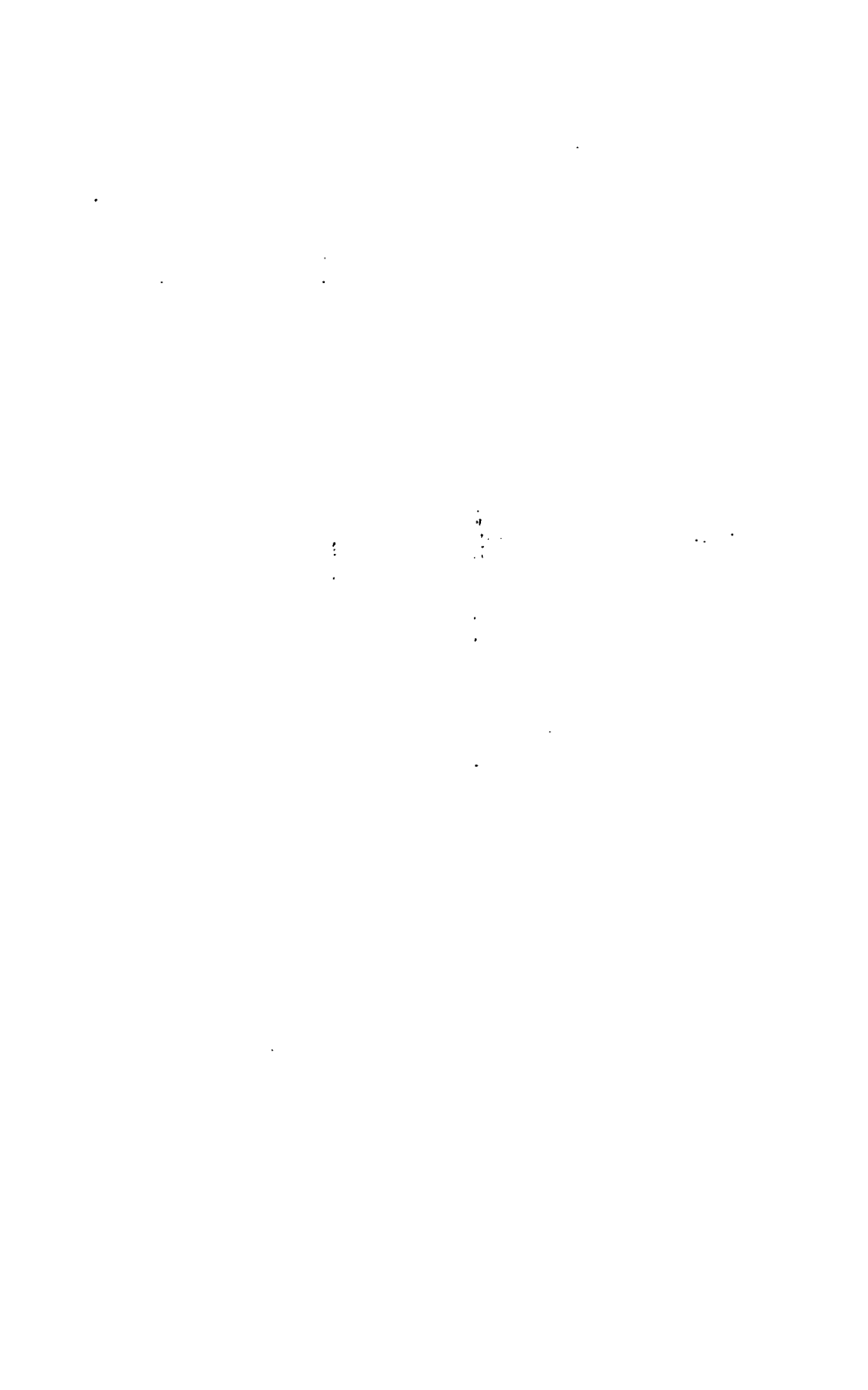
Robert Owen.

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



THE DUNGEON OF CHILLON.



POWER AND GENTLENESS.

I've thought, at gentle and ungentle hour,
 Of many an act and giant shape of power;
 Of the old kings with high exacting looks,
 Sceptred and globed; of eagles on their rocks,
 With straining feet, and that fierce mouth and drear,
 Answering the strain with downward drag austere;
 Of the rich-headed lion, whose huge frown,
 All his great nature, gathering, seems to crown;
 Then of cathedral with its priestly height,
 Seen from below at superstitious night;
 Of ghastly castle, that eternally
 Holds its blind visage out to the lone sea;
 And of all sunless, subterranean deeps
 The creature makes, who listens while he sleeps,
 Avarice; and then of those old earthly cones,
 That stride, they say, over heroic bones;
 And those stone heaps Egyptian, whose small doors
 Look like low dens under precipitous shores;
 And him, great Memnon, that long sitting by,
 In seeming idleness, with stony eye,
 Sang at the morning's touch, like poetry;
 And then of all the fierce and bitter fruit
 Of the proud planting of a tyrannous foot,—
 Of bruised rights, and flourishing bad men,
 And virtue wasting heavenwards from a den;
 Brute force, and fury; and the devilish drouth
 Of the fool cannon's ever-gaping mouth;
 And the bride-widowing sword; and the harsh bray
 The sneering trumpet sends across the fray;
 And all which lights the people-thinning star
 That selfishness invokes,—the horsed war,
 Panting along with many a bloody mane.—

I've thought of all this pride, and all this pain,
 And all the insolent plenitudes of power,
 And I declare, by this most quiet hour,
 Which holds in different tasks by the fire-light
 Me and my friends here, this delightful night,
 That Power itself has not one half the might
 Of Gentleness. 'Tis want to all true wealth;
 The uneasy madman's force, to the wise health;
 Blind downward beating, to the eyes that see;
 Noise to persuasion, doubt to certainty;
 The consciousness of strength in enemies,
 Who must be strain'd upon, or else they rise;
 The battle to the moon, who all the while,
 High out of hearing, passes with her smile;
 The tempest, trampling in his scanty run,
 To the whole globe, that basks about the sun;
 Or as all shrieks and clangs, with which a sphere,
 Undone and fired, could rake the midnight ear,
 Compared with that vast dumbness nature keeps
 Throughout her starry deeps,
 Most old, and mild, and awful, and unbroken,
 Which tells a tale of peace beyond whate'er was spoken.

Leigh Hunt.

A STATE HAS NO RIGHT TO PUNISH A MAN TO WHOM IT HAS GIVEN NO PREVIOUS INSTRUCTION.—*Barlow.*

DUNGEON OF CHILLON.

THE castle of Chillon is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve ; which last is at one extremity of the Lake of Geneva. On its left are the entrances of the Rhone, and opposite are the Alps ; near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent ; below it, washing its walls, the lake has been fathomed to the depth of eight hundred feet (French measure). Within it is a range of dungeons, in which the early Swiss reformers, and, subsequently, state-offenders, were confined. Across one of the vaults is a beam black with age, on which the condemned were formerly executed. In the cells are seven pillars, or rather eight, one being half-merged in the wall ; in some of these are rings for fetters. Here Bonnivard, the learned and virtuous patriot and reformer was shamefully imprisoned for six years, for defending Geneva against the Duke of Savoy and the bishop.

AND this place my forefathers made for man !
 This is the process of our love and wisdom
 To each poor brother who offends against us—
 Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty ?
 Is this the only cure ? Merciful God !
 Each pore and natural outlet shrivell'd up
 By ignorance and parching poverty,
 His energies roll back upon his heart,
 And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
 They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot !
 Then we call in our pamper'd mountebanks :
 And this is their best cure ! uncomforted
 And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
 And savage faces, at the clanking hour,
 Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon,
 By the lamp's dismal twilight ! So he lies
 Circled with evil, till his very soul
 Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deform'd
 By sights of evermore deformity !
 With other ministrations thou, O Nature !
 Healest thy wandering and distemper'd child :
 Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
 Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets ;
 Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters !
 Till he relent, and can no more endure
 To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
 Amid this general dance and minstrelsy ;
 But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
 His angry spirit heal'd and harmonized
 By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

Coleridge.

A Prison is a grave to bury men alive, and a place wherein a man for half a year's experience may learn more law than he can in Westminster for an hundred pound.—*Mynskul*, 1618.

THE NOBLE GAOLER.

X THE first principle in the management of the guilty seems to me to be to treat them as men and women; which they were before they were guilty, and will be when they are no longer so, and which they are in the midst of it all. Their humanity is the principal thing about them; their guilt is a temporary state. The insane are first men, and secondarily diseased men; and in a due consideration of this order of things lies the main secret of the successful treatment of such.

The wonderfully successful friend of criminals, Captain Pillsbury, of the Weathersfield prison, has worked on this principle, and owes his success to it. His moral power over the guilty is so remarkable, that prison-breakers who can be confined nowhere else are sent to him, to be charmed into staying their term out. I was told of his treatment of two such. One was a gigantic personage, the terror of the country, who had plunged deeper and deeper in crime for seventeen years. Captain Pillsbury told him when he came, that he hoped he would not repeat the attempts to escape which he had made elsewhere. "It will be best," said he, "that you and I should treat each other as well as we can. I will make you as comfortable as I possibly can, and shall be anxious to be your friend; and I hope you will not get me into any difficulty on your account. There is a cell intended for solitary confinement: but we never use it; and I should be very sorry ever to have to turn the key upon anybody in it. You may range the place as freely as I do, if you will trust me as I shall trust you." The man was sulky, and for weeks showed only very gradual symptoms of softening under the operation of Captain Pillsbury's cheerful confidence. At length, information was given to the Captain, of this man's intention to break prison. The Captain called him, and taxed him with it: the man preserved a gloomy silence. He was told that it was now necessary for him to be locked up in the solitary cell, and desired to follow the Captain, who went first, carrying a lamp in one hand, and the key in the other. In the narrowest part of the passage, the Captain (who is a small, slight man,) turned round and looked in the face of the stout criminal. "Now," said he, "I ask you whether you have treated me as I deserve? I have done every thing I could think of to make you comfortable; I have trusted you, and you have never given me the least confidence in return, and have even planned to get me into difficulty. Is this kind?—And yet I cannot bear to lock you up. If I had the least sign that you cared for me."—The man burst into tears. "Sir," said he, "I have been a very devil these seventeen years: but you treat me like a man."—"Come, let us go back," said the Captain. The convict had the free range of the prison as before. From this hour, he began to open his heart to the Captain, and cheerfully fulfilled his whole term of imprisonment, confiding to his friend, as they arose, all impulses to violate his trust, and all facilities for doing so which he imagined he saw.

The other case was of a criminal of the same character, who went so far as to make the actual attempt to escape. He fell, and hurt his ankle very much. The Captain had him brought in and laid on his bed, and the ankle attended to; every one being forbidden to speak a word of reproach to the sufferer. The man was sullen, and would not say whether the bandaging of his ankle gave him pain or not. This was in the night; and every one returned to bed when all was done. But the Captain could not sleep. He was distressed at the attempt, and thought he could not have fully done his duty by any man who would make it. He was afraid the man was in great pain. He arose, threw on his gown, and went with a lamp to the cell. The prisoner's face was turned to the wall, and his eyes were closed; but the traces of suffering were not to be mistaken. The Captain loosened and replaced the bandage, and went for his own pillow to rest the limb upon; the man neither speaking nor moving all the time. Just when he was shutting the door, the prisoner

started up, and called him back. "Stop, Sir. Was it all to see after my angle that you have got up?"

"Yes, it was, I could not sleep for thinking of you."

"And you have never said a word of the way I have used you!"

"I do feel hurt with you, but I don't want to call you unkind while you are suffering as I am sure you are now."

The man was in an agony of shame and grief. All he asked was to be trusted again, when he should have recovered. He was freely trusted, and gave his generous friend no more anxiety on his behalf.

Captain Pillsbury is the gentleman who, on being told that a desperate prisoner had sworn to murder him speedily, sent for him to shave him, allowing no one to be present. He eyed the man, pointed to the razor, and desired him to shave him. The prisoner's hand trembled; but he went through it very well. When he had done, the Captain said, "I have been told you meant to murder me: but I thought I might trust you." "God bless you, Sir! you may," replied the regenerated man. Such is the power of faith in man!—*Harriet Martineau's Retrospect of Western Travel.*

MARTIN LUTHER.

A GREAT man arose. Martin Luther presides yet over modern history. Great he was, not only in the actions he did, but in his own intrinsic qualities. And in all manner of contradictions did he seem to have been born. The son of the very poorest people—his father a miserable miner, his grandfather and all his ancestors peasants of the like sort—he was reared in the depths of poverty, and struggled forward to the light out of an extremity of vilest hardship. He "bore the bag" at school, and he sang there, and in the streets, for assistance and support. But what of that? Truth did not desert him for it. There was no formality in Martin Luther. He could stand alone in the middle of the world. Law-student he was at the first, but an event very sudden and full of awe withdrew him from worldly studies. While yet only twenty years old he was walking with a friend in the University of Erfurt, when a thunderbolt darted out of heaven and struck down his companion dead at his feet. This seemed to Luther to have borne a mission from above; and from that instant, in which he thus saw eternity lying at his feet, law and all its matters, and indeed all other proceedings of the world, looked poor and mean, and insufficient for the cravings of his soul. He entered the order of Augustines, and became a pious and laborious monk. At the first, as he expresses it, he was in a sort of state of reprobation. But he began to study the Bible, and it happened to him to see the Pope! This was on a mission to Rome, when just as the natural loveliness of religion had broken in upon him, he beheld in this way the worst vices and corruptions of her ministers in the world. Yet he was silent. In truth, he now felt he had another concern to look after, for was there not his own soul to save? Now nothing was so admirable as, the entire simplicity and modesty of him! The idea of reforming the church never entered his head. The living the life of a true man—that was his notion—and all else flowed naturally out of that. He saw that penances, and vigils, and the like, would not, and could not, work out salvation. It must be more hope in the Bible—it must be more faith in the Bible.

At this very time—in the memorable year 1517—Tetzel came to Wittenberg with a very famous set of indulgences for sale. Luther saw him enter his own church, and offer in exchange for sundry pieces of money what were called "indulgences," from "*Christ's holy lord* the Pope," for the total remission of sins—pieces of paper with a red cross upon them, by which, for a consideration, the gates of hell were closed, and those of heaven and glory

eternally opened! Luther saw these things publicly sold in his own church to his own people, and then spoke out, and said "That shall not be." This was the beginning of the Reformation. Again observe the modesty of Luther. He set forward no grand plea or pretence of reforming the church. He shouted out nothing in big words about what he would do. There was no vanity in him. All he did was to deny, and refuse to tolerate, a falsehood—and so the Reformation began. Four years went on in this way, and then he was summoned to the Diet of Worms, to appear before all the princes and chiefs of the Roman Catholic faith. It was on the 17th of April, 1521—a day to be remembered for ever—that he arrived at the old city of Worms, to testify eternally to the truth, or to give it up utterly. A fearful enterprise! More than two thousand good people had gone out, on horse or foot, to meet him and dissuade him from advancing further. He said he had the safe conduct of the Emperor. Well, they answered, Huss had it too, but it turned out to be safe conduct into a prison six feet long, seven feet wide, and two feet eight inches high, from which he was carried out to be burned. "I cannot help it," Luther remarked, "I must go on. To Worms will I go, though the gates of hell and the powers of air were against me. Yea, to Worms will I go, though there were as many devils in the city as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses." He went accordingly, and was asked to recant what he had written, and he answered that he could not. Whatever there was of intemperate expression in his writings he would, indeed, recant; but the doctrine of them was God's truth, and he durst not recant that. "Here I stand," he said. "I can do no other. It is impossible to admit anything that is against the conscience; God be my help. Amen." And there and then, upon that very spot, was the Reformation consummated. A poor man stood up before the princes of the world and said *that*; and all the world rose up and said, "Yes; it is right, that thing which you have said."

And never stood up a truer-hearted, a better, or a greater man than he who so appeared before the Diet of the German empire. In his face might be read the various elements of his character. A coarse, rugged, plebeian face it was, with great crags of cheek bones—a wild amount of passionate energy and appetite! But in his dark eyes were floods of sorrow; and deepest melancholy, sweetness, and mystery, were all there. Often did there seem to meet in Luther the very opposite poles in man's character. He, for example, of whom Richter had said that his words were *half battles*—he, when he began first to preach, suffered unheard of agony! "Oh, Dr. Staupitz, Dr. Staupitz," said he to the vicar-general of his order, "I cannot do it! I shall die in three months. Indeed, I cannot do it!" Dr. Staupitz, a wise and considerate man, said upon this, "Well, Sir Martin, if you must die you must—but remember that they need good heads up yonder too. So preach, man, preach—and then live or die as it happens." So Luther preached and lived—and he became indeed one great whirlwind of energy, to work without resting in this world—and also before he died he wrote four hundred books! books in which the true man was! for in the midst of all they denounced or cursed, what touches of tenderness lay! Look at the *Table Talk*, for example. We see in it that a little bird having alighted at sunset on the light bough of the pear tree that grew in Luther's garden, Luther looked up at it, and said, "That little bird, how it cowers down its little wings, and will sleep there, so still and fearless, though over it are the infinite starry spaces and great blue depths of immensity! Yet it fears not; it is at home. The God that made it too is there." The same gentle spirit of lyrical admiration is in other passages of his Books. Coming home from Leipsic in the autumn season, he breaks forth into loving wonder at the fields of corn. "How it stands there," he says, "erect on its beautiful taper stem, and bending its golden head, with bread in it—the bread of man sent to him yet another year!" Such thoughts as these are as little windows, through which we gaze into the interior of the serene depths of Martin Luther's soul, and see visible—across its tempests and clouds—a whole heaven of light and love. He

might have painted—he might have sung—could have been beautiful like Raphael, great like Michael Angelo.

As it was, the extremes of energy and modesty met in his active spirit. Perhaps, indeed, in all men of genius one great quality strongly developed might force out other qualities no less. Here is Luther—a savage kind of man as people thought him—a Wild Orson of a man—a man whose speech was ordinarily a wild torrent that went tearing down rocks and trees—and behold him speaking like a woman or a child. But no sentimentalist was he! A tolerant man, but with nothing of sentimental tolerance. He went to the real heart of the matter. When his reforming associates made vast fuss about some surplice that somebody or other wanted to wear, he ended the matter with a "What ill can a surplice do to us? Let him have three surplices if he will. That is not our religion." Nothing of what is commonly called cant, or pride, or ambition, was in Luther. In his modesty, certainly, there was an indomitable pride. It was this that made him not higher than the lowest man with a soul, nor yet lower than the highest. Thus, when he was threatened with the anger of "Duke George" if he went to Leipsic, he made answer that he had no business at Leipsic, but if he had, nothing on earth should prevent him. If it rained Duke Georges for nine days running, there he would go. Well, and this man, who thought and acted in this way, passed a whole life of suffering! He was a deeply melancholy man. More labour had fallen upon him than he could rightly bear, and it was in vain that he prayed to be released; he toiled and sorrowed on. Even with Satan himself—the evil principle of the world—was he destined to hold high argument. Men would laugh at that, and a cheap game, indeed, was ridicule; but be it recollected that in Luther's days God and Devil were equally real; and that he thought he was from the first, as when he had that vision of the crowded house-tiles of the old city of Worms, a man selected to fight with devils. Well, then, he sat alone one night; he was translating the twenty-third Psalm, and, pondering on its deep significance; he had sate fasting for two days, when the Devil rose and stood before him and opened the famous dialogue, accusing Luther of crimes, and threatening him with hell, and terrifying him to recant; all which the Christian hero put an end to at last by taking up his ink-bottle and flinging it at the Devil. The mark made by the ink upon the wall is shown to this day;—and a memorable spot, truly, is that!—a spot that may mark at once the greatness and the poverty of man;—the record of a delusion which any doctor's or apothecary's 'prentice could explain nowadays; but also of a courage that could rise against what seemed to be the bodily impersonation of darkness and despair, and of enmity to good. No braver man than Luther ever appeared in Europe.

From a Report of a Lecture by Thomas Carlyle.

Penal Laws.—As ten millions of circles can never make a square; so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood. It were to be wished then, that instead of cutting away wretches as useless, before we have tried their utility, (and thus) converting correction into vengeance, it were to be wished that we tried the restrictive arts of government, and made the law the protector, and not the tyrant of the public. We should find that creatures, whose souls are held as dross, only wanted the hands of a refiner; we should then find that wretches now stuck up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel a momentary pang, might, if properly treated, serve to sinew the state in times of danger; that, as their faces are like ours, their hearts are so too; that few minds are so base, as that perseverance cannot amend; that a man may see his last crime without dying for it; and that very little blood will serve to cement our security.—*Goldsmith.*

THE INCENDIARY'S GRAVE.

It is an unhewn stone,
 By feet of passing hours worn smooth;
 And grey with age, save where o'ergrown,
 Like stagnant pool, with slimy weed,
 Pale, sickly green as festering wound:
 Footstool fit to serve the need
 Of Death in the damp charnel throned;
 Corruption's fitter couch; if sooth
 The peasant's tale, this shapeless thing of woe
 Is truest epitaph o'er one below.

A venerable pile
 Is that old church: its place hath seen
 Much change since in the glittering aisle
 Dark monk and mailed warrior strode;
 Yet, like a thing of yesterday,
 It standeth in its strength, the abode
 Of the Eternal, o'er decay
 Triumphant, as a God serene:
 Its pallid features, wrinkled by long time,
 Still wear the harmony of youthful prime.

Upon the ivied tower
 Three rudely sculptured bears are placed:
 Quaint relics of the Gothic hour,
 Strange saints for Christian edifice!
 Perchance the founder's crest, whose pride
 Soar'd o'er God's altar; or device
 Of satire to deep scorn allied,
 Upon the selfish craft that based
 That holy shrine—types of the ravenous brood,
 Cold, sluggish things, devoid of gratitude.

And from that height, whereon
 Those old grim sentinels keep ward,
 The gazer's eye may rest upon
 A goodly scene of broken ground—
 Park, farm, and orchard, field, and wood;
 Valley and hill for miles around
 May from that pride of place be view'd:
 And beautiful is that churchyard;
 A solemn Thing 'mid the gay cottages,
 Like the veil'd guest at old-time revelries.

Along a winding lane—
 That from the cluster'd hamlet leads,
 Twixt some stray cots, to the grey fane;
 Whose uncouth pavement seems to be
 Scarcely less ancient—in the hours
 When the orb'd moon reign'd tranquilly,
 Or daylight slept in sunny flowers;
 O'er the wild lane and hallow'd weeds,
 Oft have I roved, with One who loves me well,
 On pleasant ramble tow'rd some favourite dell.

Oft at the churchyard gate,
 Scanning that unhewn stone thereby,
 Paused we to muse upon the fate
 Of him to whom that brand of shame
 And wordless epitaph had given
 The interest of a mighty name,
 A mystery that must be riven
 By vagrant Curiosity—
 Who, heedless of the letter'd tomb, will stare
 At that strange monument:—"Who lieth there?"

Who rests beneath that stone?
 That unform'd, melancholy Thing,
 With wreaths of yellow mosses strown;
 Lone 'mid those little heaps of green,
 Even as a broken spirit furl'd
 In its own thoughts, heart that has been
 Its own hopes' grave, o'er which the world
 Trampleth, in scorn of suffering;
 Despairing heart that maketh scorn its guest,
 Girding the strong one like a poison'd vest.

Who lieth there? Such doom
 Haply was his, the occupant
 Of yon strait cell: no deeper gloom,
 Despite the massive roof, is there,
 Than lurketh 'neath the daisied turf:—
 But of his fate? what shape did wear
 The features of his Life, that Serf
 Of Destiny the dominant?
 Oh! when will Destiny unlatch the door
 Of Love's sure home to earth's unhoused poor?

Who sleeps beneath that stone,
 Accursed in its loneliness?
 Little of his sad course is known,
 And of its goal—but rend the veil!
 His was an outcast's name, and his
 A felon's doom; yet earnest wail
 Hung drooping o'er his bier: I wis
 Few know unpitied wretchedness;—
 And there were who arraign'd his punishment,
 Holding the proof of crime incompetent.

Yet bore he an ill name
 For dissolute habits; he had worn
 A soldier's trammels, and he came
 Unto this spot, his early home,
 A vagabond and runaway,
 For covert and support, to some
 Who yet were kindred: men did say,
 These things too much in mind were borne;
 That, like a curse, they clung to him, and bow'd
 His head even to the dust—thus deem'd the crowd.

When the young winter bound
 White chaplets on the front of day,
 And dead leaves danced on the crisp ground,
 One, in those parts well known, who led
 A hawker's life, one eventide,
 Did crave a shelter and a bed
 At a small farm by the road-side ; .
 And gladly in a barn did lay
 His way-worn limbs—happier on straw to lie,
 Than royal slave 'neath purple canopy.

Long ere the dawn did break,
 When the first sleep of weariness
 Was past, and as he lay awake,
 One came to him, in seeming quest
 Of lodging, but departed thence
 Scorning such lowly place of rest :
 He knew him not ; nor visual sense
 Nor voiced tone did leave impress
 Of that strange visitant upon his heart :—
 He knew but this—"One came and did depart."

He did not sleep again ;
 A little while, the flame burst forth,
 Consuming barn, live stock and grain :—
 At night was the Deserter seen
 Near to that spot, but, on the morn,
 Many long miles did intervene ;
 And by a kinsman it was sworn
 That he had utter'd words of wrath,
 Of hate and menace ; though his evidence
 Appear'd not till they proffer'd recompense.

Such proof of circumstance
 Convicted him ; yet may we pause,
 Inquiring of the past : perchance—
 And none could prove identity—
 That midnight wanderer did commit
 The crime whose rigorous penalty
 Another paid.—O ye who sit
 Enthroned, who write unequal laws
 In human blood ! say, had society
 No right to this man's life, that he must die ?

Albeit his guilt were proved,
 Ye had not proved his worthlessness !
 Could there be nought the Doom'd One loved,
 None who loved him ? was there no hope
 Of change within, no outward power—
 Or, power that wanted will—to cope
 With vice, and in some genial hour,
 Restore a child to happiness ?
 Till ye had proved no good could thence proceed,
 Why throw man's life away like worthless weed ?

The barrack-room, the jail;
 The dice, the scourge :—how strange
 Such pure and gentle discipline should fail
 To make the uneducated wise!
 Strange that the reckless and untaught
 Should live even as the beasts, nor prize
 The hidden privilege of thought!
 Poor slaves! how long will ye endure
 The ceaseless lash of your besotted masters,
 Sowing earth's fields with tears, to reap disasters?

As from a sea-based keep
 My spirit looketh forth: a Doom
 Of unatoned griefs doth sweep
 Over the wild waste troublously;
 Dark forms of pain and terror throw
 Their shade o'er a frail Agony
 That trembleth, an embodied Woe,
 Wrapp'd in unutterable gloom,
 Whose aspect changeth; Torture standeth by,
 Watching its throes, and laughs continually.

That vision hath pass'd by:
 A peasant boy, with vacant look,
 Yet not in utter vacancy,
 Hangs o'er the blythe face of a stream
 That whispereth strange words to his soul:—
 Another change o'erclouds my dream:
 Shrill fife, the drums' incessant roll,
 Drown the far warblings of the brook;
 One sound outshrieks that din, one horrid cry,
 To which the Scourge respondeth mockingly.

No more! the wretched strife
 Is ended; calmly he sleeps here;
 The wayward tenor of his life
 Forgotten in his punishment.
 The impulses and agonies
 That make man's heart their tenement,
 Are untreated deities.
 Mock not the uncondemning tear!
 Weigh in the balance this man's deeds and fate:—
 Oh God! what thought thy ways can estimate?

It is an unhewn stone!
 Yon graven memories shall dissolve;
 Yon monuments be overthrown;
 Yea! even that ancient sanctuary
 Be levell'd, and rank herbage hide
 The dust of its strong masonry:
 Yet shall that lonely tomb abide,
 And future dreams and doubts involve:—
 The enduring record of a deed of blood,
 From human law appealing unto God.

THE GREAT INJUSTICE.

"How oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?"

"Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times; but, Until seventy times seven."

Christian Scriptures.

WHAT greater injustice is there than to afflict those, whose offences are not to be attributed to their own free agency, with unnecessary and arbitrary punishments, which neither correct the offender, nor remedy the offence, nor sow any seed of future benefit, either for the individual or the community? Our penal *regulations* are a stain upon the nation's heart. In a country professing a religion of Love, whose incessantly-uttered law is entire forgiveness and meekest sufferance of injuries, in a land where men believe that God has especially enjoined this forgiveness as the price of his favour, even *here*, in Christian England, in the plenitude of its bishop-ordered faith, some *hundred-thousand* of God's children pass *annually* through the prison doors of *punishment for offences against their Christian brethren*. Contrast this practical "Christianity" with the gentle doctrines of Christ! Compare even the pecuniary cost (about £250,000 a year) of the government-machinery for the eradication, *or* for the punishment, of crime with the paltry government-allowance (£20,000 a year) for the prevention of crime, by the education of the community. It may be said, that the Church-Establishment, with the extravagant funds for its support, is a government-provision for the education of the community. How inadequate, even to teach religion, is evidenced by the Statistics of Punishment, an unanswerable commentary on the worth of that faith which our hired apostles impress upon the heart of society. Neither let it be forgotten, that excessive punishments are common for offences against the ministers of the Gospel—the employers of tithe-proctors, the promoters of vexatious suits for the most trivial breaches of a discipline which has neither worth nor order. Example is more followed than precept. Accordingly we find, that the uncharitable conduct of these teachers of charity has no small influence on the behaviour of the community. Of little avail is the weekly command of love and patience under injury, when the intolerance of the wrong-doer contravenes his own preaching. In all stations, under all circumstances, we behold the practice of punishment, not in accordance with nature's law, but proceeding on no principle, inconsequential, arbitrary, unequal, and commonly the occasion of greater evil than that *which it revenges*. Even children are capriciously punished for the very habits which the punishers had formed for them. Little is all this to be marvelled at among those who believe that the Supreme Beneficence punishes his creatures for obeying his predetermination, that the All-Wise punishes himself for having allowed them to obey him. For the believers in such a dogma what avails any argument? and, to those, who, having learned that no man creates himself, know that, therefore, he is not responsible for the results of his organization and circumstances, and that the evil therein is to be corrected, not punished by his fellows—to them what need we say more than this, BE CONSISTENT!

Yet a few words to the holders of faith in the efficacy of penal laws, who think them worthy of support, albeit the legislature careth not to prevent their occasion. Though you advocate punishment, can you defend the inequality of punishment? Here is a child, who has stolen a turnip or a few potatoes to satisfy its hunger, punished with a month's imprisonment, sufficient foundation for a life's depravity—here is an uneducated child, *one* hardly capable of comprehending the complicated moralities of property, condemned to a miserable life for "stealing" a turnip:—while a man who has received a "best education," actually a legislator, is *guilty of continual robbery* in appropriating the earth, which God gave equally to all, for his private use, or abuse (hundreds of families starving in consequence of their dispossession),

and *he* goes at large, unchanged, ay, unreprieved. Here is a poor, untaught man heavily punished for perjury—while the rich man, the habitual liar; the lawyer, the liar by profession; he who lieth in the pulpit, blaspheming God with the insolence of his hypocrisy; and he who in the senate-house escheweth truth as inexpedient, and perjures himself to a nation's injury; all go unquestioned, and applauded. Here is another poor wretch who in the brutality of ignorance insults a woman: he is fined, by partial "justice," to the amount of perhaps a month's earnings:—a "gentleman" commits the same offence, and is licensed to continue his amusement by payment of an hour's income; and the bestial libertine, who is a living insult to humanity, who dooms whole families to misery, laughs at *Law* and *Justice*, is courted by *respectable* society, and worthily companions, "right reverend fathers," perhaps is "reverend" himself. A man is hanged for committing an unpremeditated murder, notwithstanding, as Voltaire says, "the punishment of criminals should be of use; when a man is hanged he is good for nothing"; or, perhaps, he is hanged for merely endeavouring to conceal the homicide, not choosing to add self-murder:—and the murderer of thousands, the designer and orderer of war, one most atrocious and infamous, who premeditatedly destroys life by wholesale to retain a place or a pension, receives, instead of punishment, immense reward, is honoured by the nation, styled heaven-born, assumes other titles of the Man of Peace, and, pompously parading through our Christian streets, or sitting in high places, with the decoration of honour, is not even pointed at, save as a mark for the idiot's admiration—"there goes the Duke of ———; that's the"—MURDERER. How far shall we extend our list? It would embrace all the judgments of society. But one more instance. The worthlessness of royalty is supported by the tears and blood of millions, thousands of broken hearts are the cost of its vain existence; senatorial villainy, clerical irreligion, aristocratic idleness and depravity, and trading selfishness, are rewarded by wealth and honour:—while the sublime devotion of a godlike life to the service of humanity, earns but the recompense of heedlessness, neglect, contumely, and hatred, the continual trampling of scorn and implacable outrage, and an ignominious thrusting into the depths of despondency and dreariest despair, from whose abyss ariseth, appealing against man's ingratitude, the wailing of world-mocked agonies such as this:—

"Thousands pass away as nature gave them birth, in the corruption of sensual gratification, and they seek no more.

"Tens of thousands are overwhelmed by the burdens of craft and trade; by the weight of the hammer, the ell, or the crown, and they seek no more.

"But I know a man who did seek more; the joy of simplicity dwelt in his heart, and he had faith in mankind such as few men have; his soul was made for friendship, love was his element, and fidelity his strongest tie.

"But he was not made by this world, nor for it; and wherever he was placed in it he was found unfit.

"And the world that found him thus, asked not whether it was his fault or the fault of another; but it bruised him with an iron hammer, as the brick-layers break an old brick to fill up crevices.

"But though bruised, he yet trusted in mankind more than in himself, and he proposed to himself a great purpose, which to attain he suffered agonies, and learned lessons such as few men had learned before him.

"He could not, nor would he become generally useful; but for his purpose he was more useful than most men are for theirs, and he expected justice at the hands of mankind, whom he still loved with an innocent love. But he found none. Those that erected themselves into his judges, without further examination, confirmed the former sentence, that he was generally and absolutely useless.

"This was the grain of sand which decided the doubtful balance of his wretched destinies.

"He is no more; thou would'st know him no more; all that remains of him are the decayed remnants of his destroyed existence.

"He fell as a fruit falls before it is ripe, whose blossom has been nipped by the northern gale, or whose corn is eaten out by the gnawing worm.

"Stranger that passest by, refuse not a tear of sympathy; even in falling this fruit turned itself towards the stem, on the branches of which it lingered through the summer, and it whispered to the tree 'Verily, even in my death I will nourish thy roots.'

"Stranger that passest by, spare the perishing fruit, and allow the dust of its corruption to nourish the roots of the tree on whose branches it lived, sickened, and died."—*Written by Pestalozzi, after his failure at Neuhof.*

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. XXIII.

CHILD of Mortality, why mournest thou? thine eyes are dim, thine eyelids red and swollen with weeping.

I saw the cheerful morn spring from the couch of night: O, how beautiful was the clear and tranquil brow, the light of the joy-diffusing smile!—False and fleeting was its promise: the clouds gathered o'er the sun, like the lowering frown of an angry man; the winds blew; the rains descended; the eye of heaven was veiled with tears; the joy of the morning was gone—and I wept.

Child of Mortality, why mournest thou?

I beheld the rose-bud in the freshness of its opening bloom; I watched its young leaves expanding to maturity; I inhaled the fragrance of its melodious breath; the air was filled with its sweetness; the gay butterfly wantoned on its bosom, enamoured of the delicate flower; the purity of Eternal Love seemed imaged in its graceful beauty:—I looked again—it was withered to the core; its leaves lay scattered upon the ground; the beautiful had been blighted, the lovely was no more.

Child of Mortality, why mournest thou?

I have seen Death with noiseless step gliding among the children of God: his flaming eyeballs glared fiercely upon them; and man withered beneath his scowl.

I sought among the crowd for those who should be his first victims.

A bridal procession passed by: the bride was young and lovely and most loving, the bridegroom happy;—Death looked upon the girl; she sank into his shadowy arms: her nuptial couch was spread within the sepulchre.

One, in the vigour of manhood, in the pride of health and intellect, stood upon his hearth, surrounded by his family; his children clung around his knees; his wife hung fondly upon his neck; there was a glory about the group, the radiance of unfearing happiness:—But the eye of the spoiler was upon him; he bowed his head, unable to endure that dreadful gaze; the matron, the infants, embraced a corse.

I saw another, young, but wasted by toil, ascending with great difficulty a steep and rugged mountain: his wan and haggard cheek betrayed the restless workings of an impassioned soul; Genius was engraven upon his lofty brow, and sparkling in his deep-seated and dilated eye: he neared the summit of the mountain; another step, and the goal would be attained.—The lightning flashed from the eyes of Death athwart the brow of the climber: he lieth at the foot of that mountain.

Have I not cause for sorrow? but there is yet a deeper and a keener grief.

There are clouds which o'ershadow the light of Truth: and the soul of man dreameth painfully in the shade.

The Beautiful languisheth in the mid-noon of enjoyment; the Lovely fadeth upon the fervent heart; the fragrance of an enduring memory alone abideth with the Desolate.

Death companioneth the daily Life : Agony lieth upon the heart of Love ; and the tired thought winneth no rest.

Ever and ever Love looketh for the Beloved ; ever seeketh he in vain : an unflashed skeleton is before him ; he embraceth an unsubstantial thing.

He is an outcast and a wanderer.

He pitcheth his tent upon the grave : with his continual tears he nourisheth the flowers that weave a barrier between him and his home.

The curse of Cain is upon him : he may not live ; and Death feareth to be his murderer.

Therefore do I weep, because on earth is no assured joy.

Evil is blended with Good ; Infirmary with impassioned Will : Love is married unto Sorrow ; Life unto Death ; Beauty to deforming Pain.

Therefore do I mourn, *because the loving eyes, dim with their present anguish, cannot behold THE FUTURE HOPE.*

Leave me to vent my grief ! I will mourn yet longer.

PREVENTION, NOT PUNISHMENT.

THE time cannot be far distant when the terms bad and good, relative to man, will have a very different signification from that which they now possess. The term bad will convey the idea only, that the individuals to whom it is applied have been most unjustly and ignorantly treated by the society in which they have been trained and educated ; that, in consequence, they call upon us, individually, for our pity and deep commiseration, and, upon society, to remedy the evil with the least pain or inconvenience to the injured parties. Terms of reproach or abuse will no longer be applied to them ; feelings of separation and avoidance will no longer be created against them ; much less will any arrangement exist to punish them for possessing qualities which nature, or the ignorance of man, forces them to have or to acquire. Inferior qualities in individuals will thus cease to arouse anger, and all the worst feelings that can be given to man ; they will, on the contrary, call forth all the energy and best feelings of our nature to remove those inferior qualities, or, if from long habit that be impracticable, to improve the individual to the extent to which he is capable of being improved.

Such conduct being uniformly pursued by those who govern society and who influence public opinion ; inferior characters will soon cease to exist ; nor will there be occasion for prisons, penitentiaries, or courts of law. The immense waste of human labour and means thus saved will be applied to more rational purposes ; the feelings of the comparatively well-informed and reflecting will not then be daily lacerated by seeing the time and wealth of the people squandered upon trials relative to the lives and properties of their fellow-men, for no other real object than that the few may rule over and plunder the many ; that error and injustice may be perpetuated under the plausible terms of Law and Religion. No ! instead of bad men being punished, no bad or inferior characters will be formed ; or though such may yet exist for a short period, measures will be adopted to improve, and not to punish them, for defects emanating from others over whom the sufferers had possessed no control.

Thus, by degrees, will a *universal system for the prevention of evil* supersede that which has existed for numberless ages to *punish* it by the instrumentality of the very parties who were themselves the immediate cause of the evil, and of the miseries which evil must always produce.

Thus will the system of injustice and cruelty terminate for ever ; and man will attain to that scale, in the creation, to which the original faculties of his nature prove him to be entitled.

By these measures alone, can the world attain to that state in which peace and goodwill shall universally prevail, and knowledge everywhere supersede ignorance and superstition.—*Robert Owen.*

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



PYRAMUS :

Ancient Greek Sculpture.



THE QUALIFICATION.

THE advocates of just knowledge must be armed with courage to dare all things, and to bear all things, for the truths they revere; and to seek, as they may only find, the reward of their exertions in the impression, great or little, slow or rapid, as it may be, which their exertions may produce on public opinion, and through the public opinion, on the public practice.—

Frances Wright.

Consistency.—Be not angry that you cannot make others 'as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.—

Thomas a Kempis.

The greatest burden in the world is Superstition, not only of ceremonies in the church, but of imaginary and scarecrow sins at home.—*Milton.*

Pleasure.—Let the philosophers say what they will, the main thing at which we all aim, even in virtue itself, is pleasure. It pleases me to rattle in their ears this word, which they so nauseate to hear; and if it signify some supreme pleasure, and excessive delight, it is more due to the assistance of virtue than to any other assistance whatever.—*Montaigne.*

How to form a Judgment.—In forming a judgment, lay your hearts void of foretaken opinions; else, whatsoever is done or said, will be measured by a wrong rule, like them who have the jaundice, to whom every thing appeareth yellow.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

Original Sin.—The slightest acquaintance with the real principles of the human mind, with the manner in which its faculties are developed, *with the entire dependence of its ideas, its dispositions and its habits on the circumstances in which it is placed*, must not only make this doctrine appear, as indeed it is, disgusting and horrible, but wholly impossible.—

Dr. Southwood Smith.

Lewd and wicked custom, beginning perhaps at the first amongst few, afterwards spreading unto greater multitudes, and so continuing from time to time, may be of force even in plain things to smother the light of natural understanding, because men will not bend their wits to examine, whether things, wherewith they have been accustomed, be good or evil; and thus, by process of time, wicked custom prevails, and is kept as a law. The authority of rulers, the ambition of craftsmen, and such like means thrusting forward the ignorant, and increasing their superstition.—*Hooker.*

Conscience.—In vain we look to our conscience for the knowledge of crimes; for that, as I have often urged, is but the mirror in which we see the impressions of outward objects; and a man's conscience varies with his country—it is geographical. A Hottentot's conscience dictates to him to destroy his aged father and mother, as the last act of piety. A Mahometan's allows polygamy. The consciences of the members of different sects of Christianity vary. Those of a Roman Catholic and a Quaker take different views.—*Maltravers.*

Crimes are multiplied, and laws are multiplied also, until men lose the idea of right and wrong in that of lawful and unlawful; and however base, perfidious, and unjust their conduct may be, they account themselves "good men and true," if they do not incur the penalty of the law.—*The Savage*.

Felons.—Men and women who have sinned on the wrong side of the statutes.—*Jerrold*.

Prohibition.—A rich Neapolitan merchant, Jacob Morel, prided himself in not having once set his foot out of the city, during the space of forty-eight years. This coming to the ears of the Duke, Morel had notice sent him, that he was to take no journey out of the kingdom, under a penalty of ten thousand crowns. The merchant smiled at receiving the order; but afterwards, not being able to fathom the reason of such a prohibition, grew so uneasy, that he paid the fine, and took a trip out of the kingdom.—*Gregorius Leti*.

Moral Truth is the speaking of things according to the persuasion of our minds, though such persuasion agree not with the reality of things, or, as we say, is contrary to fact; e. g. the affirmation that such a man is good, may be true as far as regards the speaker's veracity, being according to his belief, and yet be false in fact; for Falsehood is the uttering of words contrary to the persuasion of our minds. If a man would persuade another to receive for truth an unsound doctrine, which he himself believes to be sound, he unconsciously leads, or would lead him into error, but if he wish to impose upon him for Truth, the belief of that which he knows to be an error, he is in such case absolutely guilty of Falsehood.

Deception.—All deception in the course of life, is indeed nothing else but a lie reduced to practice, and falsehood passing from words into things.—*South*.

Disguise.—Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought to be, as we do to disguise what we really are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.—*Rocheffoucault*.

That most limited and accursed of all ignorances, 'yclept a "thorough knowledge of the world."—*Leigh Hunt*.

But one Prejudice.—As the petty fish which is fabled to possess the property of arresting the progress of the largest vessel to which it clings, even so may a single prejudice, unnoticed or despised, more than the adverse blast, or the dead calm, delay the bark of knowledge in the vast seas of time.

There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is : there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge ; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law.

Chapman.

EFFECTS OF LEGISLATING UPON LOVE;

OR,

SOME REASONS AGAINST LAWFUL WEDLOCK.

WHEN an institution, which has existed, under one form or other, from the earliest period of which we possess any record, has been proved to be not only incapable of producing the effects expected from it, but even inefficient to prevent a state of things the very reverse, it becomes incumbent to examine what defects or errors may exist in such institution, and further, to inquire whether the institution itself may not be essentially and entirely useless or even mischievous.

The institution of Marriage comes under the conditions here described. It was intended for the beneficial regulation of the relations between man and woman. What are the effects, both secret and visible, of its influence? The most degrading licentiousness abounds; permanent happiness in married life is rare; separations are frequent; discord in forced conjunction still more common and most painfully prolonged; the sufferings of "true love" have become proverbial. Could the secret history of human life in all that concerns this, its highest opportunity of happiness, be laid bare to view, it would be found a tale of multitudinous agonies; like the scroll of the prophet, a record of "lamentations and mourning and woe."

Add to all this evil the defective and pernicious mode of training both body and mind from infancy; the undue preponderance and premature development of the physical faculties; the neglect and starvation of the moral and intellectual; the dependent state of woman, denying her the free exercise of the little power which she is allowed to possess; and the restrictions which impede her acquisition of a fair share either of the property or the poor freedom which the world affords—all which things, if they are not the inevitable results of the institution of marriage, are yet its constant concomitants—and we behold, not only the establishment of enormous evil, but the unrelenting adoption of measures to prevent any remedying or palliation of the evil.

Whether this wretchedness be chargeable solely upon the institution of marriage, or not, it all proceeds from the fundamental error of society, of which that institution is the first-fruit—the **WRONG LAW OF PRIVATE APPROPRIATION**, which supposes individual good to be incompatible with universal, and which creates individual and isolated "interests" in opposition to the common weal. The immediate consequence of this error was the appropriation of women by men—mere physical force assuming a right to dispose of *its inferiors*. This *institution of marriage* was the cause of the false position in which women have ever been placed, and in which they still linger by reason of those remains of barbarism which yet give to physical force the advantage over all kinds and degrees of moral and spiritual power.

We believe that the institution of marriage is of itself sufficient to poison the sources of human happiness. We believe so, because—

1—It is a rash and unauthorised interference of man with the strongest passion of universal human nature; a passion most mighty in its capacity for joy and for woe; most various in its manifestations, never in two individuals appearing alike. Yet for this passion does the institution of marriage prescribe a formal, arbitrary ceremony; a "*bond*," which in comparison with the passion's strength, is a mere rope of sand; and one undeviating rule for all. The result has been, that of love sublimated into a passion, little remains in the world; that even where it once finds existence, it is generally transient; and that some few of the *manifestations* of love usurp the place and are generally mistaken for the *divine spirit* itself.

2—It is not decent to make a public exhibition of actions which in high natures result from the most sacred and private feelings, which cannot bear

ostentatious debating of. There is more of the modesty of Nature in the unreasoning animals. They do not call a crowd around them to witness their sacrificing to the universal mystery: but delicate-minded man, "a little lower than the angels," pretending to a love diviner than aught else of which humanity can have conception, must needs invite relations and friends to witness the ceremony, must give public notification even of his intentions, and like Absalom* expose himself to the abominable gaze of the universal depravity.

3—It is founded upon that error, the parent of many woes, that love is dependent upon the will. "Wilt thou *love*," asks the priest, "so long as ye both shall live?" and severally they answer, "*I will*." They both swear to a continuity of feeling, possible to supervene, but not possible to be foreseen or commanded.

4—It joins together and confounds into one, *the emotion of love and the purpose to appropriate the object beloved*. This is a very natural, but not a necessary sequence, though now it is nearly an universal one, and being so, is the source of innumerable evils. Every thing should be free and spontaneous in love: nothing claimed, nothing exacted; every thing given, nothing paid. Better far is the one pang to the noble and true-hearted, by which all is at once relinquished, than the continual effort to keep that which cannot be constrained. *The highest Love is the appreciation of loveliness, producing intense and not-to-be-abated desire of the happiness of the appreciated.*

5—It gives one human being a legal right over the person and property of another human being (which legal *right* is assumed to be moral and virtuous); changing the nature of love from an affection highly sympathetic, into a most selfish one. "I give all" is altered into "I will have all" when each has become bound by solemn promises. This evil falls on both sexes, but most severely on women. The power of a brutal husband is fearful both in character and extent. The money-appropriation by the man is the least of the unqualified exactions resulting from this legal *right*.

6—It opens the door to all manner of abuses, such as forced marriages, marriages for money, for rank, &c.; all which legal prostitutions *would cease at once* if an end were put to this unwise and remorseless institution.

7—After doing so much to destroy the very essence of love, marriage binds irrevocably, until death, *except under certain extreme cases*, those who take its vows upon themselves. By this arbitrary enactment, which appears like a contrivance for the especial promotion of misery, those are forced to live together who are utterly unsuited; who could be happy and give happiness in other circumstances; but who in their ill-sorted yoke of marriage are wretched, and producers of wretchedness. We have, indeed, a law of divorce; but it is most unfair in its provisions: women in general, and all too poor to buy an especial Act of Parliament, being equally unable to avail themselves of the protection it pretends to afford. It is but a law for the convenience of the aristocracy. It would consume the savings of a life's labour for any one of moderate means to buy a redemption from the bondage.

8—The institution of marriage is the cause of the division of women into the two castes—those *called* pure or virtuous, and those *called* dishonest and vicious. It is thus the cause of the existence of that class of women, who are sacrificed to uphold the present artificial system. What good produced can it plead, which shall outweigh this monstrous curse? Prostitution, with all its horrors, leaps full-armed from the ignorant head of the Law; *and all its shames and miseries are to be laid at the door of every respectable married couple in the world.*

9—Not only one class, but the whole body of society, is vitiated by the state of things engendered and fostered by lawful marriage. Outward,

* So they spread Absalom a tent upon the top of the house, and Absalom went in unto his father's concubines in the sight of all Israel."—*Holy Bible.*

hypocritical assumption of morality takes precedence of inward purity; the law, which cannot be complied with, is evaded; and a taint pervades all society. The most inquisitorial and uncharitable spirit prevails. Those, who from any circumstance are suspected of want of conformity with the established forms, are persecuted at every turn, no matter how amiable, how pure and consistent in conduct, how benevolent, how highly gifted they may be; and the vexations they have to endure, the continual poor harassings of indefatigable littleness, are but too apt to desecrate and at length wear out the lofty feeling which would stand untouched by temptation, by severest torture, or by death.

It is possible that evil and unhappiness to a certain extent may result from the abolition of legislative interference with this most sacred feeling of humanity; but no evil or unhappiness so occasioned could approach in amount a thousandth part of the agony now universally prevalent. Besides, things cannot long continue as they are. The enormity of the mischief, according to one of Nature's beneficent ordinances, begins already to work its own remedy. Let Law no longer contravene the dictates of Nature, and, whatever the immediate effects, the ultimate result can not be doubtful. By the removal of the institution of marriage, we should at least be placed in circumstances affording opportunity of progression: while it exists we are stationary at best; for the springs of happiness in love are poisoned at their source.

WITNESS.

SUBMISSION TO EVIL.

We pray, *Lead us not into Temptation*: a vain prayer if, having led ourselves thither, we love to stay in that perilous condition: God sends remedies as well as evils, under which he who lies and groans, that may lawfully acquit himself, is accessory to his own ruin; nor will it excuse him, though he suffer through a *sluggish fearfulness to search thoroughly what is lawful, for fear of disquieting a secure falsity of an old opinion.*

If any therefore, who shall hap to read this Discourse, hath been through misadventure ill-engaged in this contracted evil here complained of, and finds the fits and workings of a high impatience frequently upon him, of all those wild words which men in misery think to ease themselves by uttering, let him not open his lips against the Providence of Heaven, or tax the ways of God and his divine Truth; for they are equal, easy, and not burdensome, nor do they ever cross the just and reasonable desires of men, nor involve this our portion of mortal life into a necessity of sadness and malecontent, by Laws commanding over the unredicable Antipathies of Nature, sooner or later found; but allow us to remedy and shake off those evils into which human error hath led us through the midst of our best intentions, and to support our incident extremities by *that authentic precept of sovereign Charity, whose grand commission is to do and to dispose over all the ordinances of God to Man, that love and truth may advance each other to everlasting.* While we, *literally superstitious through customary faintness of heart*, not venturing to pierce with our free thoughts into the full latitude of Nature and Religion, abandon ourselves to serve under the tyranny of usurped Opinions, suffering those ordinances which were allotted to our solace and reviving, to trample over us, and hale us into a multitude of sorrows, which God never meant us. And where he sets us in a fair allowance of way, with honest liberty and prudence to our guard, we never leave subtilizing and casuisting till we have straitened and pared that liberal path into a Razor's edge to walk on, between a precipice of unnecessary mischief on either side; and starting at every false alarm, we do not know which way to set a foot forward with manly confidence and Christian resolution, through the confused ringing in our ears of panic scruples and amazements.—*Milton.*

Pride.—A proud man is a fool in fermentation, that swells and boils over like a porridge-pot. He sets out his feathers like an owl, to swell and seem bigger than he is. He is troubled with a tumour and inflammation of self-conceit, that renders every part of him stiff and uneasy. He has given himself sympathetic love-powder, that works upon him to dotage, and has transformed him into his own mistress. He is his own gallant, and makes most passionate addresses to his own dear perfections. He commits idolatry to himself, and worships his own image; though there is no soul living of his church but himself, yet he believes as the church believes, and maintains his faith with the obstinacy of a fanatic. He is his own favourite; and advances himself, not only above his merit, but all mankind; is both Damon and Pythias to his own dear self, and values his crony above his soul. He gives place to no man but himself, and that with very great distance to all others, whom he esteems not worthy to approach him. He believes whatever he has receives a value from being his; as a horse in a nobleman's stable will bear a greater price than in a common market. He is so proud, that he is as hard to be acquainted with himself as with others, for he is very apt to forget who he is, and knows himself only superficially: therefore he treats himself civilly as a stranger, with ceremony and compliment, but admits no privacy. He strives to look bigger than himself as well as others; and is no better than his own parasite and flatterer. A little flood will make a shallow torrent swell above its banks, and rage, and foam, and yield a roaring noise, while a deep silent stream glides quietly on; so a vain-glorious, insolent, proud man, swells with a little frail prosperity, grows big and loud, and overflows its bounds, and when he sinks, leaves mud and dirt behind him. His carriage is as glorious and haughty as if he was advanced upon men's shoulders, or tumbled over their heads like Knipperdolling. He fancies himself a Colosse; and so he is, for his head holds no proportion to his body, and his foundation is lesser than his upper stories. We can naturally take no view of ourselves, unless we look downwards, to teach us what humble admirers we ought to be of our own value. The slighter and less solid his materials are, the more room they take up, and make him swell the bigger, as feathers and cotton will stuff cushions better than things of more close and solid parts.—*Butler*.

Duelling.—Mr. Sage.—I have never read of a duel among the Romans, and yet their nobility used more liberty with their tongues than one may do now without being challenged.

Sir Mark.—Perhaps the Romans were of opinion, that ill language and brutal names reflected only on those who were guilty of them; and that a man's reputation was not at all cleared by cutting the person's throat who had reflected upon it: but the custom of those times had fixed the scandal in the action; whereas now it lies in the reproach.—*Tatler*.

PYRAMUS—a youth of Babylon, enamoured of Thisbe, a beautiful maiden of his neighbourhood. Their union being forbidden by their parents, they appointed to meet secretly, at the tomb of Ninus, under a white mulberry tree, without the walls of Babylon. Thisbe, arriving first, was scared by a lioness: in her flight she dropped her veil, which the lioness covered with blood. The veil was found by Pyramus, who, without further inquiry, desperately stabbed himself. Thisbe, recovered from her fright, returned to behold his death, and slew herself upon his body. The tree, stained with the blood of the lovers, ever after bore fruit of the colour of blood.

It never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

Shakspeare.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE.

A TRAGEDY, BY JOHN FORDE.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1633.

GIOVANNI loves and is beloved by his sister ANNABELLA.

Enter GIOVANNI.

Gio. Lost! I am lost! my fates have doom'd my death :
 The more I strive, I love : The more I love,
 The less I hope. I see my ruin certain.
 What judgment or endeavours could apply
 To my incurable and restless wounds,
 I thoroughly have examined, but in vain :
 O, that it were not in religion, sin
 To make our love a god, and worship it !
 I have even wearied heaven with prayers, dried up
 The spring of my continual tears, even starved
 My veins with daily fasts : What wit or art
 Could counsel, I have practised ; but, alas !
 I find all these but dreams, and old men's tales,
 To fright unsteady youth ; I'm still the same.
 Or I must speak, or burst ! 'Tis not, I know,
 My lust ; but 'tis my fate that leads me on.
 Keep fear, and low faint-hearted shame with slaves !
 I'll tell her that I love her, though my heart
 Were rated at the price of that attempt.
 Oh me ! she comes.

*Enter ANNABELLA and PUTANA.**Ann.* Brother !

Gio. If such a thing
 As courage dwell in men, ye heavenly powers,
 Now double all that virtue in my tongue !

Ann. Why, brother, will you not speak to me ?*Gio.* Yes ; how do ye, sister ?*Ann.* Howsoever I am, methinks you are not well.*Put.* Bless us ! why are you so sad, sir ?

Gio. Let me entreat you, leave us a while, Putana. Sister, I would be
 private with you.

Ann. Withdraw, Putana.

Put. I will.—(*Aside*) If this were any other company for her, I should
 think my absence an office of some credit ; But I will leave them together.

(*Exit PUTANA.*)

Gio. Come, sister, lend your hand ; let's walk together ;
 I hope you need not blush to walk with me ;
 Here's none but you and I.

Ann. How's this ?*Gio.* Faith, I mean no harm.*Ann.* Harm ?

Gio. No, good faith :
 How is it with thee ?

Ann. I trust he be not frantic—
 I am very well, brother.

Gio. Trust me, but I am sick ; I fear so sick
 'Twill cost my life.

Ann. Mercy forbid it ! 'tis not so, I hope.*Gio.* I think, you love me, sister.*Ann.* Yes, you know I do.*Gio.* I know it indeed—you're very fair.*Ann.* Nay, then I see you have a merry sickness.

Gio. That's as it proves. The poets feign, I read,
That Juno for her forehead did exceed
All other goddesses ; but I durst swear
Your forehead exceeds her's, as her's did theirs.

Ann. 'Troth, this is pretty.

Gio. Such a pair of stars

As are thine eyes, would, like Promethean fire,
(If gently glanced) give life to senseless stones.

Ann. Fie upon thee !

Gio. The lily and the rose, most sweetly strange,
Upon your dimple cheeks, do strive for change.
Such lips would tempt a saint ; such hands as those
Would make an anchorite lascivious.

Ann. Do you mock me, or flatter me ?

Gio. If you would see a beauty more exact
Than art can counterfeit, or nature frame,
Look in your glass, and there behold your own.

Ann. O ! you are a trim youth.

Gio. Here !

(Offers a dagger to her.)

Ann. What to do ?

Gio. And here's my breast ; strike home !
Rip up my bosom, there thou shalt behold
A heart, in which 'is writ the truth I speak.
Why stand you ?

Ann. Are you in earnest ?

Gio. Yes, most earnest.

You cannot love ?

Ann. Whom ?

Gio. Me. My tortured soul
Hath felt affliction in the heat of death.
O ! Annabella, I am quite undone !
The love of thee, my sister, and the view
Of thy immortal beauty, have untuned
All harmony both of my rest and life.
Why do you not strike ?

Ann. Forbid it, my just fears !

If this be true, 'twere fitter I were dead.

Gio. True, Annabella, 'tis no time to jest ;
I have too long suppress'd my hidden flames,
That almost have consumed me ; I have spent
Many a silent night in sighs and groans ;
Ran over all my thoughts, despised my fate,
Reasoned against the reasons of my love,
Done all that smooth-cheek'd virtue could advise,
But found all bootless ; 'tis my destiny
That you must either love, or I must die.

Ann. Comes this in sadness* from you.

Gio. Let some mischief

Befall me soon, if I dissemble aught.

Ann. You are my brother, Giovanni.

Gio. You

My sister, Annabella ; I know this,
And could afford you instance why to love
So much the more for this ; to which intent
Wise nature first in your creation meant
To make you mine ; else't had been sin and foul
To share one beauty to a double soul.
Nearness in birth and blood, doth but persuade

* Seriousness.

A nearer nearness in affection.

I have ask'd council of the holy church,
Who tells me I may love you ; and 'tis just
That, since I may, I should ; and will, yes will.
Must I now live, or die ?

Ann. Live ; thou hast won
The field, and never fought ; what thou hast urged
My captive heart had long ago resolved.
I blush to tell thee, but I'll tell thee now.
For every sigh that thou has spent for me,
I have sigh'd ten ; for every tear, shed twenty :
And not so much for that I loved, as that
I durst not say I loved, nor scarcely think it.

Gio. Let not this music be a dream, ye gods,
For pity's sake, I beg ye !

Ann. On my knees,
Brother, even by our mother's dust I charge you,
Do not betray me to your mirth or hate ;
Love me, or kill me, brother !

(*She kneels.*)

Gio. On my knees,
Sister, even by my mother's dust I charge you,
Do not betray me to your mirth or hate ;
Love me, or kill me, sister !

(*He kneels.*)

Ann. You mean good sooth then ?

Gio. In good troth I do ;
And so do you I hope : Say, I'm in earnest.

Ann. I'll swear it, and I—

Gio. And I ; and by this kiss,
(Once more, yet once more ; now let's rise) by this,
I would not change this minute for Elysium.
What must we now do ?

Ann. What you will.

Gio. Come then,
After so many tears as we have wept,
Let's learn to court in smiles, to kiss, and sleep.

(*Exeunt.*)

Annabella confessing to a friar, is by him religiously persuaded into a marriage with Soranzo. Soranzo discovers her love for Giovanni, and bids him to a banquet, purposing revenge.

A Chamber, ANNABELLA discovered lying on a Bed.

Enter GIOVANNI.

Gio. What, changed so soon ? hath your new sprightly lord
Found out a trick in night-games more than we
Could know in our simplicity ?—Ha ! is't so ?
Or does the fit come on you, to prove treach'rous
To your past vows and oaths ?

Ann. Why should you jest
At my calamity, without all sense
Of the approaching dangers you are in ?

Gio. What danger's half so great as thy revolt ?
Thou art a faithless sister, else thou know'st,
Malice, or any treachery beside,
Would stoop to my bent brows ; why, I hold fate
Clasp'd in my fist, and could command the course
Of time's eternal motion, had'st thou been
One thought more steady than an ebbing sea.
And what ? you'll now be honest, that's resolved ?

Ann. Brother, dear brother, know what I have been,
And know that now there's but a dining-time

'Twixt us and our confusion; let's not waste
 These precious hours in vain and useless speech.
 Alas! these gay attires were not put on
 But to some end; this sudden solemn feast
 Was not ordain'd to riot in expense;
 I that have now been chamber'd here alone,
 Barr'd of my guardian, or of any else,
 Am not for nothing at an instant freed
 To fresh access. Be not deceived, my brother,
 This banquet is an harbinger of death
 To you and me; resolvè yourself it is,
 And be prepared to welcome it.

Gio. Well, then,
 The schoolmen teach that all this globe of earth
 Shall be consumed to ashes in a minute.

Ann. So I have read too.

Gio. But t'were somewhat strange
 To see the waters burn; could I believe
 This might be true, I could believe as well
 There might be hell or heaven.

Ann. That's most certain.

Gio. A dream, a dream; else in this other world
 We should know one another.

Ann. So we shall.

Gio. Have you heard so?

Ann. For certain.

Gio. But do you think
 That I shall see you there? you look on me:
 May we kiss one another? prate or laugh,
 Or do as we do here?

Ann. I know not that;
 But, good brother, for the present, how do you mean
 To free yourself from danger? some way think
 How to escape; I'm sure the guests are come.

Gio. Look up, look here; what see you in my face?

Ann. Distraction and a troubled countenance.

Gio. Death, and a swift repining wrath—yet look,
 What see you in mine eyes?

Ann. Methinks you weep.

Gio. I do indeed; these are the funeral tears
 Shed on your grave, these furrow'd up my cheeks
 When first I lovèd and knew not how to woo.
 Fair Annabella, should I here repeat
 The story of my life, we might lose time.
 Be record all the spirits of the air,
 And all things else that are, that day and night,
 Early and late, the tribute which my heart
 Hath paid to Annabella's sacred love,
 Hath been these tears, which are her mourners now—
 Never till now did nature do her best
 To shew a matchless beauty to the world,
 Which in an instant, ere it scarce was seen,
 The jealous destinies require again.
 Pray, Annabella, pray! Since we must part,
 Go thou, white in thy soul, to fill a throne
 Of innocence and sanctity in heaven.

Pray, pray, my sister.

Ann. Then I see your drift;
 Ye blessed angels, guard me!

Gio. So say I.

Kiss me.—

Give me your hand; how sweetly life doth run
In these well-colour'd veins! how constantly
These palms do promise health! but I could chide
With nature for this cunning flattery—

Kiss me again—forgive me.

Ann. With my heart.

Gio. Farewell.

Ann. Will you be gone?

Gio. Be dark, bright sun,
And make this mid-day night, that thy gilt rays
May not behold a deed, will turn their splendour
More sooty than the poets feign their Styx!
One other kiss, my sister.

Ann. What means this?

Gio. To save thy fame, and kill thee in a kiss.
Thus die, and die by me, and by my hand.

(*Stabs her.*)

Revenge is mine; honour doth love command.

Ann. Oh brother, by your hand!

Gio. When thou art dead
I'll give my reasons for't; for to dispute
With thee, even in thy death, most lovely beauty,
Would make me stagger to perform this act
Which I most glory in.

Ann. Forgive him, heaven—and me my sins! Farewell.
Brother unkind, unkind—mercy, great heaven—oh—oh!

(*Dies.*)

Gio. She's dead, alas, good soul! the happy fruit,
That in her womb received its life from me,
Hath had from me a cradle and a grave.
I must not dally. This sad marriage-bed,
In all her best, bore her alive and dead.
Soranzo, thou hast miss'd thy aim in this;
I have prevented now thy reaching plots,
And kill'd a love, for whose each drop of blood
I would have pawn'd my heart. Fair Annabella,
How over-glorious art thou in thy wounds,
Triumphing over infamy and hate!
Shrink not courageous hand, stand up my heart,
And boldly act my last, and greater part!

(*Exit with the Body.*)

For the sake of certain students in "realities," certain moral readers of the outsidings of words, certain surface-philosophers, to whose critic-eyed apprehensions

"A Primrose by a river's brim
A yellow Primrose" is,
"And—nothing more."

for their poor virtue's sake we beg most explicitly to state, that, in giving the above Shaksperian scenes, we have no intention or desire of recommending or even justifying the sexual intercourse of members of the same family. Nevertheless, we cannot agree with Charles Lamb, who, in his *Specimens of the Early English Dramatists*, quoting from this play, appends the following note, as applicable thereto.

"Sir Thomas Browne, in the last chapter of his *Inquiry into Vulgar Errors*—'Of some Relations whose truth we fear,' rebukes such authors as have chosen to relate prodigious and nameless sins. His reasoning is solemn and fine. 'Lastly, as there are many Relations whereto we cannot assent, and make some doubt thereof, so there are divers others whose verities we

fear, and heartily wish there were no truth therein. Many other accounts like these we meet sometimes in History, scandalous unto Christianity, and even unto humanity; *whose not only verities but relations honest minds do deprecate*. For of sins heteroclitical, and such as want either name or precedent, there is oftimes a sin even in their histories. *We desire no records of such enormities; sins should be accounted new, that so they may be esteemed monstrous*. They omit of monstrosity, as they fall from their rarity: FOR MEN COUNT IT VENIAL TO ERR WITH THEIR FOREFATHERS, AND FOOLISHLY CONCEIVE THEY DIVIDE A SIN IN ITS SOCIETY. The pens of men may sufficiently expatiate without these singularities of villainy, for as they increase the hatred of vice in some, so do they enlarge the theory of wickedness in all. And this is one thing may make latter ages worse than the former: for the vicious examples of ages past, poison the curiosity of those present, affording a hint of sin unto seduceable spirits, and soliciting those unto the imitation of them, whose heads were never so perversely principled as to invent them. *In things of this nature silence commendeth History; 'tis the veniable part of things lost, wherein there must never arise a Pance-rollus,* nor remain any register but that of Hell.'*"†

The Philosopher's reasoning is fine; but it is not applicable to the case before us. There is not in the union of a brother and a sister the prodigiousness of disgusting sin which the world attributes. There *need be* no depravity of character: there *may be* no immorality as regards the persons so united: the *immorality* is in the social effect. The morality of an action is to be estimated by two considerations: the effect upon the character of the actor, and the effect, immediate and remote, on all other beings. One reason for the prohibition of the custom of unions between members of the same family (a custom allowed by the Egyptians and other nations) is to prevent sexual intercourse before the age of puberty, among those brought up together. A rational education, instead of the prurient mismanagement now prevalent, would better effect this object than any fearful prohibition. Another object is to prevent the deterioration of the human species by continual intermarrying of the same race. That this is a well-grounded objection is clearly proved by the various royal families of Europe, whose continual intermarriages have reduced the whole of them to nearly a state of idiotcy. In being the cause of this deterioration consists the natural immorality of the act. The marriages of cousins or other relatives is productive of similar evil effect, in proportion to the nearness of kin. There may, however, be cases in which the lesser immorality would be in the connection: such cases in which the unhappiness and evil caused to two persons so loving, by the thwarting of their affections, which evil is transmitted by them upon the world, outweighs the mischief of such connection, either in its immediate effect or looking at it as an example. The only ground that can be assigned for inculcating the general over-condemnatory horror of such acts is this:—humankind have been treated as children who, not having sufficient reason to see the consequences of their actions, required the terror and mysterious threats of superstition to scare them from actions of injurious tendency not easily apparent. We cannot think this the best teaching, even for children. We cannot but think that to expose the natural consequences of actions and to strictly avoid all infliction of un consequential punishment, or dread of such infliction, is the most beneficial, as it is the only honest method of treatment. More particularly to remark on the instances before us, we would say, that Giovanni and Annabella are not high characters. Giovanni is deficient in delicacy of feeling, and in the pure-mindedness of an exalted passion, which would have led him to prevent his sister's "marriage:" and Annabella wants that intensity and stability of character (however real her

* Who wrote "De antiqua deperditis," or, of the lost inventions of antiquity.

† If Lamb was serious and honest in applying Sir Thomas Browne's note, why did he rake up from its obscurity this "relation of a prodigious sin," procuring for it, among his *Specimens*, a place it would not otherwise have had, in the libraries of thousands of families, and rendering a forgotten thing anew notorious? He cites his own condemnation.

love for Giovanni) which would have told her that any world-infamy was to be endured rather than her prostitution to a man whom she did not love; which would have preserved her conscientiousness from the influence of a timorous repentance. Referring, not to her love for her brother, but to her unloving and unholy marriage with Soranzo, we echo the words of the moralist—"Tis pity she's a whore." Both brother and sister, indeed, doubt of their own integrity, and consequently fall short of greatness; for even an action which is criminal and immoral in its effects upon society, may be performed conscientiously, and so satisfactorily justify the actor *to himself*; whereas the most laudable and beneficial action, if performed against conscience, or without faith in its integrity, is treason against the majesty of a man's own soul, and accuses him of falsehood and evil to that severe judging of his own thoughts, from which there is no appeal, whose sentence is remorse and self-loathing, and a falling away from that unity of spirit without which is no grandeur, nor worth, nor portion in the Infinitude of Power.

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. XXIV.

It was a damp and raw morning: the sun had not yet arisen, and there was no light save the dim twilight that precedes the dawn.

On a vast and interminable plain were pitched a countless multitude of tents: the dwellings of the first-born of clay.

And I beheld men running to and fro, and busied in their several avocations: and they were all equal; and although the morning was cold and gloomy they were not unhappy.

Suddenly a deeper shade overspread the face of Nature; the earth shook; and a voice, whose sound was like the groaning of one in the agonies of a terrible death, was heard crying, Woe unto man! the reign of tyranny hath commenced.

And a thrill of indescribable horror ran through men's hearts when they heard the harsh and sepulchral tones of that voice; and they ceased from their labours, and stood trembling with fearful expectation: and all eyes were turned towards one of the tents, which seemed to dilate, increasing in girth and height till its top reached unto the clouds.

And looking into the tent, I beheld a throne: and upon the throne sate one of a stern and fierce aspect, his brows wreathed with laurel, in his right hand a naked sword, and in his left an even balance.

And he weighed out justice to the people who flocked crouching around the tent: he dealt impartially, yet they hated him; for he forced them to bow down and worship at his footstool, and their worship was the worship of fear.

A dart from an unseen hand pierced his breast, and he fell from the throne.

And in his place arose one resembling him in features, yet more stern and terrible, for his countenance bore the expression of a demon: instead of the laurel he wore an iron crown; his sword was bloody; and he spurned far from him the equal balance.

And the fear of the people was changed to hate; and they strove to overturn the throne whereon he sate: but the fiend laughed them to scorn.

And when they were exhausted with their fruitless efforts, he seized a scourge, and scourged those who had striven against his authority, branding them on the brow as rebels, as enemies of God and man.

And he made him a yoke of iron, and laid it upon their necks; and forged strong and heavy chains, and riveted them upon their arms and legs: the people bowed themselves in silence, for hope had forsaken their bosoms, and resistance seemed vain.

He vanished: the throne had another occupier. The puny voice of an infant gave its command to millions: so great fear had fallen upon men, that

they obeyed implicitly the caprices of one whose sceptre was a pap-spoon, and whose sword a plaything of lath.

The arrow of death again was launched; and upon the throne sate a man of craft and guile: and he said within himself, men's chains indeed are strong, but time and repeated struggles will wear and weaken them, and they cannot always be renewed. I must blind their eyes, and my reign shall be for ever.

So he called unto him the Sage; the Priest came also to his assistance: and at his word they bound the eyes of the Nations, and his power was established; and when he died the people mourned for him as for a father.

And after him I beheld upon the throne one in whose face there was no expression save the wild fire of insanity, that flashed from his vacant eyes, as the lightning glareth in the hollow midnight: his mouth gaped open; and his spittle ran down upon his beard.

And so blind and infatuated were the sons of men, that they bent the knee and worshipped him, and obeyed his decrees, extolling his idiot ravings as the words of a God.

Away!—Shadow after shadow passed rapidly before me: the tyrant, the fool, and the madman, sate alternately upon the throne, and received the homage of men. *Of men?*

But as the day advanced, the rays of the sun shed their warmth upon the hearts of the people, engendering feelings within them which before they knew not.

And they saw and felt that they were slaves: and they struggled violently to rid themselves of their fetters.

But the eyes of the Throned were dazzled by that holy light: and they perceived not that the People had freed their right hand, and torn the bandage from their eyes.

†

PERSONAL TALK.

"Yet life," you say, "is life; we have seen and see,
And with a living pleasure we describe;
And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe
The languid mind into activity.
Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and glee
Are fostered by the comment and the gibe."
Even be it so: yet still among your tribe,
Our daily world's true Worldlings, rank not me!
Children are blest, and powerful; their world lies
More justly balanced; partly at their feet,
And part far from them:—sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more sweet;
Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
He is a Slave; the meanest we can meet!

Wordsworth.

The Beautiful.—There is no more potent antidote to low sensuality, than the adoration of the beautiful. All the higher arts of design are essentially chaste, without respect of the object. They purify the thoughts, as tragedy purifies the passions. Their accidental effects are not worth consideration—there are souls to whom even a vestal is not holy.—*Schlegel.*

Abuse of Words.—A traveller, stopped in his way by a torrent, asks a villager on the opposite bank to show him the ford:—"Go to the right," shouts the countryman:—He takes the right, and is drowned. The other runs up, crying—"Oh, how unfortunate! I did not tell him to go to *his* right, but to *mine*."—*Voltaire.*

June 15, 1839.

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



THE DELUGE.



MAHMOUD.

THERE came a man, making his hasty moan
 Before the Sultan Mahmoud on his throne,
 And crying out—"My sorrow is my right,
 And I *will* see the Sultan, and to-night."
 "Sorrow," said Mahmoud, "is a reverend thing:
 I recognize its right, as king with king;
 Speak on." "A fiend has got into my house,"
 Exclaim'd the staring man, "and tortures us:
 One of thine officers;—he comes, the abhor'd,
 And takes possession of my house, my board,
 My bed:—I have two daughters and a wife,
 And the wild villain comes and makes me mad with life."
 "Is he there now?" said Mahmound:—"No;—he left
 The house when I did, of my wits bereft;
 And laugh'd me down the street, because I vow'd
 I'd bring the prince himself to lay him in his shroud.
 I'm mad with want—I'm mad with misery,
 And, oh thou Sultan Mahmoud, God cries out for thee!"

The Sultan comforted the man, and said,
 "Go home, and I will send thee wine and bread,"
 (For he was poor) "and other comforts. Go;
 And, should the wretch return, let Sultan Mahmoud know."

In three days' time, with haggard eyes and beard,
 And shaken voice, the suitor re-appear'd,
 And said "He's come."—Mahmoud said not a word,
 But rose and took four slaves, each with a sword,
 And went with the vex'd man. They reach the place,
 And hear a voice, and see a female face,
 That to the window flutter'd in affright:
 "Go in," said Mahmoud, "and put out the light;
 But tell the females first to leave the room;
 And when the drunkard follows them, we come."

The man went in. There was a cry, and hark!
 A table falls, the window is struck dark:
 Forth rush the breathless women; and behind
 With curses comes the fiend in desperate mind.
 In vain: the sabres soon cut short the strife,
 And chop the shrieking wretch, and drink his bloody life.

"Now *light* the light," the Sultan cried aloud.
 'Twas done; he took it in his hand, and bow'd
 Over the corpse, and look'd upon the face;
 Then turn'd and knelt beside it in the place,
 And said a prayer, and from his lips there crept
 Some gentle words of pleasure, and he wept.

In reverend silence the spectators wait,
 Then bring him at his call both wine and meat;
 And when he had refresh'd his noble heart,
 He bade his host be blest, and rose up to depart.

The man amazed, all mildness now, and tears,
 Fell at the Sultan's feet, with many prayers,

And begg'd him to vouchsafe to tell his slave,
 The reason first of that command he gave
 About the light ; then, when he saw the face,
 Why he knelt down ; and lastly, how it was, }
 That fare so poor as his detain'd him in the place. }

The Sultan said, with much humanity,
 " Since first I saw thee come, and heard thy cry,
 I could not rid me of a dread, that one
 By whom such daring villanies were done, }
 Must be some lord of mine, perhaps a lawless son. }
 Whoe'er he was, I knew my task, but fear'd
 A father's heart, in case the worst appear'd :
 For this I had the light put out : but when
 I saw the face, and found a stranger slain,
 I knelt and thank'd the sovereign arbiter,
 Whose work I had perform'd through pain and fear ;
 And then I rose, and was refresh'd with food,
 The first time since thou cam'st, and marr'dst my solitude."
Leigh Hunt.

Brutus.—Let us take a survey of the example which is most offensive to the delicacy of the present age ; I mean the conduct of Junius Brutus, who sentenced his own sons to death, for having conspired against the state, at a crisis, when the slightest sinister accident threatened its ruin. It is certain that, if he had pardoned them, his colleague would have pardoned all their accomplices, and the republic would have been undone. But it may be asked, of what consequence was that ? We will suppose it then a matter of indifference, that the state had still subsisted ; and that Brutus, in the course of his office, was about to condemn another criminal ; might not the culprit with great justice address him as follows : " Wherefore, consul, do you condemn me ? Am I guilty of a greater crime than betraying my country ? And am not I also your child ? " I should be glad to know what reply Brutus could make to such a remonstrance.

Will it be said that Brutus ought to have abdicated the consulship, rather than have condemned his own children ? I answer, No ! On the contrary, I affirm that every magistrate or governor, who should leave his post at such a crisis and abandon his country in such a perilous situation, would be a traitor and worthy of death. There is no medium in these things : Brutus must have been infamous, or Titus and Tiberius have fallen by his order, under the axe of the lictors.—*Rousseau.*

TIMOLEON.

TIMOLEON was the son of Timodemus of Corinth. His love of his country was remarkable, and so was the mildness of his disposition, saving that he bore an extreme hatred to tyrants and wicked men. His natural abilities for war were so happily tempered, that as an extraordinary prudence was seen in the enterprises of his younger years, so an undaunted courage distinguished his declining age. He had an elder brother, named Timophanes, who resembled him in nothing ; being rash and indiscreet of himself, and utterly corrupted, besides, by the passion for sovereignty, infused into him by some of his profligate acquaintance, and certain foreign soldiers whom he had always about him. He appeared to be impetuous in war, and to court danger, which gave his countrymen such an opinion of his courage and

activity, that they frequently intrusted him with the command of the army. And in these matters Timoleon much assisted him, by entirely concealing, or at least extenuating his faults, and magnifying the good qualities which nature had given him.

In a battle between the Corinthians and the troops of Argos and Cleone, Timoleon happened to serve among the infantry, when Timophanes, who was at the head of the cavalry, was brought into extreme danger; for his horse, being wounded, threw him amidst the enemy. Hereupon, part of his companions were frightened and presently dispersed; and the few that remained, having to fight with numbers, with difficulty stood their ground. Timoleon, seeing his brother in these circumstances, ran to his assistance, and covered him as he lay, with his shield; and, after having received abundance of darts and many strokes of the sword upon his body, and his armour, by great efforts repulsed the enemy and saved him.

Some time after this, the Corinthians, apprehensive that their city might be surprised through some treachery of their allies, as it had been before, resolved to keep on foot four hundred mercenaries; and gave the command of them to Timophanes. But he, having no regard to justice or honour, soon entered into measures to subject the city to himself; and having put to death a number of the principal inhabitants without form of trial, declared himself absolute prince of it. Timoleon, greatly concerned at this, and accounting the treacherous proceedings of his brother his own misfortune, went to expostulate with him, and endeavoured to persuade him to renounce this madness and unfortunate ambition, and to bethink himself how to make his fellow-citizens some amends for the crimes he had committed. But, as he rejected his single admonition with disdain, he returned a few days after, taking with him a kinsman, named *Æschylus*, brother to the wife of Timophanes, and a certain soothsayer, a friend of his, whom Theopompus calls *Satyrus*, but Ephorus and Timæus mention by the name of *Orthagoras*. These three standing round him, earnestly entreated him yet to listen to reason and change his mind. Timophanes at first laughed at them, and afterwards gave way to a violent passion; upon which, Timoleon stepped aside, and stood weeping, with his face covered, while the other two drew their swords, and dispatched him in a moment.*

The matter being soon generally known, the principal and most valuable part of the Corinthians extolled Timoleon's detestation of wickedness, and that greatness of soul which, notwithstanding the gentleness of his heart, and his affection to his relations, led him to prefer his country to his family, and justice and honour to interest and advantage. While his brother fought valiantly for his country, he had saved him; and slain him when he had treacherously enslaved it. Those who knew not how to live in a democracy, and had been used to make their court to men in power, pretended indeed to rejoice at the tyrant's death; but at the same time reviling Timoleon, as guilty of a horrible and impious deed, they created him great uneasiness. When he heard how heavily his mother bore it, and that she uttered the most dreadful wishes and imprecations against him, he went to excuse it and console her; but she could not endure the thought of seeing him, and ordered the doors to be shut against him. He then became entirely a prey to sorrow, and attempted to put an end to his life by abstaining from all manner of food. In these unhappy circumstances his friends did not abandon him. They even added force to their entreaties, till they prevailed on him to live. He determined, however, to live in solitude; and accordingly he withdrew from all public affairs, and for some years did not so much as approach the city, but wandered about the most gloomy parts of his grounds, and gave himself up to melancholy. Thus the judgment, if it borrows not from reason and philosophy sufficient strength and steadiness for action, is easily unsettled and depraved by any casual commendation or dispraise, and departs from its own purposes.

* Diodorus tells us that Timoleon slew his brother with his own hand, in the market-place.

For an action should not only be just and laudable in itself but the principle from which it proceeds firm and immovable, in order that our conduct may have the sanction of our own approbation. Otherwise, upon the completion of any undertaking, we shall, through our own weakness, be filled with sorrow and remorse, and the splendid ideas of honour and virtue, that led us to perform it, will vanish; just as the glutton is soon cloyed and disgusted with the luscious viands which he had before devoured with too keen an appetite. Repentance tarnishes the best actions; whereas the purposes that are grounded upon knowledge and reason never change, though they may happen to be disappointed of success. Hence it was that Phocion of Athens having vigorously opposed the proceedings of Leosthenes, which notwithstanding turned out much more happily than he expected, when he saw the Athenians offering sacrifice, and elated with their victory, told them, *he was glad of their success, but if it were to do over again, he should give the same counsel.* Still stronger was the answer which Aristides the Locrian, one of Plato's intimate friends, gave to Dionysius the elder, when he demanded one of his daughters in marriage, *I had rather see the virgin in her grave, than in the palace of a tyrant.* And when Dionysius soon after put his son to death, and then insolently asked, *What he now thought as to the disposal of his daughter?* *I am sorry,* said he, *for what you have done, but I am not sorry for what I said.* However, it is only a superior and highly accomplished virtue that can attain such heights as these.—*Plutarch*

THE CONSCIENCIOUS.

ANGELINA E. GRIMKE and her sister SARAH (two of the most zealous advocates for the abolition of Slavery in the United States of America) are Quaker ladies of South Carolina. They are (what is called) highly connected, *being sisters of the Hon. Thos. S. Grimke.* This gentleman was, in point of scholarship, the greatest ornament of the United States, and his character was honoured by the whole community. After his death his sisters strove, by all the means which could be devised by powerful intellects and kind hearts, to ameliorate the condition of the slaves they had inherited. In defiance of the laws, they taught them, and introduced upon their estates as many as possible of the usages of free society. But it would not do. There is no infusing into slavery the benefits of freedom. When these ladies had become satisfied of this fact, they surrendered their worldly interests, instead of their consciences. They freed their slaves, and put them in the way of providing for themselves in a free region, and then retired to Philadelphia, to live on the small remains of their former opulence. It does not appear that they had any intention of coming forward publicly, as they have since done; but the circumstance of their possessing the knowledge, which other abolitionists want, of the minute details and less obvious workings of the slavery system, was the occasion of their being applied to, more and more frequently and extensively, for information, till they publicly placed their knowledge at the service of all who needed it, and at length began to lecture wherever there was an audience who requested to hear them. Their Quaker habits of speaking in public rendered this easy to them; and the exertion of their great talents in this direction has been of most essential service to the Anti-slavery cause. It was before they adopted this mode of action that the public first became interested in these ladies, through a private letter written by Angelina to her friend Garrison—a letter which he did his race the kindness to publish, and which strengthened even the great man's strong heart. (Thus grandly it concludes:)

"At one time I thought this system (of Black Slavery, would be overthrown in blood, with the confused noise of the warrior; but a hope gleams across my mind that our blood will be spilt, instead of the slaveholders'; our

lives will be taken, and their's spared.—I say a hope, for of all things I desire to be spared the anguish of seeing our beloved country desolated with the horrors of a servile war.—A. E. GRIMKE.

Angelina E. Grimke was married, (in the spring of 1838) to Theodore D. Weld, a man worthy of her, and one of the bravest of the abolition confessors. The wedding took place at Philadelphia, and, the laws of Pennsylvania constituting any marriage legal which (the parties being of age) is contracted in the presence of twelve persons, was attended by neither clergyman nor magistrate. Mr. Weld, in promising to be just and affectionate to his wife, and to protect and cherish her, expressly abjured all use of the power which an unjust law put into his hands over her property, her person, and her will. Among those assembled was Garrison, who took charge of the certifying part of the business; and two persons of colour, friends of the Grimkes, and who had been their slaves.—*Harriet Martineau.*

Confinement of Debtors.—The property of a people is proportionate to the number of hands and minds usefully employed. Every being that continues to be fed, and ceases to labour, takes away something from the public stock. The confinement therefore of any man in the sloth and darkness of a prison, is a loss to the nation, and no gain to the creditor. For of the multitudes who are pining in those cells of misery, a very small part is suspected of any fraudulent act by which they retain what belongs to others. The rest are imprisoned by the wantonness of pride, the malignity of revenge, or the acrimony of disappointed expectation.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Spies.—A Spy is the creature of an unjust government, employed to foment the insurrection of an outraged People, and so, betraying them, to afford a pretext for greater villainies than tyranny dares openly to practise.

Pension.—The pay of a State-hireling for treason against his country.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Libel.—Falsehood put forth with intent to injure.—*W. J. Fox.*

Ambassador—One sent to lie abroad for the good of his country.—*Sir Henry Wotton.*

Ignorance.—That man must be very ignorant, for he answers every question that is asked him.—*Voltaire.*

Vulgarity is commonness, piquing itself on the reverse.—*Leigh Hunt.*

Invitation to a fever.—He that tempts me to drink beyond my measure, civilly invites me to a fever.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE DELUGE.

THE question has long been agitated, whether the Deluge was universal—whether it inundated the whole earth without exception, or only the portions of the earth which was then known. Those, who have thought that it extended only to the tribes then existing, have founded their opinion on the inutilty of flooding unpeopled lands, which reason seems very plausible. As for us, we abide by the Scripture text, without pretending to explain it. But we shall take greater liberty with Berosus, an ancient Chaldean writer, of whom there are fragments preserved by Abydenus, quoted by Eusebius, and repeated word for word by George Syncellus. From these fragments we find, that the Orientals of the borders of the Euxine, in ancient times, made Armenia the abode of their Gods. In this they were imitated by the Greeks, who placed their deities on Mount Olympus. Men have always confounded human with divine things. Princes built their citadels upon mountains; therefore they were also made the dwelling-place of the Gods, and became sacred. The summit of Mount Ararat is concealed by mists; therefore the Gods hid themselves in those mists, sometimes vouchsafing to appear to mortals in fine weather.

A God of that country, believed to have been Saturn, appeared one day to Xixuter, tenth king of Chaldea—according to the computation of Africanus, Abydenus, and Apollodorus, and said to him—

“On the fifteenth day of the month Oësi, mankind shall be destroyed by a deluge. Shut up close all your writings in Sipara, the city of the sun, that the memory of things may not be lost. Build a vessel; enter it with your relatives and friends; take with you birds and beasts; stock it with provisions; and when you are asked, ‘Whither are you going in that vessel?’ answer, ‘To the Gods, to beg their favour for mankind.’”

Xixuter built his vessel, which was two stadii wide and five long; that is, its width was two hundred and fifty geometrical paces, and its length six hundred and twenty-five. This ship, which was to go upon the Black Sea, was a slow sailor. The flood came. When it had ceased, Xixuter let some of his birds fly out; but, finding nothing to eat, they returned to the vessel. A few days afterwards, he again set some of his birds at liberty, and they returned with mud in their claws. At last they went, and returned no more. Xixuter did likewise: he quitted his ship, which had perched upon a mountain of Armenia, and he was seen no more: the Gods took him away.

There is probably something historic in this fable. The Euxine overflowed its banks, and inundated some portions of territory; and the King of Chaldea hastened to repair the damage. We have in Rabelais tales no less ridiculous, founded on some small portion of truth. The ancient historians are for the most part serious Rabelais.—*Voltaire*.

The Believers.—I am not afraid of those tender and scrupulous consciences, who are over cautious of professing and believing too much: if they are sincerely in the wrong, I forgive their errors and respect their integrity. The men I am afraid of, are the men who believe every thing, subscribe to every thing, and vote for every thing.—*Bishop Shipley*.

Custom may lead a man into many errors, but it justifies none.—*Fielding*.

Principles.—The change we personally experience from time to time, we obstinately deny to our principles.—*Zimmerman*.

THE STORM-LIGHT.

THERE is a mood which can not tolerate
 That fitful mirth, cold and ironical,
 Wherewith the Undeceived would beguile
 The rage of the common Hours, whose trappings fall
 Heavily on their souls, whose monstrous hate
 Would batten on their thoughts majestic.
 Another shout!—Those flashes emanate
 From the heart's thunder-cloud; that forked smile
 Is of the writhing lip; and tears await,
 Avengers of that laugh hysterical.
 Ah me! how sad is Truth! All things do wear
 The livery of the Hypocritical:—
 Even kindest spirits jest while they do bear
 O'er the world's blighted hopes their many-colour'd pall.

THE WAIL OF THE IMPATIENT.

“We labour but in vain!—The unrest of thought;
 The Enthusiast's, Patriot's zeal; the Martyr's pain—
 Stirring the stagnant shame—what have they wrought,
 Save their possessors' woe!—We bleed in vain!”
 The moan of One who, in drear solitude,
 A palsied, purposeless, and nerveless Thing,
 On the dank grave of many hopes doth cower,
 With an unechoed plaint aye communing:
 His spirit is burnt out; he doth devour
 Cold ashes of despair in bitter mood.
 He went forth to the world: upon his side
 Did Desolation wait; around his brain
 A numbing wreath of venom'd scorn was tied.
 “Hope hath brought forth a curse: we labour, but in vain!”

FAITH—THE COMFORTER.

O, not “in vain”!—Even poor rotting weeds
 Nourish the roots of fruitfulest fair trees:
 So from thy Fortune-loathed Hope proceeds
 The experience that shall base high victories.
 The Tree o' the good and evil Knowledge needs
 A rooting-place in thoughtful agonies:
 Failures of lofty essays are the seeds,
 Out of whose dryness, when cold Night dissolves
 Into the dawning Spring, fertilities
 Of healthiest promise leap rejoicingly:—
 Therefore hold on thy way, all undismay'd
 At the bent brows of Fate, untiringly!
 Knowing this—that through all woe our earth involves,
 Sooner or later, LOVE must be obey'd.

Man a necessary Agent.—Man is born without his own consent; his organization does in no wise depend upon himself; his ideas come to him involuntarily; his habits are in the power of those who cause him to contract them; he is unceasingly modified by causes, whether visible or concealed, over which he has no control, which necessarily regulate his mode of existence, give the hue to his way of thinking, and determine his manner of acting. He is good or bad—happy or miserable—wise or foolish—reasonable or irrational, without his will going for any thing in these various states; nevertheless, in despite of the shackles by which he is bound, *it is pretended* he is a free agent. It may be said that necessity strikes at the root of morality—to which I would answer, “Are there none who do evil without believing in necessity? And may not men believe themselves equally impelled to do good?”—*D’Holbach*.

Investigation.—There is no proper boundary to human investigation but the capacity of the human mind. Whatever the faculties enable it to understand, it ought to examine without any restraint on the freedom of its inquiry, and with no other limit as to its extent than that which its great Author has fixed, by withholding from it the power to proceed farther. When the means of conducting the human understanding to its highest perfection shall have become generally understood, this freedom of inquiry will not only be universally allowed, but early and anxiously inculcated *as a duty* of primary and essential obligation.—*Dr. Southwood Smith*.

Knowledge and Belief.—As our knowledge is supplied by our own individual sensations, and our belief by the attested sensations of others, it is possible, while pretending to communicate knowledge, only to communicate belief. This we know to be the system pursued in all our schools and colleges, where the truths of the most demonstrable sciences are presented under the disguise of oral or written lessons, instead of being exposed, in practical illustrations, to the eye, and the ear, and the touch, in the simple, incontrovertible fact. This method, while it tends to hide and perpetuate the errors of teachers, so does it also inculcate credulity and blind belief in the scholar, and finally establishes the conclusion in the mind, that knowledge is compounded of words, and signs, and intellectual abstractions, instead of facts and human sensations.—*Frances Wright*.

IF Thou be one whose heart the holy forms
Of young imagination have kept pure,
Stranger! henceforth be warned; and know that *pride*,
How'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness; that he, who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used; that thought with him
Is in its infancy. The man, whose eye
Is ever on himself, doth look on one,
The least of Nature's works, one who might move
The wise man to that *scorn which wisdom holds*
Unlawful, ever. O be wiser, Thou!
Instructed that TRUE KNOWLEDGE LEADS TO LOVE;
True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart.

Wordsworth.

THE WORLD'S TOLERATION.

A SUMMARY OF EVILS.

WHO says that the world is intolerant? Let us not be misunderstood! We have thrown hard words at the world: we did not mean to hurt it. We have accused the world of " manifold sins and wickedness, from time to time most grievously committed." Let us now think about its virtues! To begin with what is not exactly a virtue, though it wears its semblance, on which, indeed, the world prides itself, as if it were never so virtuous—**THE WORLD'S TOLERATION**; an inexhaustible theme. *What is there which it does not tolerate?*

It tolerates **ROYALTY**—with all its family of lies and outrages; such as misrule, and useless offices, and profligacy, and pensions, and state-churches for show, and treason against liberty, and selling of one's country, and wholesale murder—sometimes called war, and robbery—sometimes thought legislation, and national degradation and ignorance, and inanity throned in the place of wisdom, and a preferring of hypocrisy and outward show to intrinsic worth, and the dividing men into fractions to preserve the "balance" of power, and the desolation of vast territories to fill a treasury, and incessant agonies of millions of more worth than the thing upon the throne, and broken hearts innumerable. Royalty, the parent of this monstrous swarm, is tolerated by the world. O gentle world! much-abused world! most patient world! that puttest up with thine own injury, and meekly waitest the smiters' pleasure: and this long-suffering world, that seeketh not its own, is called intolerant! Show we further proof of its abundant tolerance!

The world tolerates **PRIESTCRAFT**—that most irreligious Thing, that master curse, which has made our beautiful earth a hell, filling man's home with strife and horrible fears and inexpressible agonies; Priestcraft, that great hypocrisy, which, lying to the soul of man, unblushingly calls God the father of its lies; which haunts the conscientious with dread of sin, and terrible doubtings, and faithlessness in good; and which is the especial educator of falsehood, and employer of dissension, and maddening and maddest injury, to work its malignantly selfish purposes. Priestcraft is tolerated in all its forms, from the courtly insolence and rapacity of episcopal domination, to the raving of cursing independents, and the sneaking and truckling worldliness of the "supported by voluntary contributions." The mark of the Beast is on them all; yet all are tolerated by the world's—*weakness* shall we call it?

The world tolerates **SLAVERY**—the desperate and woful slavery of the many for the selfish gratification and pampering of the few; the enslaving of the more beautiful half of humanity by the more brutal; the mental slavery of the whole race; the wrongful serving of the intellectual by the moral, whereas the intellect should ever minister to morality, having no other purpose; the servile following of opinion; and the immoral, idiot obedience to dogma, to custom, to prejudice, to unruly appetite, to fear, to hatred, to anger, to contempt, and to all other such tyrants over poor dim-eyed and faint-hearted human creatures, who think themselves the children of God, and despise each other for being of the same family. All this slavery the world says is very tolerable; and would not alter it, no, "not for the world."

And **COMMERCE** is allowed to be very tolerable: ay, tolerable—with all its inevitable associations of selfishness, heart-burning, jealousy, competition, isolation, cunning, fraud, and callousness; inequality of fortune, producing the extreme of misery; the gain of one at the expense of many; waste of labour; the impoverishing of communities; the debasing of humanity by the pulling down of all spiritual soarings into the muck of sordidness and money-gathering sophistry; universal dishonesty and deadness of heart; and the blocking up the entrance to the temple of God with ingots of gold which no man may carry away. All this is esteemed very endurable: even to this injury the world appears resigned.

Even **WAR** is not a thing to be spoken against. Society is passing Christian.

It is an evil to be borne uncomplainingly. God is good; all things are for the best: it is not seemly for man to thwart his purposes. He visits us with plagues for some beneficial end: therefore we have doctors. War is so tolerable, that bishops support it; the Head of the Church lets havoc loose; poets write "Thanksgiving Odes" to compliment victorious murder, and to praise God for his proper ordering of the affair; and the Nation pays for it:—pays for what? for infamy; for blowing up ships; for sacking and burning towns; for ravaging fertile lands; for maiming and slaying with variety of torture thousands of sensitive beings, and for sending the bloodhound Agony to hunt down the hearts of widows and orphans; for demoralizing both victors and vanquished; for burthening with excessive taxation and high-heaped misery that portion of the community which is least able to bear it; and for retarding the progression of humanity in good toward happiness.

The world tolerates MARRIAGE—ay, Marriage Laws: and this albeit there is daily evidence of the intolerable weight of miseries thereby engendered. Though Marriage-Laws have rendered the manifestations of Love fewer than angels' visits, though they have ordered the respectably married into a state of degradation, lower than the mere "brute beasts that have no understanding"; still the world allows it.

The world tolerates PROSTITUTION and its most revolting consequences. It could not suffer Marriage without it.

The world tolerates INCEST. Noble and gentle men, and honourable and delicate ladies, cast out their nameless children into the social desert; brothers and sisters, thus neglected, and unacquainted with each other, meet and marry:—the world, with all its horror at brothers and sisters loving one another, permits their connection on such conditions. There are many far worse instances of the world's consideration of this subject.

The world tolerates OBSCENITY. A "very respectable" man owned to making a clear profit of £1300 a year by the sale of prints of the most lascivious character. Men of talent spend their *lives* in the production of these proofs of foul-mindedness and worse than bestiality, for the especial delight of the refined and intellectual, the aristocracy; and a member of the very highest station in society, elegant and polished, no doubt—possibly a regular church-goer, left at his death a collection of disgusting engravings valued at some thousands of pounds.

All sorts of INJUSTICES the tolerant world endures. The depriving all, save a fraction of the community, of their social rights; the treating the great mass of the people as mere beasts of burthen; the preference of fraudulent wealth to the honesty that wealth had plundered; the privileging wilful idleness, and punishing with stripes and starvation those who are worn to the heart with long and unrewarded labour; the injustice of dividing men into castes; the injustice of the law of primogeniture—the robbing all but one of a family, for the sake of that one; the bastardizing those who did not beget themselves; the insolences of game-laws, church-rates, tithes, excise-laws, corn-laws, and such like; that most insolent injustice of usurping wrong—the denying the labourer's right to the produce of his own labour, the denial of his right to existence; the unreasonableness of punishing men for offences which the constitution of society has compelled; the unjust folly of private condemnations before judgment, and of judgment without evidence, or, at best, with partial and insufficient evidence; the injustice of anger, hatred, or contempt; the foolishness of repentance;—Oh! the count of the manifold Injustices weighs heavily upon the heart of him who but attempts to reckon them: yet the world looks on complacently, and disturbs not itself to accuse the evil, even to its own intense lovingness.

Can the world complain of CRUELTY? Unnecessary and inconsequential or arbitrary punishments, of all kinds, may be considered cruelties, savage and barbarous cruelties; to how great an extent publicly licensed here may be seen in the following *Digest of Gaol Returns* for the year of *Christianity*, 1836.

Men and Women imprisoned for want of proper Education.

Convicted of offences	-	-	-	-	16,418
Soldiers sentenced by Courts Martial	-	-	-	-	1,289
Deserters awaiting a route	-	-	-	-	592
For <i>Sins</i> against the game-laws	-	-	-	-	3,229
Number in prison during the year	-	-	-	-	90,127
Unable to read or write	-	-	-	-	20,456
Imprisoned upwards of three years	-	-	-	-	74
Imprisoned <i>before trial</i> , six months and upwards	-	-	-	-	91
And one person actually confined for more than THREE YEARS before trial.					
Punishments (such as whipping, solitary confinement, and hard labour) for offences committed in prison	-	-	-	-	42,549
At the time of the returns—					
Awaiting their trial	-	-	-	-	2,680
Debtors	-	-	-	-	1,851
Children under twelve years of age	-	-	-	-	945

All this is atrocious, because unnecessary, cruelty. Great rewards are offered for the apprehension of murderers: and why is so much trouble taken to find out the offender? That he may be corrected? O, no! It is done merely to prove that the Government has no objection to follow his example, and murder him to show its detestation of his offence. One of a gang of thieves is admitted King's (we should now say Queen's) Evidence: that is, temptation is thrown out to induce a far greater depravity than is necessarily the concomitant of felony. (There should be honour even among thieves: there is no evil so great as the destruction of faith between man and man.) Is such a state of things endurable? "Very endurable, very tolerable!" replies the imperturbable world. No wonder then, when men wantonly and needlessly torment each other, that the brutal treatment of brutes is deemed no offence. None at all, for the little displays of the *Society for the annoyance of cruel costermongers and cab-drivers*, are not worth noticing. These outrageously virtuous people never meddle with those *for whom* eels are skinned alive, and cod cut into slices alive, and lobsters boiled alive; they do not prevent the bleeding of calves to whiten the veal for lordly tables, the plucking of poultry alive for the "very reverend;" and as to angling, hunting, coursing, pheasant and partridge shooting, all for pleasure; as to agonizing and killing horses in racing and travelling—'tis for their own enjoyment; very tolerable—to the sufferers.

Even LYING, barefaced and braving censure, the world reproves not. Oaths are multiplied and insisted on, though they be ever and invariably falsehoods. Lawgivers lie by virtue of their office; in the same breath calling each other false and honest, proving themselves the first: being politically notorious liars, "without any reflection upon their personal character," as men wear masks and blame the vizor for the deceit. Priests lie at the altar; and the pious repeat their words. Trade is one monstrous lie: Society an incessant liar. Men lie in "God's House," in their homes, in the public ways; everywhere and at all times; they equivocate toward strangers, with their companions, to themselves in their solitude. The whole intercourse of life is deception. No man utters what he thinks: his every look is put on; his every tone and gesture is a lie. Is this tolerable? "Wherefore not?" says the world.

That IGNORANCE is tolerated, is evident even from the miseries we have cited, all of which are indisputably the results of Ignorance. Ignorance is especially fostered by pious people. Governments encourage Ignorance. The intentions of our own Government are very apparent. In the year their grant for National Education is exactly £30,000: their Stables at Windsor (including a riding-house, for the Queen rec exercise of riding) is just £70,000. Certainly, in our country Ignorance is suffered to live—ay, and to thrive.

THE WORLD TOLERATES ALL THE NUISANCES AND DISEASES OF SOCIETY, WHICH THERE IS NO GENERAL ENDEAVOUR TO REMEDY.

And what does the world object to tolerate? LOVE—only Love: no matter how it may be manifested—whether as Enthusiasm, too earnest to be courtly, too impassioned to be formal, too impetuous to be altogether inoffensive, though never intentionally offending, too truthful to twist manner and speech and tone into a crooked conformity with conventional proprieties; or whether it rather avoid appearance, working quietly in a life of strict justice, and gentlest endeavour to mitigate the inhuman wrongs, to allay the fiercenesses, and to charm away the prejudices, of that blind giant, the grey green world;—this thing alone the world will not tolerate, nor endure on any consideration.

But to have done with satire, no pleasant weapon to the loving and earnest, and only to be used justifiably, whether in indignant sarcasm or mildest irony, to expose the sophisms of despotic Falsehood. We would not even appear cynical. Men, after all, are more conscientious than they usually have credit for. Certainly, the conscientiousness of one who never examines the morality of his conduct is not worth much; but it may be the highest reasoning of which such an one is capable: and what more is to be expected from any? No man wilfully lies to himself: and were he not compelled to lie to his fellows, he would not so often deceive himself. There is nothing gained by the continual suspicion which men entertain of each other. Faith, which is the fruit of honesty, is also the seed of honesty. The honestest man has most faith in the existence of probity in others; and many men have been made honest, simply by being trusted. Children are honest till they are taught deception both by precept and example. This is indeed the first thing taught them—almost the only thing about which any great pains are taken; and then the inevitable result of the false education is adduced as proof of that worst lie, the natural depravity of humankind. Men are not allowed to tell truth, except on their death-beds; then they must say things palatable: so death-bed recantations are invented for those who during life have offended the world by too open an avowal of truth, whose intellects remain clear to the last, and whose consciences waver not. But what matter? If Paine had recanted, or Voltaire repented, what then? We cannot think the mind of a man enfeebled by decay or disease, a healthier thing than the same mind in a sound and undisordered body; nor any man's words the stronger for his mind's prostration: neither does Truth vary, because the minds of all men change. Men are accused of dishonesty, because some change in their principles is contemporary with some profit: this is not fair. The coincidence does not prove dishonesty. No, nor are they necessarily apostates, though the change of opinion be the consequence of the change of circumstances. Interest, blinding men's judgments, really alters their opinions, leaving them still conscientious, though, it may be, very poorly so. These considerations should teach us with what care and self-diffidence we ought to form our judgments of others' *misfortunes*; whether those misfortunes be deformity and disease, or bad dispositions and evil conduct: not tolerating the evil (as we have accused the unthinking world of doing); but keeping our hostility to the evil from degenerating into hatred of the evil-doer. The one is to be pitied, the other not to be tolerated; not for an instant, not by any one of us. In the words of one of the profoundest of thinkers, one strong in the faith of healthful loving-kindness—"Let us remember that there is a great deal of what is miscalled tolerance in the world. There are things not to be tolerated. Falsehood and badness are not to be tolerated: they are to be extirpated, to be rooted out; and *care is to be taken that what men think to be tolerance is not in reality indifference.*" Let this be especially noted! And further:—Above all things hold faith in the capability of man! There never was any great thing done without faith. From want of faith in man, he, who might have been a patriot, sinks into a knavish politician. Lacking faith in good, he, who might have been a poet, sinks into a Don Juan.

What wondrous things for humanity might not Napoleon have achieved, had he possessed faith in humanity. He, who doubts all others, will at last doubt himself. There is neither patriotism, nor philosophy, nor poetry, without faith. What more can be said than this:—Ever, and above all treasures, guard well thy faith in the almightiness, in the indomitable energy, in the divinity of Good: so keep thyself from impatiently sliding out of Love; so be ever zealous in combating evil; so be filled with charity, (which is benevolent justice,) for the worst evil-doer! The world will right itself in time.

Keep thy heart with all diligence: for out of it are the issues of life.

REVELATIONS OF TRUTH.

CHAP. XXV.

A VISION passed before me: a dream of the Past.

I descended into the world of shadows: mine eyes looked upon the deeds of former time; I beheld the spectres of long-vanished years.

That too is with the days of Eld, in the impenetrable depths of Eternity, pillowed upon the bosom of the Past.

And the Present, the Passing, to which we so fondly cling, which we fain would call our own: even as we speak it is no more; it sleepeth in the tomb of the Bygone—and what remaineth of the buried Gods?

In the perishing seed liveth the hope of the harvest; in the enduring evil groweth the germ of the future good: Who shall prophecy of the Coming Time?

Let me ascend to the heights of the mountains, and gaze upon the promised land; let me view the things that are yet to be: mine eyes shall pierce the distant realms of futurity; the doom of after years is before my sight.

I see Man grovelling in the dust: his right hand is unchained, but his left lies fettered beneath him; the iron collar of slavery still clingeth around his neck; the bandage is loosed from his eyes, but a mist is before them, and as yet he sees but indistinctly.

But the mist clears rapidly away; his arm, numbed and unnerved by the tightness of the old-time bonds, regains its strength: he perceiveth the weakness of the enslaver; he beginneth to feel his own power.

Lo! he collecteth himself for a mighty effort: he draws in his breath; his clenched hand is firmly pressed against the turf; with a sudden bound he springeth from the earth; he standeth erect upon his feet; the chains drop from his ancles; his left hand is unbound; with both hands he graspeth the iron collar, and wrencheth it from his neck:—He is free!

The sky is black with clouds: the banner of the storm is unfurled.

The winds arouse them from their slumbers; and their meeting is as the gathering of a host to battle: On to the foray!

Hark to the wild howl of the tempest, as in its fury it sweepeth over the earth!

Thrones and principalities and powers are scattered like chaff before it.

A long array of phantoms passeth before my eyes, borne upon the breath of the storm.

Pale, meagre forms tottering beneath the weight of their golden diadems; others clothed in long robes of white and divers colours; many in purple and fine linen: and as the blast whirleth round them, the clothes are stripped from their backs, and I behold their bodies covered with sores and blotches, and filled with foul diseases.

I see the face of heaven mantled as it were with a pall of blood; the sun is darkened and hath no warmth; the sun and the moon are become like clotted

gore; the horizon is a sheet of living fire: there is war upon the earth, a war of the fathers against the children, of the children against their parents; Death stalketh triumphantly through the lands, exulting in the havoc he hath made.

I see the whole race of Adam divided into two vast armies; and they fight hand to hand, and the carnage is terrible.

I see a banner planted upon a mound of earth like the grave of a poor man: and inscribed upon the banner are these words, Divine Right.

And behold One who approacheth and plucketh it down, and rendeth it, and trampleth it under his feet; and he planteth another banner in its stead: and the words which are written thereon are these, The Rights of Man.

I see a host of warriors countless as the sands on the sea-shore: the standard of Liberty floateth proudly o'er their heads; they are all clad in white vestments; and olive branches are in their hands.

I behold a land rich and fertile, like unto a garden of delicious flowers: beautiful dwellings are there, pleasant streams, and golden fields, and gorgeous and intricate woods.

Woman and man are equal: their forms are like the Gods of the olden poetry, strong and healthful, graceful and majestic and most lovely.

Beauty—impassioned and intellectual beauty—dwelleth, a vision of divinest melody, in their truthful features: the whole earth is filled with the multitudinous Incarnations of the Eternal Love.

There is no desert place, there is no scorching heat, no burning cold, nor famine, nor disease, nor evil thought.

All are equal, as brothers whose Love seeketh no mastery: there is none that loveth not; there is none that is not loved.

Woman and man are equal—free to select their life's companion, wisely choosing, and repenting not of their heart's choice; the little children are as the young flowers, filling the air with fragrance; the universal Being is one choral song wherein is no discord.

There is no money, yet none wanteth aught; for the earth giveth abundantly, and none withholdeth from his fellows.

In the morning they arise rejoicing; they dispute not about their several duties: *there is no more labour than health requireth*; and their employments are continual pleasures.

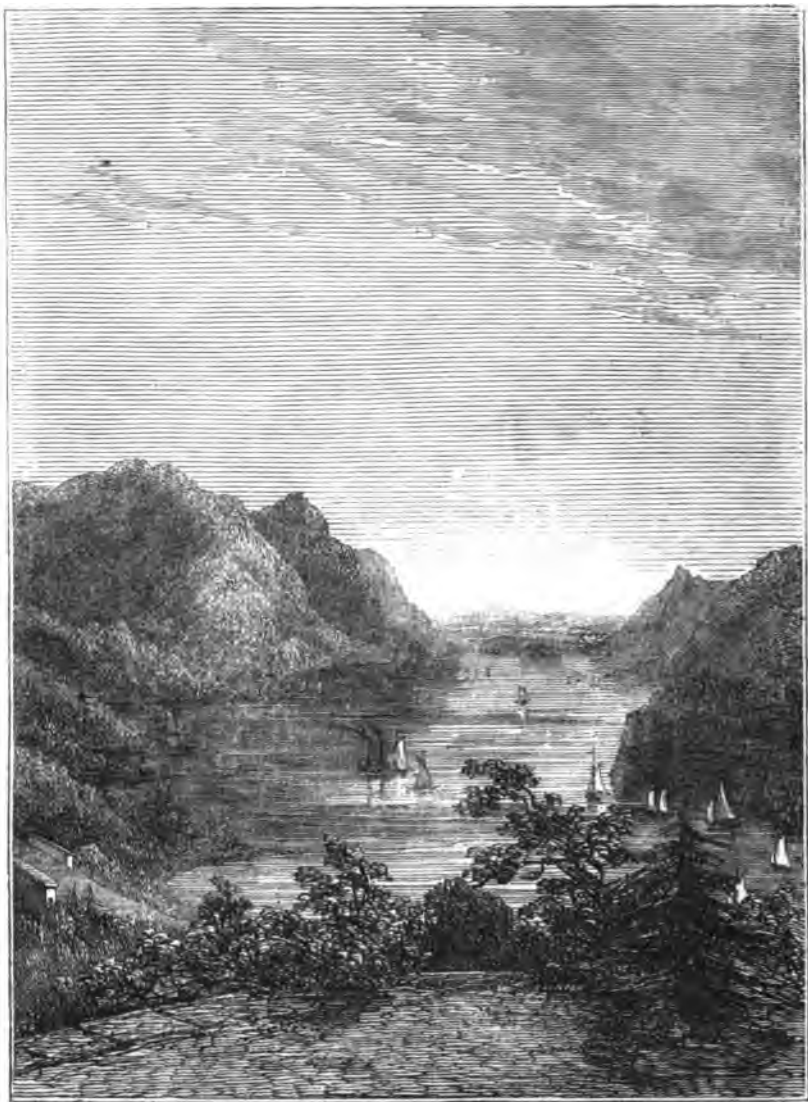
In the glorious evening they retire serenely to their rest: Love foldeth them in the impenetrable wings; and Joy reposeth upon the heart of Infinity. Amen! Amen!

"How is it possible?" is a phrase so common with us, that we quite forget its original meaning. *It is a question*, but we never fail to evade its legitimate answer. *It is a question to ourselves*, but we consciously shrink back from the task of meeting it with a fair and open reply. Let it be otherwise in the present instance.—*Pestalozzi*.

The Philosophy of Love.—It appears to me, that the world has become experienced enough to be capable of receiving its best profit through the medium of pleasurable, instead of painful, appeals to its reflection. There is an old philosophic conviction reviving among us as a popular one, (and there could not be one more desirable,) that it is time for those who would benefit their species, to put an end to recriminations, and denouncements, and threats, and agree to consider the sufferings of mankind as arising out of want of knowledge rather than defect of goodness.—*Leigh Hunt*.

THE NATIONAL,

A LIBRARY FOR THE PEOPLE.



VIEW FROM WEST POINT, ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

United States of North America.



POLITICAL GREATNESS.

NOR happiness, nor majesty, nor fame,
 Nor peace, nor strength, nor skill in arms or arts,
 Shepherd those herds whom tyranny makes tame;
 Verse echoes not one beating of their hearts,
 History is but the shadow of their shame,
 Art veils her glass, or from the pageant starts,
 As to oblivion their blind millions fleet,
 Staining that Heaven with obscene imagery
 Of their own likeness. What are numbers knit
 By force or custom? Man, who man would be,
 Must rule the empire of himself; in it
 Must be supreme, establishing his throne
 On vanquish'd will, quelling the anarchy
 Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

Shelley.

MORALITY OF THE PRESS.

THE first temptation which besets a man in his literary avocation, is that of lowering the standard with which, if left to himself, he would endeavour to arrive at conformity, and of bringing down the purposes at which he aims; for the obvious reason, that works on all the higher topics of thought, and which in their production imply, and in their perusal also, a strenuous and continuous exercise of mental power, are the least acceptable to the world, and the last which are likely to afford anything like remuneration to those by whom they are produced. The world generally does not care about them, and the man who lives by his pen must employ himself on something of a lower and lighter description.

The man who would live by literature is ever under temptation to abandon the noblest purposes which his own mind can conceive, and which it would excitingly task his best powers to execute; he must not appeal to those higher faculties in others with which he most desires to be in collision or in sympathy; he must attempt something less. No work of the severest logic that he can produce will be so good to him in a pecuniary point of view as some light, trifling, sparkling essay. No history, though it should relate to events of the greatest importance in the annals of the world, and depict the strongest powers of individuals in their strenuous conflicts with each other, or with society, would be profitable to him, however ably told, like an historical novel where every fact or character may be falsified with impunity for effect. In every case he is impelled, if he looks to his own personal interest, to prefer the lower to the higher, the lighter to the more severe.

In the next place he is tempted to accommodate himself to large classes of society. "Always move with the masses," was the motto of Napoleon in his political career, which led him not to do that which he thought best for mankind, but to consult its actual state, and see where opinion and prejudice had a strong hold upon numbers, and make that his guide. So the writer is tempted to move with the masses; and there are certain great classes of society, notoriously intolerant, whose favour it must be an important object to propitiate, and whose hostility he must by all means take care to shun.

The consequence is, that the writer becomes a dependent; that he has to adapt himself to views which are so confined that very often the mere circumstance of connexion, or want of connexion, with a titled family or a wealthy one, may be the occasion of acceptance or rejection. The writer, I say, has to become a dependent on a class, and to sink into the tool of that

class; to put all the stronger and nobler powers of his intellect in abeyance; to be a mere getter up of that which it is judged, as a matter of pecuniary interest, will so far suit the public taste, as to render it a profitable speculation. He deals in plagiarisms, and abridgments, and accommodations, and selections. He becomes less and less the principled, vigorous mind which should fulfil its native destiny, and which might, in so doing, realize for himself and others, the highest amount of good.

Yet worse temptations succeed to these. He is led to realize more and more profit by greater rapidity of writing, by that sort of periodical composition in which all time for thought and reflectiveness is annihilated; in which the whole operation degenerates into the mere production of words, words, words, so long as these words can be made an article of exchangeable value to his patron. Perhaps he sinks yet lower, and earns his subsistence by that anonymous writing in connexion with newspapers, which, though it may, and assuredly does consist in some cases with the purest and the highest principle, has temptations which lead towards the grossest dereliction. For these are monopolies, too; monopolies for personal purposes; monopolies for political and party purposes; monopolies with every immoral inducement; exposed, at least, to every immoral inducement, to deviate from the true, the impartial, and the useful. He is tempted to prostitute his powers yet more and more. He now becomes an adept at the plausible sophism, the dextrous insinuation, the malignant innuendo, and the daring falsehood. He ever has a reason ready for any measure which his employers' interest may require, or that may promote the objects of the party to which his publication is devoted, or obstruct the purposes of the opposite party. He trades in falsehood—direct and glaring falsehood—in the imputation of opinions, or even the description of conduct; sometimes, perhaps, in that of transactions which pass before the eyes of hundreds and of thousands, when he knows that he can make the reverse be believed by other hundreds and thousands who were not present; yea, by millions even, on whom the influence of his publication may be exercised. Even more loathsome than political profligacy are the depths to which he may descend. Screened by his namelessness from all responsibility; ministering fuel to every fierce and foul passion; catering for every grossness; blazoning turpitude for the filthy appetite that feasts on such garbage; with an interest to serve, or a spite to gratify, in every direction; perhaps pandering at once to both political parties, and to any other parties that will pay; the masked wretch goes forth in the dark with his poisoned dagger—now striking at his friend's reputation—now at his country's freedom; and if his thunder please the infernal gods to whom he has sold his soul, he may at last, when faction improves a momentary success, to plunder the nation, be rewarded by place or pension at the expense of that public which has had him for its intellectual guide, political director, and moral teacher!

W. J. Fox:—Lectures on Class Morality.

Children.—Never suffer your children to advance in years before you attend to their education. The younger they are, the more tender and soft are their minds, and the more susceptible of impressions. *Commence, then, their education AS SOON AS THEY ARE BORN*, if you wish they should benefit more certainly and easily by those instructions which they will receive afterwards.—*Pestalozzi.*

Consistency.—With what consistency can that man reprobate the bad government of his country, who practises not good government at home?

Rowland Detrosier.

HYMNS FOR THE UNENFRANCHISED.

No. XI.

Who is the Slave?—Though life-long chains,
 And a dungeon atmosphere of pains
 And toil and shame and ceaseless stir—
 The yoke of another's monstrous gains—
 Though these proclaim him prisoner;
 He is no slave: his unconquer'd thought
 Trampleth his "master" underfoot.

He is a slave—whose mind is made
 The panderer of the man of trade;
 Writing that which he durst not speak,
 Under a gilded Falsehood's shade,
 With hard, cold eye, and sallow cheek:
 Stabbing Truth in the back with a nameless sneer;
 Burying Hope with words of fear.

He is a slave—whose spirit wears
 The fettering of another's fears;
 Who of another's conscience asks
 His ransom from remorseful tears,
 Leave for God to appoint man's tasks—
 Leave, lest the Fashion of Worldly Lies
 Should be outraged by God's "improprieties."

He is a slave—whose uncurb'd Wrath
 Draggeth him out of the even path;
 Who of his own Contempt doth make
 A god, to stand in the place of Faith;
 Who boweth to Wrong for his folly's sake:
 Self-torturer! though the world's esteem
 Worship his thoughts:—doth he not blaspheme
 The Master of Thought, even Love? Oh! he
 Is slave to the wretchedest poverty.

No. XII.

Whither goest thou?
 To the market-place, where the stones are red,
 Where the sons of one mother
 Murder each other,
 Till Death sleeps surfeited.

Whither goest thou?
 To the noble hall, to the peasant's lair:—
 Sleep not all men the same?
 By the spreading flame
 Find me a home for Despair!

Whither goest thou?
 To the market-place, where the grass is green,
 Where the Desolation
 Of a Royal Nation
 In the mid-noon sitteth serene.—

Whither goest thou?

To the dome of Wealth, to the poor man's cell:—

All men are born the same!

There is no shame

To him who doeth well.

Whither goest thou?

To the market-place—What dost thou mean?

Who selleth aught?

Love is not bought:

Love giveth all things; and the heart is clean.

Whither goest thou?

To the home of the lawless and the free,

Where, hand in hand,

Over the fragrant land

LOVE walketh with LIBERTY.

Spartacus.

OF PROPERTY.

If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn; and if (instead of each picking where, and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted, and no more) you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap; reserving nothing for themselves, but the chaff and refuse; keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest perhaps and worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round, and looking on, all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about and wasting it; and if a pigeon more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it, and tearing it to pieces: if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men. Among men you see the ninety and nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one; getting nothing for themselves all the while, but a little of the coarsest of the provision, which their own labour produces; and this one too, oftentimes the feeblest and worst of the whole set, a child, a madman, or a fool; looking quietly on, while they see the fruits of all their labour spent or spoiled; and if one of them take or touch a particle of it, the others join against him, and hang him for the theft.—*Paley.*

"*Liberty.*"—Who speaks of liberty while the human mind is in chains? Who of equality while the thousands are in squalid wretchedness, the millions harassed with health-destroying labour, the few afflicted with health-destroying idleness, and all tormented by health-destroying solicitude! Look abroad on the misery which is gaining on the land! Mark the strife, and the discord, and the jealousies, the shock of interests and opinions, the hatreds of sects, the estrangement of class, the pride of wealth, the debasement of poverty, the helplessness of youth unprotected, of age uncomfited, of industry unrewarded, of ignorance unenlightened, of vice unreclaimed, of misery unpitied, of sickness, hunger, and nakedness unsatisfied, unalleviated, and unheeded. Go! mark all the wrongs and the wretchedness with which the eye and the ear and the heart are familiar, and then echo in triumph and celebrate in jubilee the insulting declaration—*all men are free and equal.*

Frances Wright.

He who wisely would restrain the reasonable Soul of Man within due bounds, must first himself know perfectly, how far the territory and dominion extends of just and honest Liberty. As little must he offer to bind that which God hath loosened, as to loosen that which God hath bound. The ignorance and mistake of this high point, hath heaped up one huge half of all the misery that hath been since Adam.—*Milton.*

POLITICAL SUGGESTIONS.

"MAY it not be found, that the attempt to alter the morals of mankind singly and in detail, is an erroneous and futile undertaking; and that it will then only be effectually and decisively performed, when by regenerating their political institutions, we shall change their motives and produce a revolution in the influences that act upon them."—*Godwin's Political Justice*.

"That people must needs be mad, or strangely infatuated, who build the chief hope of their common happiness, or safety, on a single person; who, if he happen to be good, can do no more than another man; if he be bad, hath in his hands the power to do more evil without check, than millions of other men."—*Milton*.

"They, who seek nothing but their own just liberty, have always a right to win it, and to keep it, whenever they have the power, be the voices never so numerous that oppose them."—*Id.*

"The government's ungirt when Justice dies,
And constitutions are non-entities."—*De foe*.

"It is the greatest happiness of the greatest number, that is the measure of right and wrong."—*Bentham*.

HITHERTO it has been our aim to enunciate principles, rather than to recommend particular methods of working them out. What we have especially desired has been to assist the advance of knowledge, by unveiling the simplicity of Truth, by unmasking the sophistries of World-Custom and World-Opinion; believing that a revolution in the minds of men, engendered by increase of knowledge, must always precede any greatly beneficial revolution in men's circumstances. The fierce fires of the Reformation had long been searching the hearts of men, growing more and more intense in the smouldering of forbidden thought, before that famous eruption, when Luther burst upon Christendom, and the Roman Idol trembled to its very base. The secret stream of discontent long crept beneath the icy fear, the fettering of remorseless Power, gathering by little and little its mighty waters, till the flaw was made which let loose the French Revolution, like a raging torrent, to flood the whole of Europe; devastating it is true, but preparing the soil for future fertility. Little observant must he be, who cannot even now hear around him volcanic murmurings, whisperings as of the gathering of many waters. He, who searcheth into the heart of the matter, will be aware of convulsive throes, ever and anon repeated and gaining force, strugglings to bring forth a destiny of equal worth with that noble Protest against the enslaving of human thought, a following out indeed of the promise of that high achievement. Who seeth not the signs of Revolution? And who hopeth to suppress that, which, in the nature of things, must gain power from the attempt at suppression? A destiny must be worked out. Now, of revolutions there is a choice. They, who have the ordering of affairs, under destiny, may choose between the gradual and the sudden. Of the sudden there are two kinds, the peaceable and the violent. But first to look at the state of this our country, that we may be sure we have not mistaken the symptoms of change, that it may not be said we are but imagining the case on which we argue.

Britain, in the year 1839, is in a condition unexampled in the world's records. No where in the scroll of history can we point out an instance of the union of such extreme and universal misery with so general intelligence, so extensive an acquaintance with social rights, and with the causes of social evil. Men suffering continually, if aware of the causes of their suffering, will soon discover a remedy. A million and a quarter of the slaves of the British empire have shewn that they are aware of a remedy for their slavery. How many more are there, who would readily join in any plausible endeavour for redress. Discontent is the British Labourer's household god. Even the most ignorant, even the most loyal, the blindest and most servile of the worshippers of Squire Million or my Lord Acres, are not quite deaf to the hints of anxious poverty, that all is not as it should be. Among mechanics there is equally the experience of distress, and, superadded, more and clearer

political knowledge than ever before fell to the lot of a slave-community, to marshal their way to freedom. It is some sign of the times, that few books, perhaps no unpuffed books, have a wider circulation than Paine's *Rights of Man*, a work already the spur of one revolution. Men have lost all faith in the governing powers: Long experience of misrule has at length made them doubt, not only their rulers' "meanings" of amendment, but even their power of amendment. Men of all classes are beginning to discover that the rules on which they have been governed, from the old time, are mere precedents of wrong; that our "glorious" Constitution is a non-entity; that there is no such thing as Law; and that the constituted authorities are so many usurpations. A line of demarcation is being rapidly drawn between the oppressed and the oppressors, the desirers of change and the approvers of things as they are. The division, which shows the numbers of the two parties, will seal the doom of the weaker. The many must be masters. That class, which heretofore was spurned by the foot of Tyranny, now aims at the tyrant's head. The *Lower Order* meet, and discuss their grievances, and concert measures of redress, and arm, and cry out for justice or vengeance, in the very teeth of their rulers; and this too with an unprecedented continuity of purpose, with increase of numbers and of boldness, and to the evident growing uneasiness of those who but lately held their fiercest wrath in high derision. If these things are so (and who denies it?) are we not warranted in saying, The birth of a Revolution is at hand.

What kind of revolution?—No hope have we of a revolution peaceable as well as sudden, easy of compassing as it might be. The summoning of a Convention of Delegates from the whole People, to draw up a Declaration of Rights, and thereon to frame a Constitution, to be promulgated throughout the country, that the suffrages of the whole community might decide upon it:—all this might be accomplished, without serious difficulty, without bloodshed, or injurious national effect. But we cannot in an instant change men's natures. They, who have occasioned the cry for justice, cannot be expected to have any very ardent desire for justice; and the prejudices of even some lovers of liberty might interfere to prevent a rational settlement of differences. So that we have but the alternative of a gradual change or a sudden convulsion. What lover of peace and justice will not deprecate the last, if by any means, not compromising Truth, it may be avoided? What lover of order, even of the present his "most approved good order," will not rather let the change *that must come*, come quietly and slowly, than provoke the speedy ruin in which he is certain to be involved? Either concessions must be made by the advocates of standing still, concessions which shall keep pace with the desires of the Movement; or a collision must arise between the two parties. The public determination will not die away. The People's hunger for change increases daily, can but increase; and they must be either satisfied or resisted. If neither party will give in—and the People will not; can not, for the desperation of absolute want goads on but too many—one must be conquered. If the oppressed conquer, do you, who oppose them, expect to preserve more by an irritating opposition than by a timely capitulation? And what if the People are put down? Who shall insure the property, the homes of the victors from the firebrands of the tens of thousands of desperate outlaws? We cannot but conceive that it would be the best policy of those now in power, even for their own sakes, to adopt such measures as shall smoothe the inevitable advance of the Movement, and so prevent the imminent injury, perhaps the utter desolation of our beloved country. Behold the measures which we believe a just and wise government might choose; which a wise government, however selfish and disposed to tyranny, would adopt, in the present conjuncture, and state of extreme danger!

REMEDIAL MEASURES:

NATIONAL ENFRANCHISEMENT must be the first measure of Reform. We must be freed from the shackles of political disability, or we can have no

opportunity of progression. The legal establishment of the *principles** of the PEOPLE'S CHARTER is the first requisition of the Nation's need. We propose, therefore, THE POLITICAL ENFRANCHISEMENT OF EVERY ADULT MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY;—*the Ballot*, to protect the poor from the unscrupulous despotism of wealth;—*Annual Parliaments*;—*An equitable Division of the Country into Electoral Districts*;—*The expressed Will of a Majority of the Electors to be the all-sufficient qualification for their Representative*;—and *The Payment of the People's Delegates by a fixed and adequate salary*, instead of the present method of self-paying.

THE ABROGATION OF MARRIAGE LAWS—the disallowing of all legislative interference with marriage, of all obtruding of ceremonial into the privacy of human homes—should be the first act of the Nation's Representatives. The home of tyranny is but a bad school for freemen. How can men be free, while Slavery sits at every hearth? How can Justice rule a nation, while Injustice is the God of every family? Human law must never contravene the Law of Nature: Nature declares that woman and man are equal. Let the Legislature acknowledge this! Then indeed may usefully follow—

A PROVISION FOR NATIONAL EDUCATION. The best legislative provision would be of little use, while unenlightened slave-mothers laid the foundation on which the legislature would have to work. The Education-scheme would comprehend the establishment of *Normal Schools*, to provide gratuitous instruction and appoint means and opportunities of usefulness for all who chose to devote themselves to the education of their fellows; the endowment of schools, well supplied with teachers, throughout the country, according to the wants of the several districts, for *the gratuitous education of children of all ages, of all classes of society*;† and *the gratuitous instruction of adults by public lectures, theatrical representations*, &c.

Properly simultaneous with the education of the people would be the amelioration of the circumstances of the Poor by THE DIMINUTION AND JUST APPORTIONING OF THE BURTHEN OF TAXATION. A sensible diminution might be effected by the abolition of all useless offices—such as Royalty and its dependent inutilities;‡ by doing away with the whole of the

* We say principles—thinking some of the provisions of the Charter open to improvement. The suffrage should be extended to every adult (whether male or female) of the community. Now, the unmarried woman has no political existence: often standing proudly in her loneliness, independent and perhaps depended upon, surely she has a right to be heard. And though the interest of the married woman may be that of her husband—what then? Shall the voice of the couple have no more weight than that of a single person. Nor do we believe that such a measure of justice would create the confusion anticipated by many conscientious, but timorous reformers. For a long time, few women would avail themselves of their right: and what harm could those few do? Certain persons seem very much afraid of their "inferiors."

† If any chose to educate their own children, why should they not? "Public education," says Pestalozzi, "is only of value inasmuch as it resembles private; and the striking advantages of the latter ought to be transferred to the former. Every system of education which is not founded on the combination of domestic relations, tends to vilify the man." Of course, in the National Schools all the scholars would be treated as equals; as children of citizens, not of "my lord" or "his grace." The most essential part of education has hitherto been neglected in all public institutions, indeed, in nearly all families—the formation of the character. The intellectual must ever be considered as the servant of the moral: the health of the individual's nature being the most important thing. The opinions of such men as Pestalozzi and Owen would of course be consulted; various experiments would be tried; and the best system would be adopted.

‡ The Theatres might be supported by Government. Authors and actors, being the teachers of the community, should be rewarded accordingly. Our theatres would thus be rescued from the misdirection of those who have rendered them schools of immorality and licentiousness, or more show-rooms of conventional falsehood and sickly sentimentalisms. The public mind would be invigorated and clarified by the truth of Shakspeare and his (now scarce known) contemporaries, instead of being depraved and emasculated by the affectations and inanities of a Bulwer, or scared out of all propriety by the domestic outrages of the Fitzballs.

§ The services of Chamberlains, Grooms of the Stole, Privy Councillors, Lords and Ladies of the Bedchamber, Yeomen of the Guard, &c., &c., might all be dispensed with on the retirement of Royalty, to the Nation's abundant gain. £30,000 a year would be sufficient for her Majesty's retiring allowance; and who doubts that she would be much happier? It would be scarce seemly to suppose that her extravagances would require a greater income than suffices for her mother:—and what more than the Duchess of Kent has Queen Adelaide done to earn a larger income. Surely hers might bear reduction to an equality with that of the Duchess. The Kings of Hanover and Belgium should for the future be unpensioned: we are paying, it may be, to cut our own throats.

Pension List, except where it can be satisfactorily shewn that there is not, independently of it, sufficient for a decent maintenance;* by the gradual disbanding of the Army and Navy,† and the immediate lowering of Army and Navy Estimates, by reducing the number of officers; by applying all Church property to the public service at the death of the present holders;‡ by diminishing the number of legal offences, removing the temptations now held out to immorality, and simplifying the routine of Justice,§ so saving the immense cost of prosecutions and punishments; and by lessening the cost of tax-collection, by abolishing the present great variety of taxes, substituting in their stead a *Tax upon Land*, to pay all the expences of the Nation. This Land-tax would also be the nearest approach toward a fair apportioning of the public burthens.

All Laws for the benefit of only a particular class, to the nation's detriment, such as Corn Laws, Game Laws, &c., should also be repealed; all Monopolies destroyed; Entails prohibited: Allotments of the Crown lands (by the abolition of Royalty rendered available for the public service), of Church lands, and of the vast tracts of waste land throughout the country, should be given in freehold to all whose incomes are below the sum sufficient to provide a comfortable subsistence;|| Accumulation of wealth restricted to a certain amount. These enactments would prevent the excess of misery necessarily the consequence of partial laws, the concomitant of inordinate accumulation. Meanwhile, the moral elevation of the community steadily progressing, the temptation to acquire a selfish gain at the expense of another's loss would be more easily resisted; the crime would be thought greater: and encouragement being given by the government to the experiments of Socialists and other endeavourers to detach men from the present baneful thralldom of Commercial Competition; Trade, left free and untrammelled, aiding in the work of its own ruin; the day would not be far distant, which would see so great a revolution in the minds of men, that public opinion would command Government to adopt measures for insuring the best bestowal of universal co-operation—the desire of selfishly hoarding passing away at the prospect of the vast advantages proved possible and easy of attainment under a system of universal union.

All these beneficial measures might be accomplished without, at any time, causing to individuals anything like the amount of suffering now daily endured, and inevitably to be endured, so long as the present disarrangement

* Let the Nation's servants be paid by their salaries. If their salaries are not sufficient return for their labour, it is but just they should be increased; if they are sufficient, why should they receive anything further. It will be said, "some have rendered services to their country, at great personal sacrifice—warriors, and statesmen:" Have not the peasants and artisans, who have spent their lives in toil, also done something for their country!—and at the sacrifice of nearly all opportunity of mental improvement. Pension these first! or pass a Poor-Law for the others!

† Treaties of alliance founded upon mutual interest are better preservers of peace between nations, than any threatening position of standing armies. Let the whole male population possess arms and be instructed in the use of them; so will there be no fear of invasion. But, all our wars have been wars of aggression. As to our foreign possessions, if they can only be maintained by force, the sooner they are given up the better, both for our pocket and dignity.

‡ A Church establishment is not proposed to form part of the Educational-Scheme, because religion cannot be provided for by legislative enactments. The Church party would have no right to complain of being placed on the same footing that dissenters are on now.

§ Our penal Code might be the better for revising. Juries, to be summoned by appointed officers, in place of magistrates, might decide summarily upon petty offences; they might also be arbitrators in most cases of dispute. All fees for Justice should be abolished.

|| If these were not sufficient, Parks and Pleasure-grounds might justly be appropriated to the support of a starving Peasantry. These enactments might take the place of Poor-Laws, and Education supersede the necessity of murdering the children of the Poor. It may be said, that this disregard of "vested rights" would bring ruin on thousands of families: and why should individuals suffer when they have not caused the mischievous system of which we complain? Why, indeed! This is our very ground of complaint. Innocent individuals suffer now—the whole labouring population. Why should they be the continual sacrifice? "At least," some will say, "give compensation!" Well! give compensation; but first give it to those who have been longest robbed. Even the unaware receivers of stolen goods are not to be considered before the plundered party. Some few families will not like the reduction from affluence to mere sufficiency: but labourers ought not to starve because idlers pine for superfluities.

of society shall continue. Few of the present generation would suffer from the change, while millions might be immediately benefited; our children would pass through the transition-state yet more easily, having the advantages of an education far superior to the training hitherto received by any, much of prejudice and outward opposing circumstance being also cleared away, so that their way would be smoothed before them; and our children's children might possess their father-land in peace and happiness, as brothers, aiding each other in the work of progression toward the fulfilment of man's high destiny—speeding the advent of that day

“ When every transfer of earth's natural gifts
 Shall be a commerce of good words and works;
 When poverty and wealth, the thirst of fame,
 The fear of infamy, disease and woe,
 War with its million horrors, and fierce hell,
 Shall live but in the memory of Time;
 Who, like a penitent libertine, shall start,
 Look back, and shudder at his younger years.”

ADVICE TO THE PEOPLE.

A few words to the Men of the Movement:—They are not your friends who tell you that you are invulnerable; they are not your friends, however honest they may be, who conceal from you your weaknesses: by their indiscreet flattery lulling you into careless confidence in an overrated strength, they greatly help your enemies. You are not yet invulnerable. You want more perfect union; better organization. It is not enough that men pledge themselves at public meetings to die rather than fall back. They may mean as much, in the enthusiasm of the moment: but this is not enough. How many of the hands held up, at the solemn adjuration—“before God and our Country,” have been previously linked with their fellows, in the brotherhood of slavery, promising freedom to each other? O, the uplifting of men's strong voices in stern determination to achieve a great purpose, to be a thing of power should be the burst of long-cherished feelings and matured convictions waiting the time for utterance, not the expression of even indignant feelings excited into a momentary being. The better way of ascertaining the sense of the people is to organize popular societies; whose suffrages for any given proposition may be satisfactorily collected; whose determinations, not the mere generous impulses of unthinking haste, but the result of deep and deliberate reasoning, might indeed be counted as promises whose fruit was set. You have not yet this organization: You must have it. Working Men's Associations should be established in every part of the country, harmonizing with each other, sending political knowledge into every cottage in the empire, by means of tracts,* and lectures, and regular meetings of the members, and frequent interchange of visits between members of different Associations; so drawing men closer and closer together, uniting them into one compact body fully aware of the nature of their undertaking, understanding all its bearings, and prepared to act promptly and simultaneously in whatever way might be decided upon by the majority, whose will would have the moral force of Law. Then indeed might your leaders say—“so many men are ready to support our resolutions.” Then they would know, what now they only reckon—sometimes without their host.† We must be more united. We must have sufficient time to cement our union. ‘Tis useless, ‘tis worse than folly, to commence “ulterior measures,” till our force is properly enrolled and appointed. Fellow-men! by all the intolerable wrongs that trample

* We refer our readers to *The Way to Universal Suffrage*, by a *Tyne Chartist*—noticed in our last month's part—for specimens of what these tracts should be.—Again, we desire to call the attention of the Working Men to that pamphlet. It is full of useful remark.

† It was said, six months ago, that nearly three millions of signatures were then appended to the National Petition. Now there are about one million and a quarter. Let this speak for the calculations of our over-sanguine comrades. Let the paltry sum collected for the National Rent, from men continually pledging their lives, justify our assertion that the movement is not yet ripe. We must bide our time: we hurry but to discomfiture.

upon our hearts, by all our hopes of redress, by all that is dear or sacred, peril not our holy cause by your precipitation! The better part of valour is discretion. Be he never so brave, never so true-hearted, never so zealous in our cause, he is no wise friend, but our injurer, who by his indiscreet forwardness leads us into the chance of an abortive attempt; almost sure to sacrifice our vanguard, and perhaps to throw back our whole array in dire confusion, irretrievable for years. The present agitation is yet immature: rapid has been its growth, and steady its continuance; but it has not had time to reach maturity. It is unwise to force it to a head. Patience for a little while, for only a few months, to bring up our rear-guard and to appoint the disposition of our power—and the land will be our own: a bloodless and easy conquest. A sacred month will then indeed be effectual, for the whole Labour of the country would be suspended.* (A partial strike, however injurious to the master-class, would yet more injure the working men.) Then indeed would a run upon the Savings Banks have the wished-for effect. We must have union to do these things. Give us but a little while—we *will* be united!

Let us most especially endeavour to win over the Army to our side. Fearful, under any circumstances, is a civil war: more fearful than ordinary such a civil war as would rage in Britain. Barricades would be poor fences against Congreve Rockets.† (We say not these things to dishearten, but to instruct, that we may not be taken by surprise.) We might conquer at last, for will overcomes odds; but it would be with terrible loss, at the risk of our country's desolation. All this evil might be avoided by winning the sympathies of the men of the Army, our brethren, whose interests are the same as ours. Let them be taught this! let tracts be industriously disseminated among the soldiery; let the friends of soldiers on furlough make the best use of that opportunity to gain the ear and the heart of the soldier, who, forcibly separated from his fellow-citizens, is yet one of us. Much good might be done were but a few enthusiastic, but temperate, and firm-minded Chartists to enlist; so acting as missionaries to carry Chartism into the heart of the army. All means ought to be embraced to render our victory as little detrimental as possible, even to our opponents. The Middle Classes might be attempted in the same way; in a persevering spirit of conciliatory argument, but also clearly explaining to them the inevitable consequences of their obstinate resistance to the People's right. These things done, let us fix our gathering day!—Which of the Working Men is absent? "We are all here!"—Who else will join us? What, no more of the middle classes? Then we must do without you. Take you the consequences of choosing to be the People's enemies!—In the space between the oppressors and the oppressed stands the Army. Will it be the tool of the tyrant; or the friend, as it is the brother, of the slave? Its ranks are filled with Chartists; our patience is rewarded. "We are armed for the People!" is their universal reply to the orders of their officers. "We murder not our brethren; we are no longer slaves! For the Charter! for the People!"—THE NATION IS FREE. It is related in our histories, that one of our tyrants, failing in an intended outrage, was greeted with shouts of exultation by the very army which he had collected to overawe his victims, and which he had but just reviewed. So shall it be when the leaders in the People's holiest Cause shall be acquitted. "It is nothing but the rejoicing of the soldiers." "Do you call that nothing?" cried the falling monarch. It is the knell of tyranny.

Our Bill of Rights shall not be the measure of a Faction: it shall be the basis of a Constitution, not a non-entity, but a thing of stable worth; not to bind, but to merit the approval of "our heirs and posterities for ever."

One of the People.

* It is said "If the Lower Order refuse to work, they must starve." This is not at all necessary. They would find food in granaries, &c., and might help themselves as their betters have done, by a Corn-law of restitution. There would be some difficulty in resisting such an universal strike.

† We entreat all well-wishers of their country, all preferrers of peace, if by any honest means it may be preserved, to read *Somerville's Dissuasive Warnings*, as well as *Maceroni's Defensive Instructions*.

HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

THE awful shadow of some unseen Power
 Floats, though unseen, among us ; visiting
 This various world with as inconstant wing
 As summer winds that creep from flower to flower ;
 Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
 It visits with inconstant glance
 Each human heart and countenance ;
 Like hues and harmonies of evening,
 Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
 Like memory of music fled,
 Like aught that for its grace may be
 Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.
 Spirit of Beauty ! that dost consecrate
 With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
 Of human thought or form, where art thou gone ?
 Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
 This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate ?
 Ask why the sunlight not for ever
 Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river ;
 Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown ;
 Why fear and dream and death and birth
 Cast on the daylight of this earth
 Such gloom, why man has such a scope
 For love and hate, despondency and hope ?
 No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
 To sage or poet these responses given :
 Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,
 Remain the records of their vain endeavour :
 Frail spells, whose utter'd charm might not avail to sever
 From all we hear and all we see,
 Doubt, chance, and mutability.
 Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
 Or music by the night-wind sent
 Through strings of some still instrument,
 Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
 Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.
 Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds, depart
 And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
 Man were immortal, and omnipotent,
 Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
 Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.
 Thou messenger of sympathies
 That wax and wane in lovers' eyes ;
 Thou, that to human thought art nourishment,
 Like darkness to a dying flame !
 Depart not, as thy shadow came ;
 Depart not, lest the grave should be,
 Like life and fear, a dark reality.
 While yet a boy, I sought for ghosts, and sped
 Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
 And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
 Hopes of high talk with the departed dead :
 I call'd on poisonous names with which our youth is fed :
 I was not heard ; I saw them not.
 When musing deeply on the lot

Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
 All vital things that wake to bring
 News of birds and blossoming,
 Sudden, thy shadow fell on me:
 I shriek'd and clasp'd my hands in ecstasy!
 I vow'd that I would dedicate my powers
 To thee and thine: have I not kept the vow?
 With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
 I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
 Each from his voiceless grave: they have in vision'd bowers
 Of studious zeal or love's delight
 Outwatch'd with me the envious night:
 They know that never joy illumed my brow,
 Unlink'd with hope that thou would'st free
 This world from its dark slavery,
 That thou, O awful Loveliness,
 Would'st give whate'er these words cannot express.
 The day becomes more solemn and serene
 When noon is past: there is a harmony
 In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
 Which through the summer is not heard or seen,
 As if it could not be, as if it had not been!
 Thus let thy power, which like the truth
 Of nature on my passive youth
 Descended, to my onward life supply
 Its calm, to one who worships thee,
 And every form containing thee,
 Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind
 To fear himself, and love all human kind.

Shelley.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Moral Physiology; or, a Brief and Plain Treatise on the Population Question. By Robert Dale Owen. Watson, London.

The name of Owen is sufficient guarantee that this is no Poor-Law scheme for sacrificing the industrious at the shrine of indolent and selfish "respectability." Were an equal distribution of property established, still would the question here discussed—*Whether it is desirable that men should possess the power of limiting at will the number of their offspring, without mortification of their natural desires, or injury to the health or moral feelings of themselves or their companions?*—be a most momentous one; independently, too, of all fear of overpeopling the world, an evil, we think, not demanding any immediate measures of prevention. If it is not notorious that many men and women become parents without any prospect for their children, but want and misery; that many men cannot be parents without entailing disease, mental and physical, upon their offspring; that many women are so constituted that they cannot give birth to healthy children, some not to living children: or if, being notorious, such practices, poisoning the health of nations, are but of little consequence—then indeed the fastidiousness of "decent society" may be justified in refusing all inquiry for a remedy, out of regard to a foul-mindedness that would be thought delicate. But if it is immoral wantonly to cause unnecessary evil; if it is immoral to commit "murder;" and yet more immoral to murder a whole life, to murder the intellect, to deprave the character; if selfishness and brutality are immoral; or if the dissemination of disease, to the deterioration of the human race, is an evil—then it behoves every man to seek, and that earnestly, how such crimes and evils may be

avoided. The pamphlet before us shows how they may be avoided, easily and surely avoided. *The protection is within the reach of all men*: and no honest man is he, who, feeling it is even possible he may be involved in such offences, hesitates to acquire the knowledge that may keep him innocent. Strange is it that a subject of such vital importance should be so universally shunned, and even deemed unfit for mention; strange that our medical men are either not sufficiently honest, or too cowardly, or too "modest" (perhaps owing to the peculiar tendency of their practice as medical students), to prescribe a remedy, with which they must be acquainted, since it is commonly applied on the continent, and of the urgent necessity of which they must be fully aware; stranger and sadder than all is the legal provision for such mischiefs—the marriage law which constitutes a man the master of his wife's person; a power so frequently abused. He, who makes a woman a mother against her will, is a beast with whom every woman and every honourable man should refuse to associate (else they countenance him); He who begets children without being prepared, not only to support them, but to render them happy and useful, is guilty of an offence against society, in extenuation of which he can only plead ignorance, or about the lowest species of selfishness. Our Law condemns murder: but there is no condemnation of him who murders a woman by forcing her to become a mother; who slowly murders her by compelling her, till she is worn out, to bring forth children, children who perhaps must inherit disease of mind and body, and be in their turn murderers and propagators of evil. With what name shall we brand the man who, demanding public justice, is guilty of such gross injustice at home; who, prating of liberty in public, thus brutally tyrannizes over one whom he most loves? Is such an one a patriot? ay, if dishonesty is patriotism; Is such an one a Christian? ay, if selfishness is Christianity; Is he a man? he may be, if brutality can qualify him. They who think any thing of the happiness of those "dearest" to them, they who value their conscientiousness at a higher rate than *sixpence*, will immediately buy this little book, wherein the important subject of the *Regulation of the Reproductive Instinct* is most ably discussed, in its political, social, and moral bearings. The tone of the pamphlet is philosophical; its language inoffensive to a pure mind; and it is throughout pervaded by a spirit of gentleness and earnest loving-kindness, as beautiful and persuasive as its arguments are clear and convincing. It ought to be in the hands, in the heart, of every man and woman in the empire.

The Words of a Believer. From the French of the Abbé de la Mennais.
Cousins, London: 1834.

The Book of the People. By F. la Mennais: Translated, with notes, by J. H. Lorymer. Hetherington, and Lorymer, London: 1838.

The words of a Believer are ever worthy of attention. And no common believer is the Abbé: but one whose spirit has beheld the face of the far future, and who has drawn therefrom a faith not only to inspire high thoughts and fearless expression, but evidenced in his actions, as one of the staunchest of the French Republicana. Let our extracts speak for the general tenor of his words.

"When you see a man led to prison or to punishment, be not hasty within yourselves to say, such an one is a wicked man, who is guilty of crime against his brethren:

"For peradventure he is a good man, who has endeavoured to serve his brethren, and who is punished for it by their oppressors."—*Words of a Believer.*

"The law of God is a law of love; and love vaunts not itself above others, but sacrifices itself for others."—*Id.*

"All are born equal: no one, in coming into the world, brings with him a right to command.

"And I saw a child in a cradle, crying and slabbering; and around him

were old men, who called him Lord, and who, kneeling, worshipped him. And then I understood the misery of man."—*Ib.*

"They, who profit by the slavery of their brethren, will use every art to prolong it. For that end they will employ falsehood and force.—

"They will let loose upon you their myrmidons; they will build innumerable prisons to incarcerate you in; and they will pursue you with fire and sword: they will torment you, and will shed abroad your blood like the water of the springs.

"If, then, you are not resolved steadfastly to combat, to bear every thing without bending, never to weary, never to yield; keep then your chains, and renounce a liberty of which you are unworthy."—*Ib.*

"That which produces disorders and dissensions, that which creates those law-suits so scandalous to good men and so ruinous to families, is chiefly sordid interest, the insatiable passion to acquire and to possess.—

"Another cause of endless dissensions, is evil laws.

"Now there are scarcely any but evil laws in the world."—*Ib.*

"You have need of much patience, and of a courage that is never wearied; for you will not conquer in a day. Liberty is the bread that the nations must earn by the sweat of their brow.—

"Should your hopes be even deceived, not seven times, but seventy times seven, never lose hope.

"The righteous cause always triumphs when we put our faith in it.—

"He, who asks himself of what worth is justice, profanes justice in his heart; and he who calculates the cost of liberty, has already renounced liberty in his heart.—

"If there be upon this earth anything great, it is the stern resolve of a nation walking beneath the eye of God, without for one instant wearying, to the conquest of the right that it holds from him; which counts neither wounds, nor days of toil, nor sleepless nights; and which says, What is all this? Justice and liberty are worthy of much greater sacrifices.

"It may experience misfortunes, reverses, treasons, and be sold by some Judas. But let nothing discourage it.

"For verily I say unto you, should it descend as Christ into the tomb, as Christ it would rise again on the third day, having triumphed over death, and over the prince of this world, and over the ministers of the prince of this world."—*Ib.*

"THERE IS NOTHING WHICH THEY MAY NOT DO WHO ARE UNITED, EITHER FOR GOOD OR EVIL. THE DAY, THEN, IN WHICH YOU SHALL BE UNITED, WILL BE THE DAY OF YOUR DELIVERANCE."—*Ib.*

"There was a law in the beginning. This law was forgotten, violated.—

"At the present time it lies under the ruins of duties and rights; and this is why, bent and sorrowful, you wander at random, in darkness."—*Book of the People.*

"If, hitherto, you have derived so little fruit from your efforts, how can we be astonished at it? You had in your hands that which overthrows; you had not in your hearts that which founds. Sometimes you have been wanting in justice, in charity always."—*Ib.*

"Do you wish to succeed? Do good by good means."—*Ib.*

"This is your task. It is great. You have to form THE UNIVERSAL FAMILY."—*Ib.*

"Right and duty are like two palm-trees, which bear no fruit, unless they grow by the side of each other."—*Ib.*

"Every Law in which the People has not concurred, which emanates not from it, is null."—*Ib.*

"When you shall have reconquered your right, if you use it wisely, the face of the world will be changed; there will be less tears, and they will be less bitter. Gradually the contrast between extreme opulence and extreme indigence will cease to afflict humanity.

"Sad and haggard hunger will no longer sit down at your hearth. All will have food for the body and the mind.

"*Divided, as they ought to be among brethren, the blessings that Providence has distributed will be multiplied even by distribution.*"—*Ib.*

"Respect the life, the liberty, and the property of others.

"Help others to preserve and develop their lives, liberty and property.

"These two precepts contain, in substance, the duties of justice and charity. Details would be infinite; for they embrace all the thoughts and actions of man; and a single precept resumes them all—the divine precept of Love. Love, and do what you will; for you would wish to do only that which is just and good. Love, says the sovereign Master, and you will perfectly accomplish the law."—*Ib.*

Are not these indeed Books for the People? Rather too much of mysticism is there in them; rather too much also of a Creed as little as ever worthy of being called Catholic. But let that pass! The true Catholicism—Love—is manifest in every page; and little did the Book of the People need certain Notes of the Translator, reprehending the Abbé's sectarianism, yet themselves couched, or rather rampant, in most painfully violent language, in their intolerance displaying a spirit far more sectarian. We desire for these books as extensive a sale in this country, as they have had in France. They are most worthy of their titles. What more can we say?

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

A GENERAL Penny Postage is at length to be allowed: not from any idea of justice toward the industrious poor, but as an accommodation to the dishonest gathering of Wealth.—The National Petition has been presented, and (says the "Radical" Press) "very well received:" it was *only* laughed at. What tame beasts are our periodical "Champions of a People's Rights"! But what matters whether it was received or rejected? Is not the Ballot again denied? Why, there are but *eighty-one* members of the House of Usurpers, who have sufficient sense of justice to tolerate an extension of the franchise to £10 householders in counties. Even some of these *comparatively liberal* "representatives" (Is a man honest who wears a name to which he knows he has no right?) may possibly object to any further liberality; disclaiming Chartism, because a few "chartists are disposed to theft and homicide." With as much reason they decline Christianity, because some christians are bishops. Meanwhile, our liberal Prime Minister compliments the Czar, the murderer of Poland: heartily, we should think, if Canada may speak for him. Murders are still allowed to be perpetrated in that abused colony, by the subalterns of a Government that may yet find English villages as combustible as Canadian. Will not noble seats, and warehouses, burn as well? Much fuss has been made about a certain government plan of education—a mole-hill in labour. The talk has terribly disturbed a number of "bible-and-unicorn" bigots, who patronize processions of charity-children, and destroy corn lest bread should be too cheap for the famishing. This is in perfect accordance with the Law for reducing the poor to a poorer diet. But we hear that all these evils are speedily to be abolished. An Anti-poor-law association is forming "for the purpose of *petitioning*" the Honourable House to rescind or, at least, amend the Poor-Law. Are the getters up of this Association knaves or fools? Is it a *respectable* plot to prevent Universal Suffrage? or, are they serious in their hope of melting the golden hearts of landlords and sinecurists? Petition to the Rural Police appointed to enforce the most unchristian and inhuman outrage, misnamed law, that cold-blooded tyranny ever devised! Petition to the granary walls! Pray for a restitution of the three thousand quarters of corn destroyed to keep up the price of bread! Petition, indeed!—*We have petitioned*—for Universal Suffrage. Nothing less will satisfy us; for nothing less will give us power to remedy our many wrongs: and we cannot wait for the wrong-doers' repentance. *Let us*

petition no more! "For a nation to be free, it is sufficient that she wills it:" *she* not meaning the young lady without whose sanction of their choice (and this for no better reason than that some of her cousins had not German Mothers) the chosen Speaker of the "Representatives" of a great Nation, he who ought to be the Voice of the Nation, may not presume on utterance. Why are there not Republican Societies here as well as in France? not to assassinate the sovereign, for ours is no tyrant, but most inoffensive—not to say useless. Long live Victoria—happier than on a throne! LONG LIVE THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE.

AN EPILOGUE.

OUR Number of the present week completes a volume; and brings our labour to a close. We need not recapitulate the intentions with which the NATIONAL was commenced: and very few words will suffice to explain the causes of its discontinuance. They are simply these:—The work does not pay its way, and the circumstances of the projectors will not warrant a prolongation of its existence. Our current sale will not pay the expense of paper and printing—to say nothing of literary labour, illustration, and other requirements—and this (though certainly with very little advertising) with very favourable notices and some most earnest recommendations from the Radical Press; notices which must have been in the hands, at least, of more than a hundred thousand readers. However, as all the numbers continue selling, it is probable that had we sufficient capital to force attention by repeated advertisements, and to enable us to bide our time, we might succeed in establishing a remunerating circulation: but, while the grass grows? Still, in giving up our purpose, we are not disheartened. It is a great satisfaction to know that we have stood our ground longer than was anticipated by any of the holders of "extreme" opinions, with whom we are acquainted; that we have to a certain extent realized the promise of our prospectus, by bringing within the reach of the Working Man so many of the divinest thoughts of the world's master spirits. Thanks to the Spirit of Progression, we have outgrown the days in which a book could be arbitrarily suppressed. Ours may sell but slowly, its circulation may be very limited; but it will do its work in the minds of men. It will not be in vain that we have given so many specimens of the rich fruit hid in the leaves of the forbidden knowledge. We do not think it requisite to follow the custom of Editors, by thanking our subscribers—who rather are indebted to us—save for the power with which the encouragement of their support and sympathy endows us to attempt further heights for the benefit of humanity: and for this fostering of our faith most earnestly we thank them. But we must not omit our acknowledgements to the great teachers of the present time, whose names and powerful assistance appear in our pages. Nor would we be ungrateful to those of the Apostles of Free Thought, who, perhaps from modesty, the common failing of authors, are only to be reckoned among our anonymous contributors. Many more of Truth's Advocates would, we doubt not, have held out to us the right hand of zealous co-operation, had our humble endeavours met their observing: but a work undertaken expressly for, and circulating among the People, was not likely to be introduced to those who deservedly are elevated to a respectable rank in society. We may be better known to them by the time we commence a second volume. We purpose doing this as soon as the present volume shall have cleared its expenses, should our opportunities permit: if not, there are many ways of helping humanity, and abundant means of beneficence not only offered to, but even thrust upon, the least powerful of well-wishers. Meanwhile we bid our fellows God speed; and resting in the faith that no truth-inspired or loving attempt ever fell, or can fall to the ground without producing good, calmly and cheerfully we say Farewell!

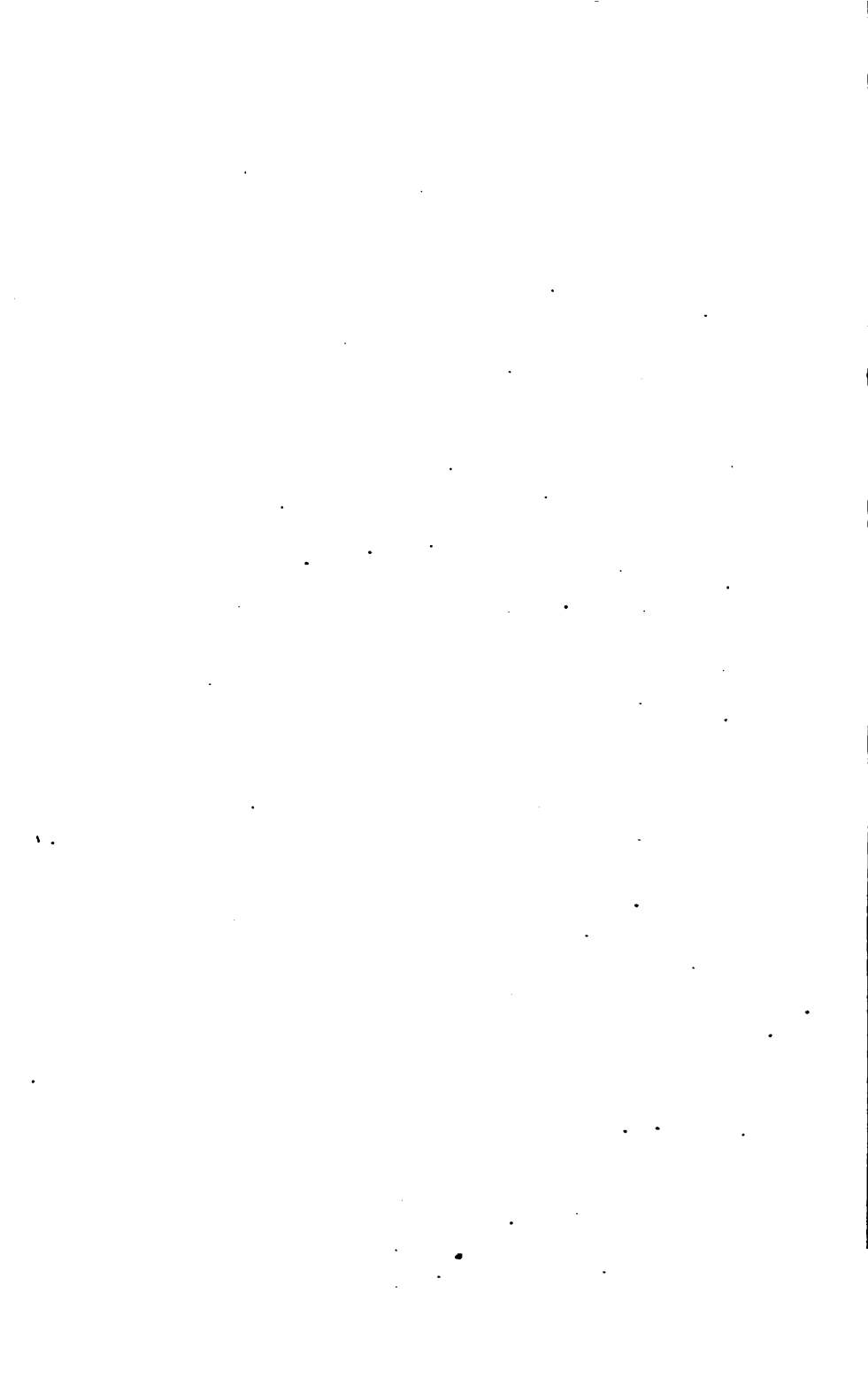
W. J. L.

June 29, 1839.

the will i
choice is
not Germa
Nations &
utterance
are! not b
ive—not b
LONG 271

ur labour
ATTORNEY
es of its
its way,
on of its
printing
is—and
contable
Pres.
underd
it is
verthe
ing a
ig up
r that
iders
re to
phic
the
out-
day
is in
any
ge.
of
th
to
f
e
r







9

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

JUL 15 1974

~~MAY 16 1972~~

JUL 15 '74 H
CANCELLED
JUL 26 1974
550204

3 2044 092 650 274